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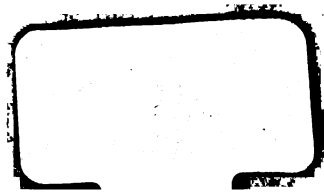
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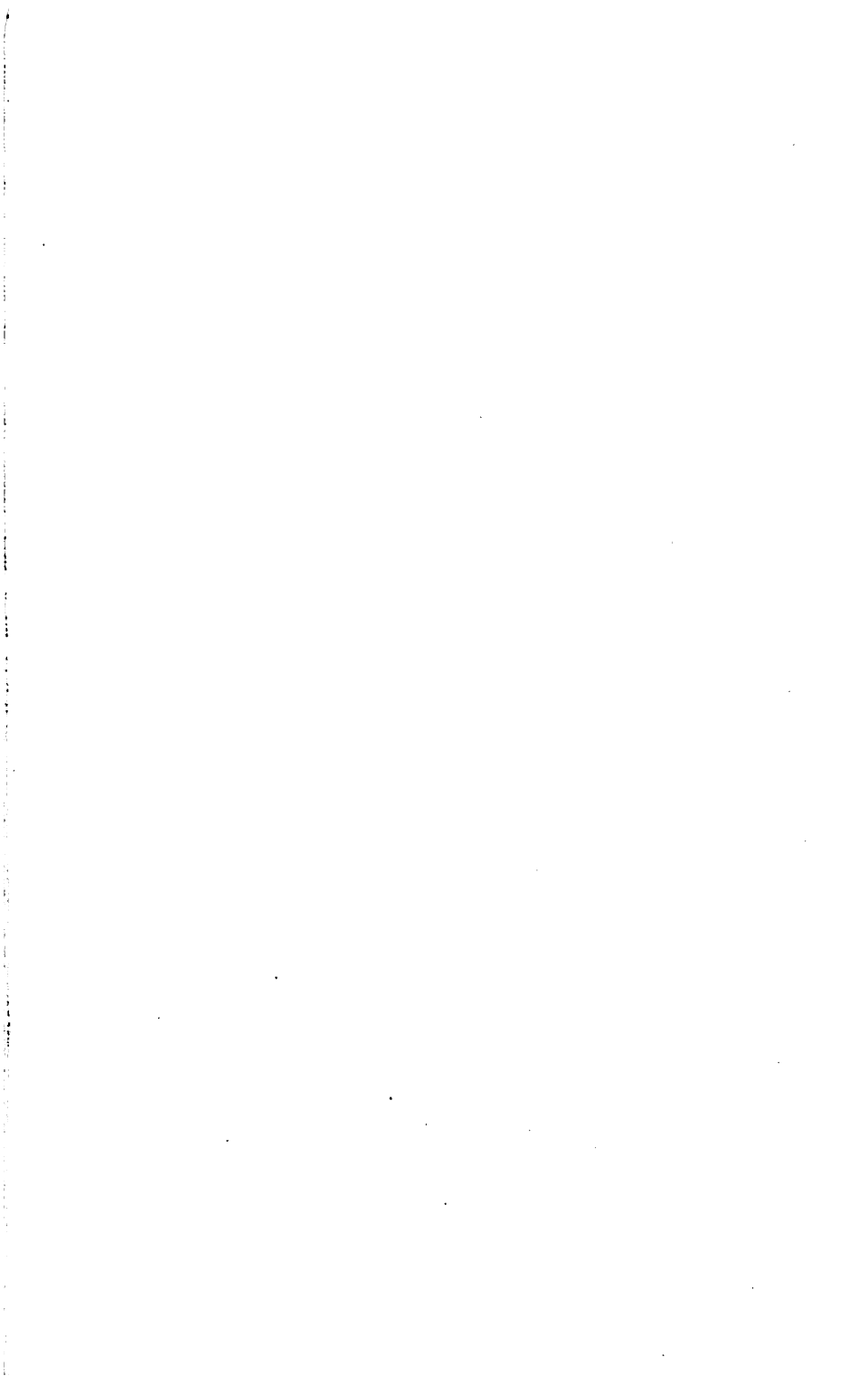
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THE STUDENT,



AND

FAMILY MISCELLANY.

DEVOTED TO

The Diffnsion of Useful Knowledge

AND

HOME INSTRUCTION;

EMBRACING THE SCIENCES, NATURAL HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELS  
POETRY, ETC.; ALSO DESIGNED AS

A MONTHLY READER FOR SCHOOLS.

~~~~~  
EDITED BY N. A. CALKINS.  
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"Scatter diligently, in susceptible minds,  
The germs of the good and beautiful;  
They will develop there to trees, bud, bloom,  
And bear the golden fruit of Paradise."

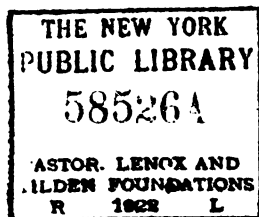
VOLUME X.

NEW YORK:

N. A. CALKINS, 348 BROADWAY.

1855





Give your children fortunes without education, and at least half the number will go down to the tomb of oblivion, perhaps to ruin. Give them education, and they will be a fortune to their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold, for it buys true honor; they can never spend nor lose it. Give your children education, and no tyrant will triumph over your liberties. Give your children education, and the silver-shod horse of the despot will never trample in ruins the fabric of your freedom.

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# THE STUDENT,

AND

## FAMILY MISCELLANY.

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### TRIFLES.

"Think naught a trifle, though it small appear ;  
Sands make the mountain, moments make the year,  
And trifles, life."—YOUNG.

**T**RIFLING though our theme may appear, trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle. One of the great mistakes which the world makes is, that small things are not worthy of much thought. Almost by common consent these are spoken of disparagingly. "It's only a trifle, and does not matter much." Trifles *do* matter much ; they are all-important ; they make up the mass of great things ; they form the bulk of the incidents of our lives ; they are the starting-points from which great events begin their course ; they are as the rudder, the small rudder, which controls the vast ship, and guides it in its path over the trackless waves.

Wherever we turn, if we have our eyes open, the importance of trifles will be impressed upon us. Almost all the natural agencies by which great operations are effected, are minute—often so small that they are imperceptible. A spacious harbor opens from a rugged coast ; mariners used to run their vessels into its land-locked waters for shelter from the tempests which beat upon the shore. Once there was water deep enough at its mouth for the largest ships, laden to their utmost, to pass. Gradually it grew more and more shallow, till to-day the keel of the fishing-boat, which almost skims over the wave's top, grates upon the bottom. How has the deep water become shallow ? No great banks have been heaved up ; no gigantic rocks lie prostrate there ; no large boulder-stones take up the passage. No ; grain by grain, atom by atom, each wave, as it came and went, left its tribute of sediment, so small that the watching eye would never have noticed the deposit ; and thus grew the bar which has stopped the harbor's mouth.



Far away on the broad ocean, rising up in the midst of the fathomless waters, might have been seen a little speck. As its topmost point grew broader, the birds, and winds, and waves, brought to it the seeds of vegetation, and it became clothed with verdure. From that time a widening circle spread, and there slowly emerged from the waves an oasis, like the isles which stud the Southern seas. Soon the edges of this new island were fringed with reefs, dangerous to the passing ship. Those fringes are coral.

Examine a fragment of them with a microscope, and you may see the coral insects still at their work. They are tiny creatures, so small that you might hold them in groups on the end of your smallest finger. They are little things, yet they are the architects of the newly-risen island. Millions of them, millions of myriads rather, have lived for that work, and died at it, long before you and I were born. For generation after generation these insect builders formed their narrow cells; for generations after generations they advanced upward over the life-work—the monuments and tombs of each other—till that first speck came in sight, and grew green, like a basket of floating verdure amid the blue waves, and spread into the broad island clothed with tall palms and the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, and finally became inhabited by beings of our own race. The labor of each coral insect is “only a trifle;” and if you would know the importance of these trifles, go count the islands that dot the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and measure the thousands of miles of coral reefs that stretch along their shores.

In the interior of Africa, five hundred miles from any European habitation, after having been robbed, and left naked, hungry, and alone, a bit of moss, clinging to the crevices of a rock, revived the fainting hopes, and stimulated to exertions, which saved the life of Mungo Park. “Can that Being,” thought he, “who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not.” With these reflections he could not despair, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, he traveled forward, found relief, and returned to his friends. The whole of that bit of moss was not larger than the tip of the finger, and trifling though it may seem to us, yet its influence was mighty.

Moreover, the little plant, struggling for a scanty existence on the naked rock, has the power to crumble that same rock in pieces. Small thread-like roots it sends forth, which pierce the cracks and

crevices. The rains and dews nourish it, and it is enabled to strike its root still deeper into its rocky bed, opening the seam wider and wider, until the piece breaks from its fastening and rolls down to the valley. Thus it carries on its invisible, yet mighty work, until the mountain is seamed and cracked in all its parts, and broken into fragments. The plant is a little thing, yet it can accomplish mighty results.

The beauty of a baby sister, in her morning sleep, first awakened in the soul of Benjamin West an ideal of that art to which he afterward contributed so largely and so well. From the boiling of a tea-kettle Watts received his first conception of the steam-engine, by which we are enabled to plow the ocean with our ships, regardless of winds and tides, and also to bear our burdens across the continents, over the iron-paved ways. The falling of an apple, though so common a trifle, was sufficient to teach Newton those great laws which bind our universe together, and guide the heavenly bodies in their rapid and incomprehensible journeys through their several orbits. Then there is the magnetic needle, a small thing, yet it knows the north, night and day, amid storm and sun, as well as if the brilliant polar star was ever visible; and the mariner would sooner part with every spar and mast, than with that little needle. Surely small things are worthy of much thought.

With hasty strides, folded arms, contracted brow, and troubled thoughts, an aged man wanders to and fro in his room. On his table is a richly wrought crown which the king has sent him to ascertain whether the gold that was furnished for it had all been used, or a part kept back, and an alloy substituted in its place. It is a mighty problem, such as never before puzzled the brain, or confounded a philosopher. How shall he ascertain this important fact? He approaches the table, takes up the golden treasure, weighs it, balances it in his hands, examines carefully its delicate tracery, but lays it down again almost in despair. What shall he do?

In the luxury of his morning bath he beholds the water rising just in proportion to the space occupied by his body. It was a trifling occurrence—one which has happened ever since creation; wise men had lived and died, and this little thing had taught them no lesson. Now one seizes upon the idea, and puts it in practice. Archimedes leaped from his bath, and ran through the streets, crying, "*Eureka, Eureka.*" "I have found it—I have found it." Pieces of pure gold and of silver are weighed in vessels filled with water, and the relative proportions displaced noted. Lastly, the golden crown is weighed in the same manner, the fraud is detected, and the fame

of a philosopher established. And all this was the result of attention to trifles.

Of Lafitte, the great Parisian banker, it is related, that a pin made his fortune. When a poor, threadbare lad, he asked employment of a wealthy capitalist, who informed him that he could give him none. As the youth was leaving to seek his fortune elsewhere, a pin on the walk attracted his eye. He picked it up, wiped it carefully, and stuck it securely on his coat. The financier, who had just dismissed the lad, saw this action from his window. Knowing the value of attention to little things, he called the rejected applicant back, and gave him employment. Attention to little things marked all the life of that young man, and by seizing them he rose from the position of a poor clerk to that of the richest banker in France.

Facts like these bear with them analogies applicable to the daily life of millions. It is not the great things which press upon their attention, that shape their lives ; it is the little things, the trifles, so minute that they can not be seen without the strictest attention, so apparently unimportant, that they do not challenge notice. A minute too late for a railway train is a journey lost, as much as though an hour behind time. A step too far carries one over the brow of a precipice, and hurls him headlong down to destruction as surely as the farthest leap forward.

Trifles, too, are often the surest index of character. If you wish to estimate a person aright, look at him, not in the larger things of life, but in the lesser acts. Trifles will tell you his character better than his deliberate deeds. Every one is on his guard in great matters, and is apt to imagine the lighter portions of his conduct are needless to attend to, and thus it is that in these little actions his real self is shown. Intellect, feeling, habit, character, all become what they are through the influence of little things. The influence of these are as real, and as constantly about us as the air we breathe, or the light by which we see. These are the small, and often invisible, and almost unthought-of strands which are weaving and twisting by millions to bind us to character.

Amid the thronging crowds of the world you are but a single individual ; you are hardly noticed among the multitudes, yet life is not a small or worthless thing. Within you is an immortal spirit, which shall wing its way through the long ages of eternity. There is a long, bright journey before you ; and every good action you perform will bring its reward ; every upward step is one more in the long progress. Think of this, and act. Life is no trifle.

## FALL.

## FALL.

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

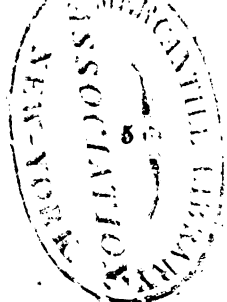
**F**ALL! How eloquent the word! The flowers fall in the gardens, the fruits fall in the orchards, the nuts fall in the woods, the stars fall in the sky, the rains fall from the clouds, the mercury falls in the tubes, the leaves fall everywhere, and FALL it is.

The wind is sighing around the corners, moaning over the thresh-olds, singing at the windows, roaring over the chimney-tops, and harping through the forests. The gray clouds look angry and sullen. The great heavy drops come driving against the window-panes; the cattle stand in the fields, with the wind astern; the sheep gather under the lee of the barn. They "banked up" the house, yesterday; put the cabbages in the cellar, the day before; will cover the potatoes, to-morrow.

The black-birds, a rabble rout, hold high council of flight, on a dry elm in the meadow; there is a twitter, and a flutter, and a great acclamation. Up go the swallows in a cloud; away ride the sparrows on the billowy air. The robin and his mate hear the sound of wings in the thicket, and go too. The owl looks out from his hollow tree, and gathers still closer his russet muffler about his ears. \* \*

The asparagus is bundled out of the fireplace, the old andirons are wheeled into line, the hearth is a-blaze, the windows are curtained, the old circle is narrowed around the old-fashioned fire. Just the season for Saturday nights! What blessed things they are, and what would we do without them? Those breathing moments in the tramping march of life; those little twilights in the broad and garish glare of noon, when pale yesterdays look beautifully through the shadows, and faces "changed" long ago, smile sweetly again in the hush; when one remembers "the old folks at home," and the old-fashioned fire, and the old arm-chair, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was "translated." Saturday nights make people human; set their hearts to beating softly as they used to do, before the world turned them into war-drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos.

The ledger closes with a clash; the iron-door'd vaults come to with a bang; up go the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week, gently closes behind him; the world is shut out. Shut out? Shut in, the rather. Here



are his treasures after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book (save the record in the old family Bible), and not in the bank. \* \* \*

It is the season of Indian Summer. The year has paused to remember, and beautiful her memories are. She recalls the Spring; how soft the air! And the Summer; how deep and warm the sky! And the Harvest; how pillared and golden the clouds! And the rainbows and the sunsets; how gorgeous are the woods!

Indian Summer is Nature's "sober second thought," and to me the sweetest of her thinkings. A veil of golden gauze trails through the air; the woods, in dishabille, are gay with the hectic flushes of the Fall; and the bright sun relenting, comes meekly back again, as if he would not go to Capricorn. He has a kindly look; he no longer dazzles one's eyes out, but has a sunset softness in his face, and fairly blushes at the trick he meditated.

Round, red sun! rich ruby in the jewelry of God! it sets as big as the woods; and ten acres of forest, in the distance, are relieved upon the great disc—a rare device upon a glorious medallion. The sweet south-wind has come again and breathes softly through the woods, till they nestle like a banner of crimson and gold; and waltzes gayly with the dead leaves that strew the ground, and whirls them quite away sometimes, in its frolic, over the fields and the fences, and into the brook, in whose little eddies they loiter on the way, and never get "down to the sea" at all.

Who wonders that, with this mirage of departed Summer in sight, the peach-trees sometimes lose their reckoning, fancy that Winter—pale fly-leaf in the book of Time—has somehow slipped out, and put forth their rosy blossoms, only to be carried away to-morrow or to-morrow by the blasts of November?

And with the sun and the wind, here are the birds once more. A bluebird warbles near the house, as it used to do; the sparrows are chirping in the bushes, and the wood-robins flicker like flakes of fire through the trees. Now and then a crimson or yellow leaf winnows its way slowly down, through the smoky light; and "the sound of dropping nuts is heard" in the still woods. The brook that a little while ago stole along in the shadow, rippling softly around the boughs that trailed idly in its waters, now twinkles all the way on its journey down to the lake.

It is Saturday night of nature and the year.

"Their breathing moment on the bridge, where Time  
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime."

There is nothing more to be done; every thing is packed up; the

wardrobe of Spring and Summer is all folded in those little russet and rude cases, and laid away here and there, some in the earth and some in the water, and some flung upon the bosom of the winds and lost, as we say; but after all no more lost than is the little infant, when, laid upon a pillow, it is rocked and swung, this way and that, in the arms of a careful mother. So the dying, smiling year is all ready to go.

“Ay, thou art welcome, heaven’s delicious breath,  
 When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,  
 And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,  
 And the year smiles as it draws near its death.  
 Wind of the sunny South, oh, still delay,  
 In the gay woods, and in the golden air,  
 Like to a good old age released from care,  
 Journeying, in long serenity, away.  
 With such a bright, late quiet, would that I  
 Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers and brooks,  
 And dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,  
 And music of kind voices ever nigh :  
 And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,  
 Pass silently from men as thou dost pass.”

*From “January and June.”*

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#### UNPREMEDITATED ELOQUENCE.

AS an example of powerful unpremeditated eloquence may be given a short answer of Curran, the Irish orator, to a certain Judge Robinson—“the author of many scurrilous political pamphlets”—who, upon one occasion, when the barrister was arguing a case before him, had the impudence to reproach Curran with his poverty, by telling him that he suspected “his law library was rather contracted.”

“It is true, my lord,” said Curran, with dignified respect, “that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly somewhat curtailed my library; my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope they have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good works, than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty; but I should be ashamed of my wealth, could I have stooped to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained reputation by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible!”—*Brougham.*



GEORGE W. CURTIS.

THE desire to see those whose writings we read, and to know something of their personal history and habits, is natural with us all; and in the absence of their persons, a portrait affords much satisfaction, by giving an idea of their appearance. We have taken this opportunity to introduce to our readers a portrait and biographical sketch of Mr. George W. Curtis, a person widely known to the literary world, and who is regarded as one of the best and most promising writers in America. He is still a young man, and, aside from

## GEORGE W. CURTIS.

his travels and writings, little else of importance to the general reader has transpired, hence our sketch must be brief.

George William Curtis was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in the winter of 1824. His father, though not rich, had a plenty of this world's goods, and his sons enjoyed the advantages of a good education, and the best society. In 1839 the family removed to New York, where they have since resided. George W. was much pleased with the commercial grandeur of the metropolis, and persuaded his father to let him go into a store. He obtained a situation in a German dry-goods importing house; and after remaining there just one year, he left, entirely satisfied with that form of existence. It is said that he became so disgusted with that experience, that he could not bear to go near the business part of the city for a long time afterward.

From his earliest years he had been constantly kept at school, and on leaving the store he returned to his studies, with tutors, and continued at them until 1842, when he went with his elder brother to Brook Farm Community. There he remained eighteen months, working in the fields, reading, and studying. From Brook Farm he returned to New York, and passed the winter; then went to Concord, New Hampshire, where he lived with his brother, working as at Brook Farm. They took an acre of ground for one year, and worked it entirely themselves, from plowing to reaping, and made it a profitable season's labor.

It was at Concord that George W. first became acquainted with Hawthorne, and he remained there until the summer of 1846, when, on the first of August, he sailed for Europe. In America, he had been as far north as the White Mountains; south, to Washington; and west, to Saratoga. Niagara he had not seen.

After an absence of four years—during which time he traveled over a greater part of Europe, and through Egypt and Syria, running the fight in Berlin in the Revolution of 1848, witnessing the first election of President at Paris, and corresponding the while with *The Courier and Enquirer* and *The New York Tribune*—he returned to his native land, and began his career as an author in 1850. During the autumn of that year, the "Nile Notes, by a Howadji," were finished, several chapters having been already written while on the Nile. This volume was published in 1851, by the Harpers, in New York, and Bentley, in London. There was something novel in the title of this volume. Many wondered who and what was the "Howadji."\*

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\* Howadji is a name given by the Orientals to all travelers in Egypt and other Eastern countries.



It excited the reader's curiosity to examine the book. When he had read a few pages, he found that it was not like most books of travel ; it was less matter-of-fact, and full of sparkling and brilliant descriptions of the East.

Instead of taking up the thread of his narrative from the time of leaving home, or, as many travelers would have done, from the hour of his birth, he began at once : "In a gold and purple December sunset, the Pacha and I walked down to the boat at Boulak, the port of Cairo." Thus is the reader transported at once to the scenes amid which he seems to dwell, as he beholds the Eastern landscapes portrayed, and observes their various forms and colors. Mr. Curtis paints with his pen. His lightest words are colors, and his thoughts are pictures. He has an artistic appreciation of form and color, which is hardly excelled by any living writer.

During the summer of 1851 Mr. Curtis made his "Lotus-Eating" tour, furnishing a series of letters for *The Tribune*. These letters appeared in a volume, as a summer book, in 1852. In the autumn of 1851 he went to Providence, and passed several months in writing "The Howadji in Syria," which was published in the spring of 1852. During 1853 he furnished a series of brilliant articles for *Putnam's Magazine*, entitled, "The Potiphar Papers." These have since been published in a volume, which met with an extensive sale. Besides Mr. Curtis' talents as an accomplished writer, he has appeared as a lecturer before literary societies, and in this field also he has won a wide popularity by the beauty and brilliancy of his style.



#### A LOVE OF LITERATURE.

WERE I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man ; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a cotemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him.—*Sir John Herschel.*

## THE THOUGHTS OF GOD.

THERE was a time when all the universe  
Existed only as a thought of God ;  
When He was the One Being, all in all,  
Who filled immensity—alone and great.  
A thought of myriad worlds, replete with life,  
Filled His vast mind, and then creation was.  
All things sublime or beautiful we see,  
From distant systems to the sweet, frail flower,  
Are thoughts of Him who never thinks in vain.

There have been those upon this earth of ours  
Whose thoughts are with us, though *they* sleep in dust ;  
The architects who built them grandly up ;  
Sculptors, who wrought them in the living stone ;  
Painters, who traced them in immortal lines ;  
Poets, embalming them in deathless verse ;  
Warriors, philanthropists, and humbler names,  
Who wrote them for all time in lasting deeds.  
Their noblest thoughts were but the thoughts of God,  
Reflected in them as the sun in dew,  
And oft-times tinged, and modified, and changed,  
By the imperfect medium of their mind.

Perchance the beauteous things we think we lose,  
When death conducts us through the gates of life,  
Will all be found in uncorrupted forms,  
More bright and beautiful than ever here ;  
Just as they came from out the mind of God,  
Ere man had cast them in his narrow mold.

Oh, student of man's learning ! when perplexed  
With all the windings of his thought obscure,  
Go forth and study God's all-glorious thoughts,  
Written on heaven in clouds, and light, and stars ;  
On earth in all things beautiful and fair ;  
On thine own soul in every varied power.

Oh, Source of thought, from whom all mind must spring !  
Great Author of our being ! let not earth  
Warp our existence from its proper aim ;  
Let our life be a thought of gratitude,  
Expressed in every word and every deed,  
Glowing along our characters, like light  
Along the arches of the noon-tide sky.  
Perfect Thy thought of wisdom in our life,  
Thy thought of justice in our sin-earned death,  
Thy thought of love in our immortal joy.

## METHOD.

**D**ISPATCH is the soul of business, and nothing contributes more to dispatch than method. Lay down a method for every thing, and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow. Fix one certain hour and day in the week for your accounts, and keep them together in their proper order ; by which means they will require a very little time, and you can never be much cheated.

Whatever letters and papers you keep, docket and tie them up in their respective classes, so that you may instantly have recourse to any one.

Lay down a method also for your reading, for which you allot a certain share of your mornings ; let it be in a consistent and consecutive course, and not in that desultory and immethodical manner in which many people read scraps of different authors, upon different subjects. Keep a useful and short commonplace book of what you read, to help your memory only, and not for pedantic quotations. Never read history without having maps, and a chronological book, or tables, lying by you and constantly recurred ; without which, history is only a confused heap of facts.

One more I recommend to you, by which I have found great benefit, even in the most dissipated part of my life, that is, to rise early, and at the same hour every morning, how late soever you may have sat up the night before. This secures you an hour or two at least of reading or reflection, before the common interruptions of the morning begin ; and it will save your constitution by forcing you to go to bed early at least one night in three.—*Selected.*

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**EXAGGERATION.**—Seldom speak by superlatives ; for in so doing you will be likely to wound either truth or prudence. Exaggeration is neither thoughtful, wise, nor safe. It is a proof of the weakness of the understanding, or the want of discernment of him that utters it, so that even when he speaks the truth, he soon finds it received with large discount or utter unbelief. Exaggeration, as to rhetoric, is “using a vast force to lift a feather ; as to morals and character, it is using falsehood to lift one’s self out of the confidence of his fellow-men.

## THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

THE Chinese language is found by philologists to present some of the most remarkable phenomena in the whole field of Philology. It is not an old language in a state of decay, but an infant language, stunted or arrested in the first stage of development. It was probably written at an earlier period of its existence than any other.

This remarkable language, as spoken, has no more than 450 words, all monosyllables—which, by slight variations of tone, are increased to 1,200. Yet the Chinese converse with each other freely, and upon all subjects, and in writing they use no less than 30,000 characters; that is to say, each spoken word has from 20 to 200 methods of representation, according to the various meanings which it has—precisely as the English words *rite*, *right*, *write*, *wright*, are written differently and mean differently, while as a spoken word, they are all one.

The characters by which these words are written are supposed to have been made up of symbols, representing the ideas intended; thus the two legs of a man, rudely drawn, represent a man. But the existence of the symbolic design or picturing nature of the characters has hitherto been traced but a very little way, so that the great mass of the 30,000 characters, embracing from one to fifty-two strokes of the pencil each, have to be learned by the Chinese themselves of the present day, and by foreigners, by a sheer exertion of the memory as so many arbitrary figures—a gigantic labor.

All these characters, are, however, composed of elementary ones, not exceeding two thousand, and the symbolic nature or design of a considerable portion of these simpler elements is obvious; but when united to signify different ideas, they seem to be thrown into the most incongruous and absurd combinations, so that the idea of any original design in framing them has been for the most part abandoned, and the hope of discovering such design surrendered in despair.

How the Celestials contrive to make themselves understood, in speaking with such a mere handful of words, each of which has a host of meanings, apparently quite distinct from each other, is a mystery to philologists. The written Chinese looks as unintelligible, and just about as much like language as would the tracks of a dozen hens whose feet had been dipped in ink and left to run over sheets of white paper.

Notwithstanding this incongruous combination of seemingly unintelligible characters in the Chinese language, we have before us a work\* in which the author—MR. STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS—claims to have discovered a key to the symbolic representation of Chinese writing. The earliest forms of their writing were by the use of symbols. In time the phonetic principle found a representation, and the symbolic and phonetic became combined. To illustrate this point, suppose a rude picture of a man with a broad-axe represents a *wright*—an artisan. Then to represent *rite*, a religious ceremony, the same picture of a man with a broad-axe, joined with a man and an altar, is adopted. The first character represents the sound of rite, and the second conveys the idea. Then suppose the idea of *writing*—forming letters with a pen—is to be represented; the picture of a man with a pen is adopted to represent the idea, and the man with a broad-axe is added to show the sound, as before. Now this principle, Mr. Andrews claims, exists in the Chinese language.

The present forms of the Chinese characters differ much from the ancient, and it was by critically examining and comparing the ancient characters that Mr. Andrews was enabled to trace out their meaning as symbols or emblems of ideas. To better illustrate this we will give a few of his examples.

The Chinese word for tree is “Mú,” signifying *wood, a tree, one of the five elements*. The forms of the characters, ancient and modern, are represented as follows :

ANCIENT.

MODERN.

In the ancient form, the outline of the *tree* is quite obvious.

The upper line, curving upward, represents the branches;

and the lower line, curving downward, the roots.

The next character is “Lín,” a *forest, a wood*.

This is made of the repetition of *the tree*, and the design is so obvious as always

to have been recognized.

The next is “Kín,” to *prohibit, to forbid, a prohibition*.

This has the addition of a figure below, which is regarded as an imitation of the

descending rays of the sun, and which is the regular emblem for

\* “Discoveries in Chinese, or the Symbolism of the Primitive Characters of the Chinese System of Writing.” Published by Charles B. Norton, New York.

whatever proceeds from the heavens of a religious nature—*omens, commands, sanctions, and prohibitions.*

The next is "Chá," *a tablet for writing, a document.*

This is the *tree*, the emblem of *wood*, and an *iron style or point*—the instrument used for writing on slips of bamboo, before the use of ink and the pencil.

The next character is "Lóí," *a plow.*

This is the *tree*, with the emblem above which denotes *land, a field, the soil.* The *land-wood* is appropriately the plow with a primitive people, who always use the wooden instrument.

The next is "Tsí," *to cultivate the earth, land cultivated by the emperor himself.*

This is composed of the *plow*, as above, *fruit*, and *men in the field.* The plow character itself being analyzed as above, gives a *tree* and a *field.* This is a good illustration of the way in which the simple characters reappear in composition.

These examples will give an idea of the method of investigation pursued, one which commends itself at once for its ingenuity and simplicity. In these researches into the philological field, Mr. Andrews has done for the Chinese what Champollion did for the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and what Rawlinson has done for the cuneiform or wedge-form character, thus conferring a distinguished honor upon our American scholarship.



**LADIES AT WORK.**—Real men, men of sterling principle, are always pleased to see their female acquaintances at work. Young ladies, never blush, never apologize if found in your working attire. It should be your pride and glory to labor; for industrious habits are certainly the best recommendation you can bring to worthy young men. Those who would sneer at these habits, you may depend upon it, will make poor companions.

## Youth's Department.

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JANE MUNSON; OR, THE GIRL WHO WISHED TO HAVE  
HER OWN WAY.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

**J**ANE," said the mother of Jane Munson, "I want you to go into the orchard and gather a basket of apples for me."

Jane did not wish to go, and, I am sorry to say, the principal reason why she did not was, that her mother wished to have her. Jane was a willful girl. She did not submit cheerfully to those whom it was her duty to obey, but was always contriving how she could have her own way, as much and as often as possible.

She did not dare to disobey her mother directly, but she acted out the spirit of disobedience, as far as she thought she could do it and escape punishment. In the first place, she feigned not to hear, and did not stir from her seat until her mother had called her a second time. Next, she declared she could not find a basket, though she knew very well that she could find one, if she were so disposed. Her mother was obliged to leave her work to find a basket for her, and even then she went grumbling and fretting to the orchard.

She went, however, and returned with a basket of apples, as she was required to do; but was she an obedient child? I think all my young readers will answer, "She was not." While she performed the outward act of obedience, she was at heart disobedient.

She looked unhappy enough as she came in from the orchard. Her mother did not tell her that she was a willful and disobedient girl, although she saw enough of the manner in which she obeyed her command to grieve her very much. But though her mother did not tell her this, her conscience did. No wonder the basket of apples felt heavy, when her heart was so heavy with a load of conscious guilt.

Home was not the only place where Jane tried to have her own way. She often grieved her teachers at school by manifesting the same spirit there.

Near the school-house, where Jane attended school, was an orchard of apple-trees. The children had been permitted to run in

this orchard during recess, whenever they liked ; but now the fruit was ripe, and the teacher knew that some of them would be tempted to take the fruit if they went where it grew, so she told them that they must not go there any more during that term.

As soon as Jane Munson found that they were forbidden to go into the orchard, she determined to go there. She declared that it was very unjust in their teacher not to permit them to play there, as they had done.

"I am sure," she said, "I do not want the apples. I have apples enough at home. But my teacher has no right to forbid my going into the orchard. I have a right to go where I please in recess, provided I do no harm." •

The very next day during recess she tried to persuade one of her schoolmates to go with her into the orchard.

"No," said her schoolmate, whose name was Lucy Alden, "our teacher, you know, has forbidden us to go."

"Oh, that is because she is afraid some of the boys will get the apples. But we do not want the apples, and she has no right to say that we shall not go there. I want to play upon our old rock, under the tree."

"The rock where we are is just as good," said Lucy. "I remember, that, one day, when I tried to get you into the orchard, you said, you thought this rock was a great deal the best place to play."

"The place is good enough, I suppose, but I choose to have my own way, and not be forbidden to go where I like, just to gratify a whim of my teacher. If I don't take the apples, she has no right to complain if I do go into the orchard."

The more Lucy tried to dissuade her, the more Jane's obstinate will was roused to action. She at length declared, that, if Lucy would not go with her, she would go alone ; so she jumped over the wall and ran to the rock. Having climbed to the top of it, she swung her bonnet over her head a few times, by way of celebrating her independence, and then returned to her companion.

Jane, willful, as she was, was usually too prudent directly to disobey the commands of her teachers, unless she was pretty sure of escaping correction. But this time her obstinate will had hurried her into the commission of an act from which prudence would have held her back, had she taken a little more time for reflection.

After she returned to the school-house, and had time to think more about it, she feared that she had gone quite too far. What she



had seen of Miss Hill, led her to believe that she would be more firm in securing obedience to the rules of the school than some of her former teachers had been. The more she thought about it, the more she wished she had not done it. If she could escape this time she intended to be more careful in future, and not to try the experiment of having her own way quite so boldly. All the rest of the day she watched Miss Hill to see if her disobedience had come to her knowledge.

The teacher had accidentally been a witness of the whole scene from a window of the school-room, which commanded a view of the orchard, and she had marked out her plan of action. After she had heard the lessons for the afternoon, she told her scholars that she had something to say to them before she dismissed them.

"I want to ask you one question," said she, "but I do not wish you to answer it immediately. I wish you to take time to think of it, and make up your minds what is the right answer. The question which I wish you to answer is this: 'Whose will should govern in this school-room?' It is plain that some one will, or more than one, must govern. If one will is to govern, shall it be the will of some one of the scholars? I see by your looks that you do not wish the school to be governed by the will of any one of the pupils who attend it. You do not think it would be either right or proper, and you would not submit to it. Sarah B., Jane M., and Mary C. would say, 'I know just as well as Lucy A. what is right and proper, and I will not submit to be governed by her.'

"Well, if this plan will not do, suppose we consider another. How will it do to have the will of several, for instance, of Lucy, and Sarah, and Jane, and Mary, govern the whole? Supposing we were to have it so, and Lucy should want fifteen minutes recess, while Jane did not want but ten, and Sarah should decide to have the school-room swept at noon, while Mary wished to have it swept at night, what should we do then?"

The children looked as if they thought that the united reign of so many sovereigns would prove a disastrous one.

"If the conflicting will of four scholars would lead to such confusion," continued Miss Hill, "how should we get along if you should all govern, or, in other words, if you should each of you have your own way?"

"I can think of but one other plan to suggest, and this plan is, that I, your teacher, should govern the school by virtue of my office as teacher, and as being the ablest, and most capable of doing so.

Four plans have now been suggested, can any scholar present suggest any other? If so, I shall be glad to listen to it."

Miss Hill here paused, but all remained silent. Every eye was fixed upon her to see what was coming next. After a short interval, the teacher continued:

"As no other plan has been suggested for consideration, I think you are now ready to answer the question which has been proposed to you. Who of you would be satisfied with either of the first three plans which have been mentioned?"

The scholars all remained perfectly silent, making no motion of approval.

"The fourth plan, then, only remains to be considered," continued Miss Hill. "Who of you think it right and proper that the will of your teacher should govern in this school-room?"

"I think so," cried several voices, eagerly.

"Those who are of this opinion may raise their hands," said Miss Hill.

A hand was instantly raised by each scholar, not excepting Jane Munson. The subject had been presented in such a light as to convince the judgment of every pupil. They saw most clearly that there could be only confusion in the little group if the will of their teacher was not the governing will.

Miss Hill perceived the impression which had been made, and said:

"I think you all see the principle very clearly; now, if you will cheerfully submit to the application of it, we shall get along without any difficulty. If it is indispensable to the good of the school that my will should govern, you can all see that it will never answer for me to permit any one of my scholars to act in direct opposition to my will, or, in other words, to disobey the rules which I think it necessary to make to govern your conduct.

"You all know that I have forbidden you to go into the orchard, but I am sorry to say that I saw one of your number there during recess this morning. From what I saw, I am convinced that it was an act of direct and willful disobedience to my authority. Do any of you think that I ought to overlook such an act of willful disobedience?"

Several of the children shook their heads. Miss Hill might have reproved and punished Jane Munson for her disobedience without bringing the subject before the whole school, but she chose to embrace this opportunity to place the subject before them in its true

light, that they might all see the reasonableness and propriety of obedience, and the unreasonableness of willful disobedience.

Her labor was not lost, even upon Jane Munson. The inexcusable willfulness of her conduct appeared in something of its true light, and before her teacher had mentioned the name of the offending scholar Jane was quite subdued.

When Miss Hill informed her that she should deprive her of her recess for three days, she did not attempt to excuse her conduct, for all her excuses had been swept away before she had an opportunity to utter them. She felt humbled and ashamed, and when an opportunity presented, asked Miss Hill's forgiveness, and promised never to disobey her again. She also resolved that she would try never to be willful again, either at home or at school, for she now clearly saw that, in either place, her will was not the will that should govern.



## DO YOU INTEND TO BE A GENTLEMAN?

### A QUESTION FOR BOYS.

AS I sat at the table a few evenings since, a gentleman called. He was invited to take a seat with us. As he had already supped, he declined. This person is a man of talent and education, but as I turned to look at him, in the course of conversation, I observed a habit which so disgusted me, that it was with an effort I could finish my tea.

I at once thought of the boys who read *THE STUDENT*,\* and thought I should like to write to them about the importance of forming correct habits in their boyhood. "The child is father of the man," Wordsworth says in one of his poems. The habits of character you form now will, in all probability, be the habits and character you will retain when you are a man.

I suppose the individual to whom I have alluded was entirely unconscious of doing any thing disagreeable. If not, perhaps he did not consider it of much consequence. He may have grown up with the opinion that little things are of small importance. Now, that this is not always so, you may easily see if you drop a spark of fire in a pile of shavings; the whole will be immediately in flames, and will do as much injury as if it had been kindled by a large coal.

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\* Copied from the *Agriculturist*, and adapted to *THE STUDENT*.

Our happiness depends quite as much on little things as on great. Small trials are as difficult to bear as any. People often lose their patience when a dress is torn, or a pitcher broken, who would be quiet and calm if some serious misfortune had befallen them.

I hope, boys, you intend to be gentlemen. I do not mean fops and dandies, but true gentlemen. You have perhaps seen the remark made by Henry Ward Beecher, that "dress does not make the man, but after he is made, he looks better dressed up." Neither do gentlemanly habits and manners make the man, but they certainly improve him after he is made, and render him agreeable and prepossessing.

If you intend to be gentlemen, you must begin now, by always conducting, under all circumstances, just as well as you know how. Some of you, I suppose, have better advantages of society, and more careful instruction at home, than others, but no boy, who has intelligence enough to be interested in good books or papers, need fail to be a gentleman if he tries.

A true gentleman is always courteous. He answers respectfully when spoken to, no matter by whom. Do you remember the anecdote of General Washington, who raised his hat, and bowed politely to a colored man that he met, who had previously saluted him with the usual civility of the race. A friend with him expressed surprise. "Do you think," said he, "I would be less polite than a negro?"

I hope, when you are tempted to be uncivil to those whom you consider beneath you, you will not forget the good example of the Father of his Country. I suppose the secret of Washington's politeness and greatness was, as his mother proudly said of him, that "George was always a good boy."

He was a gentleman, such a gentleman as I should be glad to believe every boy, who reads this, will one day be. If you would be polite to all, you must cultivate kind feelings toward all. A gentleman is not a rough man. He may have great energy and power of character as had Washington, but still he is a *gentle*-man.

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EDUCATION.—There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut the sinews at the wrist.

The worst education, which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches every thing else, and not that.—*Sterling*.

## ABOUT WORDS.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

WORDS have more meaning than appears in their careless use ; more, often, than the dictionary tells us of. Johnny was reading a little book in which he found the word *sincere*, and as he is a little fellow he did not know what it meant. "What does sincere mean, Uncle George?"

"Poph! Johnny don't know what that means; why, *I* can tell what it means."

"Yes, Fanny, but you are older, and perhaps have heard quite recently in your class." Fanny blushed, and owned that she had heard it yesterday.

"Willie, you tell John, and that will do as well."

"Sincere means—when any body is—sincere, and tells what he thinks."

"Not quite a definition, my lad; we must know what a word means before we can use it to explain any thing. Well, Fanny, if you are waiting, we'll hear you."

"Sincere means *frank, candid, honest.*"

"So says the Word Book, as far as it goes. But what would that make of this sentence :

"If man would know the true and *sincere* vermilion indeed, it ought to have the rich and fresh color of scarlet."

"What will you make of *sincere* vermilion, Willie?"

"Ho, ho, honest vermilion, candid vermilion, that is a funny color; I don't know *what* to say."

"I should think it was *pure, unmixed* vermilion."

"That is true, Fanny, that is the first idea intended by the word, but even that is a derived idea, and not the direct meaning of the word, or, rather, of the *words.*"

"The words! are there two? I thought it was all one, and a very easy one, too."

"There are two words in the Latin, *sine cera*, meaning without wax, which united make the word *sincere*, meaning pure, and consequently *honest.*"

"That is stranger yet—vermilion without wax. Then I suppose Mr. Lapstone, the shoemaker, can not be honest because he has wax all the time."

"That will do for a jest, Willie; but you must learn that many

words are figures of speech, that is, they give us ideas by means of things. When honey is taken from the bees it has wax with it, and to make it pure the wax must be separated. So men are mixed with good and evil in their characters, and to be made pure they must be separated, the evil from the good—an invisible act, expressed by the visible action of separating wax from honey.

"There is a story told of an artist, who, not being skillful enough with his chisel to make a perfect statue, supplied the want of finish with wax. This was easily shaped so as to fill the holes and smooth the rough places of his marble, but it would not do. The statue was not a *true* work, it was insincere and dishonest, pretending to be good marble when it was partly white wax. How very natural, then, for the honest man, the good artist, to say of his work that it was real, pure marble, without wax, sincere! How easy, then, to use the same words to apply to the workman which have been applied to the work! This is the way that meanings of words get into use, and figures of speech become simple words, in which we forget the original idea."

"But is that a *true* story about the artist?"

"Perhaps not, Fanny; it is only an illustration, something told to show how the word might have come to mean what it does. The true reason for the use of the word sincere is found in the purifying of *honey* from wax.

"It is enough for you, Johnny, to know how the word is now used, to mean pure and honest; but it is pleasant and useful to know *why* men used it so, and when you find other words with parts of the same word in them, it will help you to understand them."

"O yes, I see it. I was reading to-day of a body that was 'embalmed and cered' before burial. It was covered with wax, was it not, Uncle George?"

"You are right, and perhaps you have heard of the dead being wrapped in *cerements*, or cere-cloth, have you not, Fanny?"

"Oh, I remember, and that must have been waxed-cloth, I suppose?"

"That is it, Fanny. Now, children, will one of you think of some word with *sin* in it?"

"Sinecure, sinner."

"One is like, *sine* without, *cura* care, without care—a word applied to any office in which there is little to be done and good pay. Sinner is from another language, perhaps the Anglo-Saxon verb *syn-gian*, to go asunder; because to *sin* is to be *sundered* from good, just

as *wrung* is the past participle of *wring*, that which is *wrung*, or turned from the right. But see, again, how the meaning *sincere* is joined to that of *candid*, which Fanny said it meant."

"Why, that has nothing to do with *wax*, has it?"

"No, Willie, but with *purity*; *candid* is *shining-white*, that is, very pure. So a *candid-ate* was one clothed in very white garments, who should be very pure; a meaning which certainly looks extremely *old* now, when not the white robes only, but the purity which they stood for, are out of fashion with most candidates. So *candle* is somewhat connected with *candid* in its meaning, for *candles* are *white, shining* things, as candidates for office once were. Alas the *once*!

'How far that little *candle* throws its beams!  
So shines a good deed in this naughty world.'

Cowley speaks of 'pure and *candid* dwellings.'

"That would have sounded as queer as the *sincere* vermilion, if you had not told us that it meant white and shining."

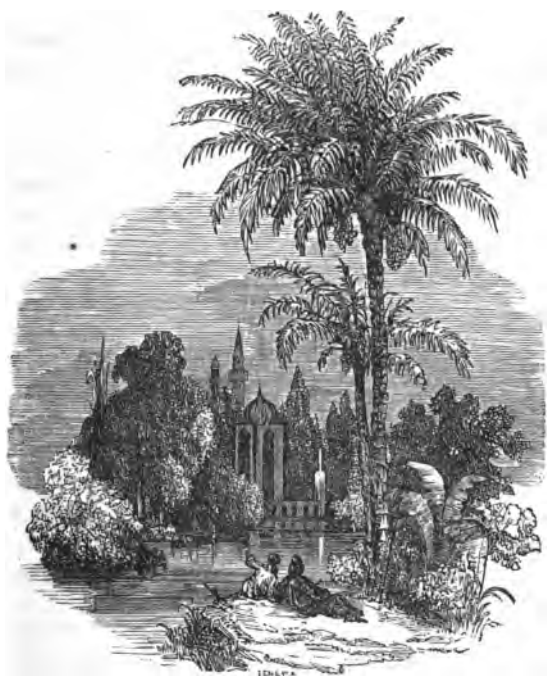
"That, too, you see, is a figure of speech, when we call a man *candid*; for we do not mean that he is a white man, to distinguish him from a Negro or Indian, but by a visible thing we represent the invisible character of a man; he is honest, pure, a white or spotless character, so far as he is a *candid* or *sincere* man."

"Well, I am glad words do mean something *real*, and are not so as if you saw things in a fog—I don't know how to say it."

"You have said it very well, Willie; the vagueness and uncertainty of meaning which many people connect with words is more like fog than clear air, certainly. Ideas are not sharply defined in their outlines by such use, more than houses and trees are in a thick mist. See clearly what you mean before you say it, and then try to make it as plain as you see it, and you will be understood."



**HABITS IN CHILDREN.**—In early childhood you may lay the foundation of poverty or riches, industry or idleness, good or evil, by the habits to which you train your children. Man is a bundle of habits. Teach the young right habits, and their future life will be safe. They will be bound to the right as with bands of polished steel.



## THE DATE PALM-TREE.

**T**HE date palm-tree is a native of warm climates, and is chiefly found in Africa and Asia. Wherever a spring of water appears amid the sandy deserts of Africa, this graceful palm yields both grateful shelter and nourishing fruit. It has been called the most beautiful tree in the vegetable kingdom. It consists of a single stalk or trunk, and instead of branches, like our forest trees, its leaves spring from the trunk, near its top, and grow from six to eight feet in length.

The trunk of this palm-tree is full of knots, or circular ridges, which mark the spots from which the decayed leaves have fallen during its growth. It somewhat resembles the cane in its interior structure, while the outside only becomes woody. Thirty years are required for it to attain its growth, but it frequently rises to the height of one hundred feet, and lives from one to two hundred years.

The fruit of the date palm-tree is about two inches in length, and



very similar in form to a long plum. Dates are brought to this country in a preserved state, in little sacks of matting, and are common in all our cities and large towns. They have a sweet and agreeable taste, and are very nutritious. This fruit is capable of supporting life, and sustaining the strength of man for an indefinite period; indeed, it is the "bread of the desert." Where all other crops fail from drouth, the date-tree still flourishes. In Egypt and Arabia it forms a large portion of the general food; and among the oases of Fezzan nineteen twentieths of the population live upon it for nine months in the year.



## SQUIRRELS IN THE WOODS.

SOME person, who is an enthusiastic lover of nature, has uttered a few pleasant thoughts about squirrels, and we are sure that such a view of these little animals is far more harmless, and productive of more real pleasure, than to watch them, with gun in hand, to destroy them.

There are few things more pleasant than, on a sunny autumn day, to watch the squirrels in the trees above you. Peering up, you espy a little brown or black fellow leaping from branch to branch. At length he sits upon his hind legs, and looks this way and that, and listens. Do not move, or he is off.

"All right?" his merry brown eyes seem to ask. Yes, all right; for a nut drops from between his teeth into his fore paws, and, giving his tail an extra curl, he makes ready for his dinner.

That is another sight—the way in which a squirrel deals with a nut. First of all he shakes and rattles it, that he may be sure there is something inside; then he twists it round and round in his paws, till he gets the narrow end uppermost, for he knows that at the upper end the shell is thinnest; then he begins to grate and file till he has gnawed his way through, getting more noisy as the hole gets bigger, and then follow intervals of quiet, which mean that his teeth are in the kernel, and that he is eating all within reach; for a squirrel never has patience to wait till the kernel is clean out; he eats it by installments in the shell, and trust him for getting the whole of it. His meal finished, he washes his face with his paws, and his paws with his face, and away he hops from branch to bough.

## Children's Department.

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ELLA AND HER PET FAWN.

**W**E love children that are fond of pets. Those that treat animals kindly are almost always kind to their playmates, and when grown up they become amiable men and women.

When we see a child unkind to animals, or sometimes kind and then cruel, we fear that such a child will make an ill-natured and passionate man or woman, and one who will not possess an amiable disposition.

Many of our little readers have their pets. Some have a faithful dog that watched beside their cradle and now shares their childish sports. Others a gentle pussy, that comes softly purring as she hears "kitty, "kitty, kitty," and rubs fondly against the hand that strokes her soft fur.

Some have rabbits that hop about the yard, with their long ears erect, and eat the tender clover from their little hands. Others have little birds that sing so joyfully. Now who of you are unkind to your pets or to other animals? We hope that none of you are.

Willie has some little gold fish, which he loves to watch as they glide about in the water in the glass globe.

Ella has a pet fawn, with a ribbon around its neck. It loves to be fondled and petted by its little favorite, and when startled by some rude boy or a strange dog, it runs to Ella and claims her protection, and stands trembling with fear. She is always kind to her pet, and is also kind to every body, and all love her who enjoy her acquaintance.

Ella's fawn is a gentle, harmless creature. It ran only in the yard when quite young, but as it became larger it was sometimes placed in the field where the cows were kept. Wherever it is, it always comes at Ella's call.

Such attachments of children for animals, even for the cow and horse and sheep, as well as the dog and other pets, speak well for the future happiness of those children. When such elements of goodness are drawn out from their young hearts toward animals, there must be goodness and happiness enough in those hearts to influence their lives to kindness.

It is a kind Providence that has given dumb animals to be the companions of childhood, that in exercising a love toward them there may be developed in the youthful heart sympathy and kindness for tender helplessness.

"I WONDER WHAT MAKES HIM SO?"

BY VESTA VIOLET.

**L**ITTLE Arthur Raymond possessed a very large heart, and had always been in the habit of sharing every dainty, or bit of fruit, candy, or cakes, with his playfellows. With him every thing was free; he never saw any lack, and consequently thought there never would be. He went one day to old Mr. Warner's, and saw the old gentleman when the little boys came from school selling them grapes for two and three cents a stem.

He looked at his long and beautiful grapery, with the rich clusters hanging between the latticed frame, and then looked back on the old gentleman with indignation. And he thought to himself, "How stingy he is! I wonder what makes him so? What are a few stems of grapes when he has so many? I would give them to the boys, I know, if I were owner."

Arthur ran home and told his mother what he had seen. Said he, "Ma, old Mr. Warner is a stingy man, I know he is! And I hate him, it looks so mean in him. I wonder what makes him so?"

"Why, my child," replied Mrs. Raymond, "I can't hear you talk so about Mr. Warner; he is one of the best of men. You must not be so hasty in passing your judgment upon him, or any one, till you have wise and sufficient reason to do so. What has he done so bad in your estimation?"

"Why, he asks pay for a few stems of grapes, or a melon, or any thing that the boys come after when he has so many. I am sure he could give them some and never feel it."

"You do not understand, Arthur, all about life yet; when you get to be older you'll think differently," replied his mother. "Would you think it was right when the little boys came in the store to buy candy, for your father to give it to them, and let them keep their money?"

"No, of course not," said Arthur, "because he has to *buy his* things, and Mr. Warner's grow."

"Well, he has to nurse it, and dig about it, and labor to

promote its growth all the time till the harvest is passed. That little garden is all the old man has to sell the products of for the support of his family, and if he should give its fruits away he would be left in a starving condition. Suppose he should give his grapes, pears, melons, peaches, etc., all away to his neighbors and the boys, would they give him wheat and flour to keep him from hunger? No; they would not think of him."

"Ah! I see now," said Arthur, "I was wrong. I will be careful how I call another person stingy till I know the whys and wherefores of his proceedings. I never thought that he had to sell things out of his garden to get a living."

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 ILL-TEMPER.

WHAT violent passions some children will show,  
 If they can not have their own way!  
 Or if they submit, 'tis with such an ill-will,  
 That their horrible tempers are manifest still,  
 In sulking and frowning all day.

But if such bad children would look in the glass  
 When passion and anger arise,  
 They would see how ill-temper disfigures the face,  
 And stamps on the features an ugly disgrace,  
 Which all that see can but despise.

'Twas anger that prompted the passionate Cain  
 To murder his brother so dear,  
 And still it is passion that vexes our life,  
 And breeds half the quarrels, and hatred, and strife,  
 That so common among us appear.

Why should I be passionate, sullen, or cross,  
 Like many bad children I see?  
 For though I'm offended a hundred times o'er,  
 Yet I have offended my Father still more,  
 And He is forgiving to me.

I'll be vexed at the evils that dwell in my heart,  
 My selfishness, passion, and pride;  
 I'll try to subdue them as well as I may,  
 More angry and vexed with them every day,  
 And be angry with nothing beside.

# Editor's Table.

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## "THE STUDENT" IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

**W**HILE *THE STUDENT* is designed to furnish youth with a valuable and instructive magazine, one that shall be adapted to all the members of the family, it also has another and a highly important object—that of the *school reader*. By its monthly arrival it takes advantage of that awakening ardor always manifested on the part of children on the introduction of a new book into their class, and thus it enkindles in them a love for reading. In its lessons, thoughts and subjects are presented which readily suggest the relation between the exercises and studies of school and the every-day scenes of life.

Of its adaptation and usefulness for this purpose it has received approval and commendation wherever it has been used. From numerous voluntary testimonials of those who have thoroughly proven its utility as a school reader we select the following from an experienced and successful teacher, which echoes the testimony of hundreds of others.

"I have used *THE STUDENT* as a reading book for the last six years, in the schools that I have taught, and I take pleasure in stating that I have found it far superior to *any other* reader that I have ever used.

"First—Because it excites a *taste* for reading. Second—Because it makes *natural readers*; that is, it breaks up that monotonous sound which is too common among the majority of children in our common schools. Third—It is calculated to meet the capacities of nearly all members of the family, thus rendering it at once the cheapest and best book they can purchase.

"My manner of using it is this:—The more advanced readers use it first, after which it is read by those who can not read so well; and then, again, it is passed to the next lower class, so that the same *STUDENT* is read by all the members of the family that can read. After having received the numbers for three months, this plan can be followed without the necessity of using any other reader.

"I am now in a school that has used *THE STUDENT* during the past year, and I will venture to place those scholars that have read it in competition with any of equal age, capacity, and advantages, for good, natural readers. *THE STUDENT* is a work which every teacher, who desires the children under his charge to receive the greatest benefit possible, should introduce into his school."

*THE STUDENT* AMONG THE "LIVE TEACHERS" OF OHIO.—A live teacher in the Buckeye State, who has already sent us a list of over *fifty subscribers*, writes: "I am going to try to get every teacher in old Warren to subscribe for *THE STUDENT*. I hope many of them will get their pupils to take it also. I would rejoice to see it in every family in our county."

LONG ISLAND TEACHERS.—In complying with a request to deliver a lecture before the Teachers' Association of Suffolk County, Long Island, a few weeks since, we were happy to find a spirit of energy and interest on the subject of

education which would do honor to any county in our State. This Association numbers among its members many teachers of the first class, and if we mistake not, old Suffolk will not soon be found in the rear ranks of educational progress. Among other evidences of their spirit of progress, was the adoption of *THE STUDENT* as a reading book for their schools.

**VERBATIM RECITATIONS.**—We sometimes fear that the importance of verbatim recitations is undervalued, amid the general outcry against committing to memory the words of the text-book; that in the zeal to avoid a mechanical parrot-like mode of conducting recitations, the opposite extreme is adopted. We believe it is generally conceded that such books as are used in our schools have been prepared with suitable care, in the adoption of the best terms in defining or explaining whatever subjects they may treat upon; hence, if the pupil should attempt to use his own language, he could hardly be expected to employ that which would be as suitable as that furnished in the book. Besides, if the language of the book is correct, committing it to memory will aid the pupil in acquiring a command of good language to be used on other occasions. We would therefore urge upon teachers the importance of requiring verbatim recitations as a general rule, if they would thoroughly discipline the minds of their pupils. But in this let us not be understood: we do not mean memorizing merely—learning the language without the thoughts it contains. We would insist upon a full and thorough understanding of the subject of every lesson, and have the clear comprehension of its practical application regarded as of the first importance, and verbatim recitations required, as the surest means of securing permanently the thoughts thus acquired.

## Our Museum.

**NOVEMBER**, the eleventh month of our year, is the ninth month of the old Roman year, hence its name, from *novem*, nine.

**THE COLON.**—A character now used after a clause that is complete in itself when followed by some remark depending on it in sense, though not in construction, was first used as a point about 400 years before Christ. The colon (:) and the semicolon (;) also, were introduced into the English literature during the sixteenth century, or about 300 years ago.

**ANTIPODES.**—These are persons living directly opposite to us, on the other side of the earth. Our antipodes are the Chinese. The inhabitants of Antipodes Island, in the South Pacific Ocean, may be called the antipodes of England. Plato is said to be the first who thought it possible that antipodes existed. This was about 368 before Christ. In the year 741 A. D., Archbishop Boniface denounced a bishop as a heretic for believing that persons lived on the opposite side of the globe.

**NO-TURNING OVER.**—Jump out of bed the moment you are called. Make up the mind instantly, for early rising is a subject that admits of *no turning over*.

**DISTINGUISHED NAMES ENDING IN O N.**—The letters O N form the termination of some of the most distinguished names in history. No other letters of

the alphabet will furnish so remarkable a coincidence as that found in the following list: Aaron, Solomon, Solon, Bacon, Newton, Johnson, Addison, Crichton, Buffon, Tennyson, Fenelon, Massillon, Wilson, Warburton, Leighton, Walton, Gibson, Watson, Barrington, Melancthon, Whiston, Anacreon, Milton, Thomson, Chatterton, Byron, Xenophon, Gibbon, Robertson, Nelson, Washington, Napoleon, Wellington, Jefferson, Jackson, Harrison, Audubon. To these might be added many other eminent names with the same termination.

**THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.**—What were they? Among the ancients the seven most wonderful achievements of human art were called the "Seven Wonders of the World." They were the Egyptian Pyramids; the Mausoleum erected by Artemisia to the memory of her husband, Mausolus, king of Caria; the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Colossus at Rhodes; the Statue of Jupiter Olympus; and the Pharos, or watch-tower, at Alexandria. This tower was built of white marble, and could be seen a distance of one hundred miles. Fires were kept burning on its top for the guidance of sailors.

**MAUSOLEUM** originated from the tomb of Mausolus, one of the seven wonders of the world.

**TWO-THIRDS OF A MAN.**—During an examination of a class in mental arithmetic, in reply to a question concerning the number of men required to perform a certain piece of work in a specified time, the answer given was, "Twelve men and two-thirds." A bright lad in the class perceiving that two-thirds of a man would be an odd laborer, instantly replied, "Twelve men and a boy fourteen years old"—fourteen being two-thirds of twenty-one, the legal age of manhood.

**WHY THE SUN SETS.**—A little boy when asked why the sun sets in the west, replied, "To hatch out another day." He must have been familiar with the farm-yard.

**MANUSCRIPT OF GRAY'S ELEGY.**—The original manuscript of Gray's *Elegy* in a Churchyard seems to improve with age. It was recently sold for £131. Ten years ago it was sold for £101.

## Items and Events.

**LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.**—Nothing has so universally affected the country during the past month as that of the loss of the steamship "Arctic," one of the Collins's line between New York and Liverpool. On the 27th of September, while bound for New York, and near Newfoundland, she came in collision with the French steamer "Vesta," in such a manner as to cause the "Arctic" to sink in about four hours, with nearly all the passengers on board. The crew took possession of the boats, and left the captain, passengers, and ship to be swallowed up in the ocean. The captain faithfully maintained his post, and went down with the ship, but rose to the surface, and was supported by a portion of the wreck, from which he was subsequently rescued by a sailing vessel bound for Quebec. Only 75 persons are known to have been saved, out of 383 on board; and but 21 of the saved were passengers.



**SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.**—The fate of this long-lost navigator, who left England in 1845, has at length been ascertained by Dr. Rae, who has been exploring the coasts in the vicinity of Repulse Bay. He learned from the Esquimaux that the bodies of about 40 whites, who perished by starvation in the spring of 1850, had been found some thirty or forty miles northwest of Great Fish River. Among them was one chief or captain, who had a telescope tied on his back. These statements were corroborated by several articles which the Esquimaux exhibited, such as silver forks, spoons, etc., upon which were engraved crests and initials of several belonging to Sir John Franklin's party, and on one silver plate was "Sir John Franklin, K.C.B." In the search for Sir John Franklin fifteen expeditions have been engaged, at a cost of four millions of dollars. The *Enterprise*, which had been for three years cruising in the Arctic Ocean, has recently left for England, and one only remains on the search of all that have been out—Dr. Kane, in his ship *Advance*—from New York.

**OF DR. KANE** and the American Arctic expedition no intelligence has been received since July, 1853. He entered Smith's Sound, and has doubtless been prevented from returning on account of the barriers of ice which have blocked up those regions during the past summer. However, it was his intention, in case his ship became fast, to push northward on the ice, and, if possible, reach the pole.

**SHOE-BLACK SOCIETY.**—In London there is a little society, which was established in 1851, for the purpose of furnishing employment for poor children. It is called the "Shoe-Black Society." The boys who are employed select a good location on the corner of a street, or some place of public resort, with brush and blacking, ready to clean and black the boots of the gentlemen who pass, for which they receive a penny. During the past year 87 boys have been thus employed in London, and their earnings have amounted to over \$4,800. These boys have cleaned during the past year, 115,966 pairs of boots and shoes; an average of about 4,153 pairs a week. The receipts of each lad is about \$2 25 per week.

## Literary Notices.

BOOKS noticed in THE STUDENT may be obtained by persons residing in any part of the United States, at their own post-office, free of postage, by inclosing the price here given, in a letter, post-paid, and directing it to N. A. CALKINS, 348 Broadway, New York.

**DISCOVERIES AMONG THE RUINS OF NINEVEH AND BABYLON;** with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert. By Austen H. Layard, M.P. Published by A. S. Barnes and Co., New York. Second edition. Octavo; 549 pages. Muslin. With illustrations.

Notwithstanding this is an abridgment of Mr. Layard's larger work on Nineveh and Babylon, yet it has been abridged with so much care that all has been retained relating to the Bible, also the life-like portrayures of Arab habits and customs, as well as the pleasant adventures of the author in those ancient regions, and the more interesting and important portions of the larger work. For ages the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, those mighty

ancient cities, have been crumbling to dust and sinking beneath the drifting sands of the desert, till even their ancient localities have almost been lost, and now the hand of science has plucked them from their obscurity, learned to read their mystic inscriptions, and revealed to the world secrets which have been buried for thousands of years. A history of these discoveries, and the explorations among those ruins, as made during Layard's second expedition to Nineveh and Babylon, is contained in the volume before us; and whoever is so fortunate as to peruse it will find it one of remarkable interest. It is a valuable book for school libraries. We will send it by mail, postage paid, for \$1 50—the publisher's price.

**A JOURNEY TO CENTRAL AFRICA; Or, Life and Landscapes from Egypt to the Negro Kingdoms of the White Nile.** By Bayard Taylor. With a Map and Illustrations. Published by G. P. Putnam and Co., New York. 12mo; 522 pages. Muslin.

With the exception of three persons—Baron Von Humboldt, Madame Ida Pfeiffer, and Dr. Kane, who is now absent on an Arctic expedition—we know of none who have traversed as much of the earth's surface as Bayard Taylor. Besides, he is a most entertaining and instructive writer, giving the reader the greatest possible amount of information concerning the places which he visits in the least possible space. The volume now before us is an attractive panorama of Egypt, and sufficiently enlivened by humor and pathos to render it one of fascinating interest. The circulation of such works among the readers of our country can but exert a most salutary influence in diverting the mind from the vast amount of lighter literature with which our land is flooded. This is not a volume to be read through at once, and then thrown aside and forgotten—it will find a place in our standard libraries, and be consulted for intelligence concerning a country upon which the writer has furnished much new information by his extensive researches into regions before unexplored by travelers. Price \$1 50.

**DISCOVERIES IN CHINESE; Or, the Symbolism of the Primitive Characters of the Chinese System of Writing.** By Stephen Pearl Andrews. Published by Charles B. Norton, New York. 12mo; 131 pages. Muslin.

We can give no better idea of the character and object of this work than by referring our readers to an article on the *Chinese Language*, page 18 of the present number. Price of the book, 75 cents, postage paid.

**DANIEL BOONE, AND THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY.** By W. H. Bogart. Published by Miller, Orton and Mulligan, Auburn and Buffalo, N. Y. 12mo; 390 pages. Muslin.

The career of Daniel Boone is intimately woven with the history of the West, as the great pioneer of those regions. The volume before us is full of interesting incidents in the life of that bold adventurer. The author presents the life of Daniel Boone in a different light from the common opinion of him—that he was only an Indian fighter and bold hunter; he places him among the noble pioneers of civilization. The work is illustrated with several appropriate engravings. Price \$1 25.

**THE CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE, Part V.,** containing, "The Narcotics we Indulge in, and the Poisons we Select," is now ready. Price 30 cents, postage paid. It should be read by every one.

**HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY; Designed for Colleges and the Higher Classes in Schools, and for General Reading.** By Worthington Hooker, M.D. With 200 Illustrations. Published by Farmer, Brace, and Co., New York. 12mo; 400 pages. Muslin.

Dr. Hooker is Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College, and no one will question his ability to prepare a text-book on this important subject which shall meet the wants of our schools. Many who have heretofore attempted to teach physiology in schools have found it difficult to interest their pupils, on account of the defects in the text-books in use. A work can now be had of a superior and reliable character, yet so simple and attractive that pupils can hardly fail to be interested. We should be glad to say more on the subject of physiology, and the importance of its being a study in all our schools, but must defer it till a future number, for want of space. However, let every teacher and parent get a copy of this work and read it, and they can not fail to be convinced of the importance of a thorough knowledge of the laws of life and health. We will send it by mail, postage paid, for \$1 25.

**THOMSON'S ARITHMETICAL ANALYSIS,** published by Ivison and Phinney, New York, is a Higher Mental Arithmetic for Advanced Classes. Of the value of mental arithmetic as an intellectual discipline, and for practical utility, too much can not be said in its favor. It is a study which is familiar in all the best schools of our country, and the work before us will be welcomed as a step in advance of what has heretofore been attained in that direction. Price 25 cents.

**THE RUDIMENTS OF BOOK-KEEPING,** designed for Schools and Self-Instruction. With an Address to Students on the Essentials to Success in Mercantile Pursuits. By James Nixon. Published by Mason Brothers, New York. 12mo; 167 pages.

We must confess to a much better liking for this work than we intended on first taking it up, because we thought there were already text-books enough professing to teach book-keeping; but there is still ample room for this. It takes up the subject in a clear and comprehensive manner, at once unfolding the principles of double-entry with uncommon clearness, also showing their applications. The ledger, the only scientific book of accounts, is first thoroughly explained, and then the manner of preparing the various accounts for that book. This appears to us to be the true system of teaching book-keeping. To this volume is appended a list of works on book-keeping, comprising 123 foreign and 49 American publications. Price 75 cents.

## THE NORTH WIND DOTHS BLOW.

## QUESTION.

1. The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow: And  
 2. The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow: And  
 3. The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow: And  
 4. The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow: And

## ANSWER.

what will the rob-in do then, Poor thing! He'll sit in the barn, And  
 what will the swallow do then, Poor thing! O, do you not know, He's  
 what will the ho-ney-bee do, Poor thing! In his hive he will stay, Till the  
 what will the children do then, Poor things! When lessons are done, They'll

keep himself warm, And hide his head un-der his wing, Pretty thing!  
 gone, long a-go, To a country much warmer than ours, Happy thing!  
 cold's pass'd away, And then he'll come out in the spring, Pretty thing!  
 jump, skip, and run, And play till they make-themselves warm, Happy things!

## LIFE; THE POSSIBLE AND THE ACTUAL.\*

BY A. HARRINGTON.

**M**AN is a strange union of the high and noble, with the low and mean. Capable of a glorious destiny he grovels in the dust. How often is the God-like of his nature debased into the semblance of the animal! How often is the angel trodden under brutal hoofs! The actual life—what is it? In one sense mere *being* is life; but it is only a negative life. We live! The life-current swells our veins; the heart pulsates; we breathe the vital air. We walk over this round earth, through the seventy years of our pilgrimage. We measure our life by almanacs, rather than by great thoughts and mighty deeds. Such a life is at best phlegmatic and stationary. It is a life fruitless, frigid, almost congealed by conventionalism, where should be a buoyant, vivid, real, living life.

But there is a higher life. A life in which man calls into action his noblest powers; one in which the physical yields to the mental. A life permeated with human and holy thoughts; purified by a noble purpose; vivified and elevated almost to the ideal. This is the highest view we can have of man; the only exhibition of sublimity in his nature. It is here he swells into colossal proportions. Here we look for Howard and Washington, Lafayette and Franklin—the great and the good of every age.

The full significance of life is rarely comprehended. With many it is but a dream, fitful, and feverish, and disturbed at times, but ever uncertain, delusive. He only truly lives who lives true to a noble aim. Well has the poet sung:

“Life is real, life is earnest.”

It is only this realism, this earnestness, that stamps upon life a value. Our life is no chance-directed existence, but what we make it. It can not be dialed by setting suns and waning moons. The true life has no reference to shadows on a dial. It is measured by its achievements, its great thoughts, its holy deeds. When a great and good man looks for the last time on the scenes of earth, and all around fades from his sight forever, think you he ceases to live? Did not Socrates live after he drained the poisoned chalice? Did Tully cease to live when the assassin's steel had done its work?

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\* Extract from an unpublished oration.

Were not the very ashes of the Bohemian reformer pregnant with life? And tell me, does not our own Washington live now more than ever? When shall there be a time we can no longer say of the great man who sleeps by the shore of yonder ocean, "he still lives?" These lived for the future, and in that future they shall live.

"The brave  
Die never. Being deathless, they but change  
Their country's arms for more—their country's heart."

Young man, you whose budding faculties are soon to bloom in beauty or in shame, whose high and holy aspirations are about to be realized, or to remain only as memories that will taunt you all your way down to the tomb, "keep true to the dream of thy youth;" let your line of life be a series of victory-points; *dare to be a man!* Young woman, with all your purity and loveliness; with all the remembrance of holy counsel fresh in your heart; consider well what your life shall be; think on your ideal, and firmly resolve to withstand the temptations that, syren-voiced, will meet you; *dare to be a woman!*

The true life is essentially heroic in its elements. Wherever brave hearts have struggled; wherever glorious achievements have been won; wherever have appeared those mighty ones who "walk up to fame as to a friend;" wherever heroic thoughts have been spoken, or heroic deeds have been done, the elements of a true life have been exhibited. Every true, every heroic life, from the beginning of history till to-day, has been faithful to the requirements of its mission. In pain and in sorrow, unappreciated while living, though honored when dead, have been spent some of the truest lives this world has ever seen. To cotemporary estimation we can not turn for the brightest examples while such words as Calvary and Socrates remain. Men have often been readier to bestow upon the noblest spirits a cup of hemlock than to acknowledge their worth. Gibbets have not always been prepared for criminals. Fagots have been lighted around the limbs of Huss and Latimer; and the cross has not always sustained thieves alone. Humanity has wept over many a new-made grave; mourned many a noble victim whose life, though short in years, was far-reaching and expansive.

We should prize our life only as it affords the opportunity of climbing to a glorious result;—valueless in itself, as a means to a sublime end, of untold worth. Considered in its connections what a sublime thing is life! What great interest, what vast re-

sponsibilities does it involve !—our relations with the good and the true ; with the individual and with society ; with humanity and with God.

If we realize that our life is influential to some extent in molding the characters of others, that every out-spoken thought and every action may be revived in another heart, it no longer seems a mean thing to live. Perhaps the danger in our own day, arising from the universality of its aims, is the evil resultant from distracted effort, divided and therefore weakened power. Amid the constant whirl, the rapid succession of objects to attract and distract attention, conflicting claims engender doubt, which, tending to a misdirection or an entire suspension of effort, may thwart the great purpose of life. In part of necessity, and in part, it may be, of choice, we have among us two schools of philosophy, the Epicurean and the Ascetic.

Modern Epicureanism, the sensual view, is a false idea of life, and perhaps in an equal degree is the Ascetic. The debauchee contemns the future, and comprises all his aspirations within the narrow limits of the present. The anchoret ignores the present, that he may obtain the future. Both err alike. Their views of life are narrow, only partial views. They want scope, that comprehensiveness which is enstamped only on truth. For a cause we may look to a mistaken conception of the purpose or aim of life. Desirable as happiness may be, he certainly loses his labor who makes it the end of effort. Life is for labor—a labor of duty. He who comes fully up to this requirement, who fulfills this necessity of his being, finds happiness not an end to, but an essential part of, his exertion. The consciousness of duty performed, of a life-mission fulfilled, what is this but happiness ? Substitute happiness for duty if you will, make it the center, and soul, and end of effort, but however you may seem to approach the coveted object, you never look on more than a tantalizing mirage ; never grasp more than Dead-sea apples.

Exertion, then, is the price of a noble life. The pursuit of a noble object, how it adorns, and elevates, and ennobles, and vivifies life ! Life without a definite aim is like a ship without a rudder, drifting about between birth and death, buffeted by the winds of circumstance, and entirely at the mercy of the waves. Waste no time in seeking some nobler sphere of labor. While one with folded arms waits for future opportunities, another makes the meanest occurrences subservient to a golden result. One labors to find something to do ; the other labors to do something. While one

balances probabilities, and nicely adjusts imagined discordances, the other enlarges the boundaries of science, or changes the destiny of an empire. Rest is not dear enough; ease is not sweet enough, to be purchased at the price of golden opportunities unimproved, and a lost life. No!

"Wake up and be doing,  
Life's heroic ends pursuing."

When the Alps intercepted his line of march, Napoleon said, "There shall be no Alps." When difficulties from poverty and difficulties from opposition of friends beset him, Franklin resolutely determined there should be no difficulties. Greatness has in its vocabulary no such word as *fail*. It will work; it must succeed. Water falling drop by drop wears the granite. Whoever covets a reward let him deserve it. He who lives a true life deserves it. That life may be ours; ours to live, ours to reap the reward. Happy he who at the sunset of life can recall the years that have gone swift-footed by, without bringing up before him a fearful array of squandered opportunities.

Viewing life as a vast reality, and realizing its responsibilities, Schiller exclaims, "It is a serious thing to die—it is a more serious thing to live." We should use ever energy, tax every capability. It is better to be than to seem; better to wear out than to rust out.

"Act, for in action are wisdom and glory;  
Fame, immortality—these are its crowns;  
Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of story,  
Build on achievements the tower of renown."

Live to act, and act to answer life's great end. Let each one so live, that

"Departing, he shall leave behind him  
Footprints on the sands of time,  
Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing shall take heart again."

Let each one so live that the years, like pilgrims as they journey by, shall delight to pay him homage; so that when life's last olympiad shall have closed, in his achievements, in his heroism, in his martyr deeds, and in the hearts of men, he shall "*still live*."

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SLANDER.—Believe nothing against another but on good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to another to conceal it.—*William Penn*.

## GERALD MASSEY.\*

**I**N the firmament of English literature a new and brilliant star has arisen—a poet by nature born. Unheralded, and from the deepest obscurity, he bursts upon us, at once to astonish and charm. This poet, whose harp has touched the chords of many hearts, and whose poetry is now attracting attention both in England and America, is Gerald Massey. He was born in May, 1828, in Tring, in a little stone hut like those in which so many of England's peasantry live and die. One shilling a week, or twenty-four cents of our currency, was the rent of this hovel, the roof which was so low that a man could not stand upright in it.

Massey's father was, and is still, a canal-boatman, earning the wages of two dollars and forty cents a week. Like most other peasants in that "highly favored Christian country," he has had no opportunities of education, and never could write his own name. But Gerald Massey was blessed in his mother, from whom he derived a finely organized brain and a susceptible temperament. Though quite illiterate, like her husband, she had a firm, free spirit—it's broken now!—a tender yet courageous heart, and a pride of honest poverty which she never ceased to cherish.

None of the children of this poor family were educated. Several of them were sent for a short time to a penny school, where the teacher and the taught were about on a par; but so soon as they were of age to earn any thing, they were sent to the silk mill. They must help to eke out their parents' slender gains, even though it be only a few pence weekly. So, at eight years of age, Gerald Massey went into the silk manufactory, rising at five o'clock in the morning, and toiling there till half-past six in the evening; up in the gray dawn, or in the winter before the daylight, and trudging to the factory through the wind or in the snow; seeing the sun only through the factory windows; breathing an atmosphere laden with rank oily vapor, his ears deafened by the roar of incessant wheels;

Still all the day the iron wheels go onward,  
Grinding life down from its mark;  
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,  
Spin on blindly in the dark.

What a life for a child! What a substitute for tender prattle, for childish glee, for youthful playtime! Then home, shivering under

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\* Author of a collection of poems recently published by J. C. Derby, New York, and entitled, "Poems and Ballads." To that work we are indebted for the facts in this biographical sketch.



the cold, starless sky, on Saturday nights, carrying with him eighteen, twenty-four, or thirty cents, for the whole week's work; for such were the respective amounts of wages earned by the child-labor of Gerald Massey. But the mill was at length burned down, and the children held a jubilee over it. The boy stood for twelve hours in the wind, and sleet, and mud, rejoicing in the conflagration which thus liberated him. Who can wonder at this? Afterward he was set at straw-plaiting, as toilsome, and, perhaps, more unwholesome than factory work.

Speaking of his child-life, Gerald Massey says: "Having had to earn my own dear bread by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember, I have had the aching fear of want, throbbing heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived; none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth for their humanity, so blighting are the influences which surround the poor man's children in early life."

But how fared the growth of this child's mind the while? Thanks to the kind care of his mother, who had sent him to school where he learned to read, for awakening in him a desire for reading. Books, however, were very scarce. The Bible and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" were the principal ones that fell in his way.

Many chapters in the Bible he committed to memory, and Bunyan's allegory he accepted as a *bona fide* history. Afterward he obtained access to "Robinson Crusoe," and a few tracts. These constituted his sole reading until he was fifteen years old.

He went to London and obtained a situation as an errand-boy at the age of fifteen. There, for the first time in his life, he found plenty of books, and he read all that came in his way. A delightful sense of growing knowledge, the charms of new thoughts, the wonders of a new world, were now experienced. Of this period of his life he says: "Till then, I had often wondered why I lived at all, whether

'It was not better not to be,  
I was so full of misery.'

"Now I began to think that the crown of all desire and the sum of all existence was to read and get knowledge. Read, read, read! I used to read at all possible times and in all possible places." He

went to the book-stalls, and there read; often folding a leaf in a book, and returning the next day to continue the subject; but sometimes the book had been sold, and then great was his grief. He often went without a meal that he might save money to purchase a book.

Of poetry he says: "Until I fell in love and began to rhyme, I never had the least predilection for poetry. In fact, if I even met with any, I instantly skipped it over, as one does the description of scenery in a novel. I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars; I felt delight in being alone in a summer-wood, with song, like a spirit in the trees, and the golden sun-bursts glittering through the verdurous roof; and was conscious of a mysterious creeping of the blood and tingling of the nerves when standing alone in the starry midnight, as in God's own presence-chamber. But until I began to rhyme, I cared nothing for written poetry. The first verses I ever wrote were upon 'Hope,' when I was utterly hopeless; and after I had begun, I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print."

Full of new thoughts, and bursting with aspirations of freedom, in April, 1849, he started a cheap journal, written entirely by working-men, and entitled "The Spirit of Freedom." It was full of fiery earnestness, and half of its weekly contents were supplied by Gerald Massey, who acted as editor. This enterprise cost him five situations in less than twelve months; twice because he was detected burning a candle far on into the night, and three times because of the tone of the opinions to which he gave utterance.

Gerald Massey is a teacher through the heart. He is familiar with the passions, and leans toward the tender and loving aspect of our nature. He takes after Burns more than after Wordsworth. He is still but a young man, yet he has crowded into the twenty-six years already the life of an old man. He won his experience in the school of poverty among the overburdened toilers, and he has thus nobly earned the right to speak to them as a man and a brother. His themes are chiefly suggested by oppressions and wrongs; and the burden of his songs is the elevation of his fellow-man. Listen, while he sings

#### THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

There's no dearth of kindness  
In this world of ours;  
Only in our blindness  
We gather thorns for flowers!  
Outward, we are spurning—  
Trampling one another,  
While we are inly yearning  
At the name of "Brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness  
Though it be unspoken,  
From the heart it buildeth  
Rainbow smiles in token—  
That there be none so lowly,  
But have some angel-touch;  
Yet, nursing loves unholy,  
We live for self too much!

As the wild-rose bloweth,  
 As runs the happy river,  
 Kindness freely floweth  
 In the heart forever.  
 But if men will hanker  
 Ever for golden dust,  
 Kindest hearts will canker,  
 Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness  
 In this world of ours ;  
 Only in our blindness  
 We gather thorns for flowers !  
 O cherish God's best giving,  
 Falling from above !  
 Life were not worth living,  
 Were it not for Love.



#### HARES.

**H**ARES are a common animal in England. There it is hunted for its flesh, and also for sport. When hunted with grayhounds, the amusement is called coursing. The hare is very much like the rabbit in form, though rather larger, and its color is slightly different. A black spot on the extremity of its ears is a simple method of distinguishing it. Some persons can distinguish the hare by the sparkle of its eyes.

This animal does not burrow like the rabbit, but makes a kind of nest of grass and other materials. This nest is called "a form," and in it the hare lies, and, trusting to its concealment, it will often remain quiet until the foot of an intruder almost touches it.

This animal encounters innumerable foes besides man. Foxes, weasels, ferrets, and all their tribes, are unmerciful enemies, and sometimes a large hawk will destroy a *leveret*, as the young hare is called. Although destitute of all means of defense, the hare is often enabled to escape by the quickness of its hearing and sight, which give it timely warning of the approach of an enemy, and enable it to escape to a place of safety.

In cold countries the hare changes its fur during winter, and becomes white, like the arctic fox and the ermine.

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### SUGAR-CANE.

THE sugar-cane is the chief source of the sugar of commerce. About eleven twelfths of all the sugar used is obtained from this plant. Though a native of the old world, it was almost unknown to the Greeks and Romans. It was familiar in the East in remoter times, and appears to have been cultivated in China long before the periods of written history. Through Sicily and Spain it reached the Canary Islands, and from thence was transplanted to St. Domingo by the Spaniards in 1520. From that island it gradually spread over the West Indies, and the tropical regions of America.



The sugar-cane flourishes best where the mean temperature is from  $75^{\circ}$  to  $77^{\circ}$ ; but it can be cultivated where the mean temperature is from  $66^{\circ}$  to  $68^{\circ}$ . Hence it grows far beyond the tropics. This plant rarely ripens its seed even in the most propitious localities. Young plants are raised, therefore, from portions of the stem planted for the purpose; and when cultivated for sugar they are rarely allowed to come to flowers. There are many varieties of the sugar-cane, as there are of corn and other plants which have long been cultivated. In Louisiana there are five different varieties, cultivated in different localities, according as they are best adapted to the climate.

In many tropical countries, besides furnishing an article of luxury, it forms an article of the ordinary food. The ripe stalk of the plant is chewed and sucked, and almost incredible quantities are consumed in this way. Large ship loads of raw sugar-cane are brought into the markets of Manilla, Philippine Islands, and Rio Janeiro, South America ; and it is plentiful in the market at New Orleans. In the Sandwich, and many other islands of the Pacific, almost every child has a piece of sugar-cane in its hand ; while in our own country the negroes become fat on the abundant juice of the ripening cane.

This nutritive property of the raw juice of the sugar-cane arises from the circumstance that it contains, besides the sugar to which its sweetness is owing, a considerable proportion of gluten, as well as those necessary mineral substances which are present in all our staple forms of vegetable food. Sugar-cane is capable of sustaining animal life and strength without the addition of other forms of nourishment. But this is not the case with sugar. In a certain sense it helps to nourish us, but it is unable of itself to sustain animal life.

The juice of the sugar-cane varies in composition and richness, with the variety of cane, the nature of the soil, the mode of cultivation, and the dryness of the season. The richness in sugar varies with many circumstances, also, and especially with what is called the ripeness of the cane. It is a curious circumstance in the chemical history of this plant that the sap sweetens only to a certain distance up the stem ; the upper part, which is still growing, yielding abundance of sap, but comparatively little sugar. One reason of this probably is, that as fast as the sugar ascends with the sap, it is converted into woody matter, which is built into the substance of the growing stem and leaves. In consequence of this want of sweetness the upper part of the cane is cut off, and only the lower ripe part employed in the manufacture of sugar.

The canes are cut with a large knife. The leaves and tops are then cut off and left in the field, while the lower part of the stalk is gathered and carried to the mill. These ripe canes are passed between heavy iron crushing rollers, which squeeze the juice out. This juice is run into large vessels, where it is clarified by the addition of lime and other applications. The action of this lime is two-fold. It removes or neutralizes the acid which rapidly forms in the fresh juice, and at the same time combines with the gluten of the juice, and carries it to the bottom. This gluten acts as a natural ferment, causing the sugar to run to acid. Hence its speedy removal is necessary.

After being clarified in this way and sometimes filtered, the juice is boiled rapidly down, then run into wooden vessels to cool and crystallize, and, finally, when crystallized, is placed in perforated casks to drain. What remains in these casks is Muscovado or common sugar; the drainings are well known by the name of Molasses.

Simple as this process is in description, it is attended with many difficulties in practice. It is difficult to squeeze the whole of the juice out of the cane; it is difficult to clarify the juice with sufficient rapidity to prevent it from fermenting; it is difficult to boil it down rapidly without burning or blackening. Though none of these difficulties are insurmountable, they prove so formidable in practice, it is estimated that an average of only about one half of all the sugar contained in the cane is sent to market.

An acre of sugar-cane is estimated to yield from three to four tons of sugar; and each ton of sugar about seventy gallons of molasses. Stolle estimated that the total quantity of sugar annually manufactured in the world amounts to four thousand and five hundred millions of pounds. The quantity annually consumed in England is equal to about thirty pounds for each individual.

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### THE JOYS I HAVE TASTED.

VOICES of song are sounding in my ears, and the burden of the song is "The sunny, sunny hours of childhood; How soon they've passed away." I am surrounded with a dreamy atmosphere, and as I fall to musing my life is in the past: I muse of childhood's beauteous season, for I too have tasted its joys, and rejoiced in its brief summer. No longer am I conscious of the intervening years, while I recall the various freaks which the active mind of childhood invents for its own diversion. Even now I laugh at the unbending dignity which I assumed when, as minister or orator, I harangued the extensive audience of chairs (one or two of them occupied) which surrounded me, or again as teacher I taught a "wee one" his A, B, C.

Then I remembered the great garret chamber, with its bare timbers ornamented with a few bunches of dried herbs, or perhaps some choice seed corn, the ears braided together with parts of their own husks, puzzling my childish brain wonderfully to discover how it was accomplished. Then there was the great chimney passing

directly through the middle of the chamber. Oh, it was a massive pile! aiding me in forming conceptions of the tower of Babel, at the same time being of great use in our plays of "hide-and-seek."

Sometimes my sisters and myself turned painters, then scoke-berries and pig-weed were in great demand. The finest water colors have never since looked so beautiful to me, as did their rich red and dark green, mingled together according to our best designs. Striking, indeed, were the parrots and butterflies brought out by our magic art.

I can scarcely refrain from mentioning a veteran washing machine, occupying a part of the chamber, taking up about as much room as a threshing-machine now-a-days; but I will pass over its wonderful advantages to us children for the present, while I call to mind the long winter evenings when we clustered around our dear old grandmother, to listen to her exciting stories of revolutionary days, and the sage precepts in rhyme from "Dilworth's Spelling Book." Yes, all these are still fresh in my memory, and lend a roseate hue to those careless, happy days.

But, while I acknowledge the joys of childhood, my thoughts pass on to the time when the child merged into the girl; the time when youthful responsibilities were fairly assumed, and ambitious hopes took possession of my mind; when the old garret chamber was deserted for a neater and more tastefully decorated apartment, and I began to form plans for my future—that future always bright and joyous. How my cheek would glow and my heart pulsate to those imaginary deeds of benevolence and love, to the accomplishment of which I looked forward with so much confidence. Following in the footsteps of the philanthropic Howard; giving to the poor, neglected, sick, or dying prisoner the long-desired cup of pure water; or whispering words of lofty encouragement to the repentant criminal, I saw the sullen, hardened features relax into a smile of gratitude; what an earnest faith then took possession of my mind, and how I looked to heaven with tearful eyes, and asked for aid in the fulfillment of my desire to *actually* relieve distressed humanity.

"Oh, God!" I cried, "let me not live a drone, where labor is so much needed."

What cared I for buffeting, scorn, and neglect? What was renown? What the whole world, compared with the "exulting sense" of *doing good*. Then, faith and hope went hand in hand, and I knew though one path of usefulness was closed to me others were open all around.

## THE JOYS I HAVE TASTED.

Were not these imaginings as truly a part of my youthful existence as the common routine of eating and sleeping? Had they not a purpose to serve in the formation of my character? Or, should such youthful dreams be checked as unfitting one for the stern realities of life? The bright halo of memory surrounding the youthful period of existence consists of such aspirations, and do not these aspirations reach their ultimate in future usefulness, the good deeds of manhood?

"STILL let me hope—vain hope, perhaps! that those  
Whom I shall strive to bless—  
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,  
May stand around my grave,  
With the poor prisoner and the poorest slave,  
And breathe an humble prayer,  
That they may die like him whose bones are moldering there."

In my youth I felt that I was happy; happier than in childhood; for I had greater resources in an increase of knowledge. Then, I began to appreciate in earnest the parental love which, as an "ever-beaming cynosure" glowed above me, encouraging and directing me in the path leading to true happiness.

The time spent at school is the halcyon season of youth, and there are few who would not recall those blissful days, with their sports, their friendships, and their pursuits. Yes, we would recall them, forgetting that the things which then interested us so deeply would now appear of small importance.

We can see the growth of the oak, although so slow in attaining its proportions, while we virtually fail to acknowledge the growth of mind. But let us now read a volume that pleased us much in other days, and we will find the ideas do not seem so vast and comprehensive as they then did, and we can scarcely realize how we then regarded it as a book so wonderful.

No, I would not ask for a return of youth; its joys belong properly to its season, and if *properly* estimated, will enhance the joys of coming years. Like the garments we have outgrown and laid aside, they have served their purpose, and we should no more regret them than the oak should regret the decaying leaves that have fallen around its roots, and which now, with their nourishment, support the vigorous trunk, and add beauty and freshness to its branches and foliage.

Time has passed on; many of my youthful visions have vanished; I have seen my most sacred friendships rudely repulsed. Where most I looked for sympathy I have found coldness. I have



known the joys which spring up in a mother's heart, and in comparison the joys of childhood and youth fade, fade away.

I had a noble boy; ere he had passed his first summer his father was taken from us, and we were left for one another; then my thoughts, my very life, seemed for him alone. As I watched the buddings of intellect, how my anxious heart prayed that he might be "good, beautiful, and true!" As his mind began to seek for knowledge, to distinguish between the true and false, how joyfully would I witness his preference for the good! But his little spirit became "too full of hidden life longer on earth to dwell," and when four summers had shed their light upon his brow, he cast off his more material part, to bathe in the purer light of the upper skies.

Thus have my joys, like the stars of morning obscured by superior light, passed away; I have learned that the mind is subject to the law of progression; I find that new *truths* are ever ready for those who search for them, and I ask not for a return of the joys which cluster around childhood; neither for those of youth: these have performed their mission. Shall we still cling to them? No, not while there are joys for us yet to attain; joys so bright, so beautiful, and so enduring, that, as in childhood we failed to appreciate the enlarged sphere and capabilities of youth and manhood, so now we form no adequate conception of the bliss of spirit life. No; no! the time can never come when we shall have need to look to the past for higher joys, since all will be concentrated, and ever increase in the sphere of light and love beyond the present.

There we shall meet those for whom we have mourned, and death will no more sever ties of love.

"Oh, if no other boon were given,  
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,  
Who would not try to win a heaven  
Where all we love shall live again."

ROCKTON, ILL., Nov., 1854.

E. A. A.

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READING.—Get a habit, a passion for reading; not by flying from book to book, with the squeamish caprice of a literary epicure; but read systematically, closely, thoughtfully, analyzing every subject as you go along, and laying it up carefully and safely in your memory. It is only by this mode that your information will be at the same time extensive, accurate, and useful. — *Wirt*.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE following lines, so beautifully describing Christmas scenes, we find in an old Boston paper.—Ed.

Christmas! merry Christmas!  
With revolving year,  
Welcomest of sounds  
That strike upon the ear;  
Pleasures, sports, and frolics,  
Bringing in your train,  
Merry, merry Christmas,  
Here you are again!

Churches gayly trimmed  
With evergreen and holly  
Every one we meet  
Looking very jolly—  
Worldly cares forgotten,  
Glorious times at home—  
Christmas is not coming:  
Christmas, boys, has come!

Hearty wishes greeting us  
From both old and young,  
The merry Christmas in the heart  
Leaping to the tongue;  
Presents interchanging,  
Friendships closer bound—  
Merry Christmas! what a world  
Of magic in the sound!

Night before, when quiet  
Reigns throughout the house,  
One there is, that creeps about,  
Noiseless as a mouse,  
Rows of stockings filling,  
Choicest gifts bestows,  
Feeling all the while a joy  
A mother only knows.

Little folks a-bed,  
Nestled close together,  
Wisely speculating  
On the morrow's weather,  
Full of Christmas legends,  
Talking while they dream,  
Of naught but old Santa Claus  
And his prancing team.

Morning comes at last,  
Now what deafening clatter,  
Hear the tiny little feet  
Round the chamber patter.  
See, what heaps of presents!  
Nobody forgot,  
From big and manly Charley,  
Down to little "Tot."

Father joins the frolic,  
Cheated of his sleeping,  
Mysterious little parcels  
From his pockets peeping;  
Now beset on every side,  
Struggling to get clear,  
Hear the merry Christmas shout  
That rings about his ear.

Home returned from church  
With sharpened appetite,  
What a Christmas dinner  
Opens to the sight!  
Tables groaning with a weight  
Of every thing that's hearty,  
Uncles, aunts, cousins, friends,  
Never such a party!

See the havoc making  
With the goodly cheer!  
Turkeys, geese, and chickens,  
How they disappear!  
Now they bring the Christmas pies,  
And now the pudding comes  
How the little roguish eyes  
Sparkle at the plums.

Merry, merry Christmas!  
Nothing seems to lack;  
Songs are sung, and now the jokes  
And nuts begin to crack.  
"Here's to Merry Christmas!"  
Such a clash of glasses—  
"Here's to Merry Christmas!"  
Round the table passes.

Laughing, dancing, singing,  
 Never-ending fun,  
 Christmas, merry Christmas,  
 Has but just begun.  
 Christmas trees with presents  
 Bending to the floor,  
 Happy groups of faces,  
 Ne'er such times before.

Christmas, merry Christmas!  
 Ever welcome sound;  
 To the good old holiday  
 Let the pledge go-round.  
 Shout your merry greetings out,  
 Ring, ye pealing chimes,  
 O! they're worth the living for,  
 These merry Christmas times!

### "DO YOU TAKE THE PAPERS?"

ONE of our exchanges has a good story about a man who never took a paper, but depended upon his neighbors for the news. It is worth being told over a dozen times, so we repeat it for the enjoyment of our readers.

"Exciting times, these," said we to our neighbor Slow, after running a hasty glance over the late foreign news.

"Eh?" said he, as if he didn't exactly understand.

"About the war in the East, we mean."

"Hadn't heard of it. What's it all about? Well, them Down Easters always was a quarrelsome set of folks."

"Oh, it isn't they that are fighting; it's Turkey and Russia, and England and France have declared in favor of Turkey. Napoleon has sent out quite a fleet."

"Napoleon! Why, I thought he was dead long ago. The history says so."

"Yes, but this is a nephew of his—Louis Napoleon, they call him. He is the Emperor of the French."

"Why, I thought Louis Philippe was the Emperor."

"Yes, so he was, but he's dead now."

"Well, that beats all."

"It seems," we continued, after a pause, "that the Nebraska Bill has been disposed of."

"Hung, I suppose you mean. Well, I'm glad of it. He deserved it."

"What for?" asked we, puzzled.

"Why, anybody that'll keep a dozen wives deserved to be disposed of, as you call it."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, isn't this Nebraska Bill the same man I've heard tell of

that has set up for a prophet somewhere, and married I don't know how many wives?"

"Oh, no; that's quite a different man, Brigham Young, who lives up in Utah."

"Then, who is Nebraska Bill, anyhow?"

"It isn't a man at all. It's a law proposing to annul the Missouri Compromise."

"Oh," said Mr. Slow, in a manner which showed that he was still puzzled. "Well, I reckon Daniel Webster had something to say about that. He's a great man, Daniel."

"So he was, Mr. Slow; but he is not living now."

"Dead! Gracious, you don't say so. When did that happen?"

"About two years ago."

"Two years ago! And I never heard of it. I'll have to tell Polly of that. By the way, where's your brother?"

"He's in Washington. We heard from him half an hour ago. He had just arrived there at daylight this morning."

"You don't mean to say that a letter came from Washington in half an hour?"

"No, of course not. The news came by telegraph."

"Telegraph?"

"Yes; it doesn't take over a minute to come that way."

"How yer talk! Five hundred miles in a minute! But you're joking?"

"Joking, Mr. Slow? Assuredly not. I thought, of course, you understood the rapidity of the telegraph."

"Then it's true? Five hundred miles in a minute! Well, that beats the Dutch. I must tell Polly of that."

"Mr. Slow, I want to ask a question."

"Certainly, as many as you like."

"*Do you take the papers?*"

"No, I don't; but what makes you think of that?"

"I thought you didn't. I should think you would wish to do so, in order to get the news."

"Oh, I get the news as quick as most folks. I hear the people talking about it, and learn it that way."

"And yet you hadn't heard of the European war."

"Well, no, I didn't happen to hear of that."

"Or about Louis Napoleon?"

"Why, no."

"Or the Nebraska Bill, and the death of Daniel Webster?"

"No, but—"

"Or the telegraph?"

"No. That beats all. Five hundred miles in a minute! Won't it make Polly stare?"

And Mr. Slow forthwith belied his name by walking rapidly home, full of the intelligence which was to overwhelm Polly with surprise.

#### CHARACTERISTIC NAMES OF STATES, CITIES, AND INHABITANTS.

THE State of New York is called the "Empire State;" Vermont, the "Green Mountain State;" New Hampshire, the "Granite State;" Massachusetts, the "Bay State;" Connecticut, the "Free-stone," and sometimes the "Nutmeg State;" Pennsylvania, the "Keystone State;" Virginia, the "Old Dominion," and sometimes the "Mother of Statesmen;" Delaware, the "Diamond State;" South Carolina, the "Palmetto State;" Texas, the "Lone Star;" California, the "Golden Region," or "Eldorado;" Mississippi, the "Bayou State;" Michigan, the "Peninsular State;" Wisconsin is sometimes called the "Badger State;" and Ohio, the "Buckeye State."

Cities, also, have received these characteristic names. Washington is called the "City of Magnificent Distances;" Baltimore, the "Monumental City;" Philadelphia, the "Quaker City," or the "City of Brotherly Love;" New York, the "Empire City," or the "Commercial Emporium;" Boston, the "Athens of America," or the "City of Notions," and the "Puritan City;" New Haven, the "Elm City;" Buffalo, the "Queen City of the Lakes;" Pittsburg, the "Iron City;" Cleveland, the "Forest City;" Cincinnati, the "Queen City of the West," or "Porkopolis;" Chicago, the "Garden City;" St. Louis, the "Mound City;" Louisville, the "Falls City;" New Orleans, the "Crescent City."

Inhabitants have also been designated by names which apply to particular sections of the country. The term "Yankee" is often applied to all the inhabitants of the New England States; but it properly belongs only to those of Connecticut. The citizens of Vermont are known as "Green Mountain Boys;" of Massachusetts, as "Sons of the Pilgrims;" of New Jersey, as "Jerseymen," and "Jersey Blues;" of Florida, as "Cow Boys;" of Missouri, sometimes as "Pukes;" of Iowa, as "Hawkeyes;" of Illinois, as "Suckers;" of Indiana, as "Hoosiers;" of Wisconsin, as "Badgers;" of Michigan, as "Wolverines;" of Ohio, as "Buckeyes."

# Youth's Department.

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## TRUTHFULNESS.

BY MRS. C. A. HUNTER.

**D**O my little friends know what is meant by a truthful child or a truthful person? Let me tell you. In order to be really truthful, a child must not only refrain strictly from speaking a falsehood, or in any way misrepresenting facts, but the whole life and all the conduct must be above deceit. There are some persons who think themselves very good, and who would not dare to utter an open falsehood, but who are very far from deserving a reputation for genuine truthfulness. There are many ways of telling lies without uttering a direct falsehood in words. Deception of any kind is false and mean. We should at all times be true to our highest and holiest emotions.

It is not many years since that part of Ohio, which is known as the Western Reserve, was almost an unbroken wilderness. Among its early settlers was a family by the name of Childs, who had left one of the most flourishing literary villages of New York and settled in the town of S——, which at that time contained very few inhabitants; but those few were intelligent, public-spirited persons, who had already erected an academy and established an excellent school. And to this school Mr. Childs immediately sent his children, having been attracted to that place principally by the opportunity it seemed to afford of continuing their education.

Lucy, the eldest child, was a modest, timid girl, about twelve years of age, although so small and bashful that she appeared much younger. Every thing seemed new and strange to her, and she was at first quite lonely; but at the close of the forenoon school several girls of her own age, and some who were much older, came and conversed with her, and kindly requested her to join in their sports, which she did, though at first they seemed to her rather boisterous. But she soon forgot her timidity, and was playing quite merrily, when, in running around the stove to catch another girl, she bounded upon the shovel, which had been carelessly left on the floor in front of the stove, and broke the handle. Here then was real trouble. Oh! how her spirits sunk as she looked upon the fragments and thought, "What will the teacher say?"

She could play no more ; and, going to her seat, she tried in vain to study, while the other scholars crowded together, and agreed that no one should tell who broke the shovel. The time soon arrived for the commencement of the afternoon school, and the pupils were all quietly seated, when the teacher entered, and went directly to the stove to renew the fire. Oh ! how his face colored with vexation as his quick eye detected the mischief ; and, glancing around the room, he called out sharply, " Who broke this shovel ? "

No one spoke, and the very silence was painful to poor Lucy, who felt severely tried. Her high regard for truth would not permit her to remain silent, although she knew that no one would expose her. Had she been less a stranger, or could she have seen the teacher alone, and told him all, the task would have been comparatively light. But noble principles were strong within her, and she arose, trembling with emotion, and said distinctly, " Mr. M., I broke it ; " and immediately sunk into her seat, for she felt that every eye was upon her.

And well was she rewarded for her noble conduct, for in an instant every trace of anger had vanished from the brow of Mr. M., and his whole countenance lighted up with a glow of admiration, as he said, " Well, if you did, you have abundantly paid for it. Such an example of noble truthfulness is worth more than all the shovels in the State. " Then, turning round, he called upon the whole school to respect and honor the little girl who had come, an entire stranger, among them, and set them such a beautiful example. And from that day, not only was Lucy a general favorite in the school, but she ever found in Mr. M. and his family faithful and warm-hearted friends. Such was her reward for truthfulness.

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I KNOW BETTER.—" *I know better*," is often an ugly expression. We have heard boys and girls use it, when they were surly and cross, in contradicting those who wish to do them good. It is frequently used by young persons to their parents, and those older than themselves. Let the young remember that if they acquire the habit of pretending to *know better* than all others, they will, when it is too late, be likely to find that they know less than most people. Such a disposition is very opposite to that humility and docility which become all who wish to be wise, and it is particularly disagreeable in the young.

## THE PLAY-HOUSE.

BY ANN PRESTON.

THESE beautiful lines can not fail to bring pleasant memories to many of our readers.

Who has not been a child, and made  
A play-house 'neath the trees?  
And who so old but groweth young,  
While passing one of these?

I saw one in the cool, green nook,  
A near a cottage wall,  
Built cunningly with many rooms,  
And stored with play-things small!

Prompt little hands had laid some walls,  
And swept the mossy floors,  
And sticks across the opening laid  
Were gravely called the "doors."

On showy shelves, which oft would fall,  
Were treasures rare, I ween—  
The broken china glistened there,  
In blue, and red, and green.

The golden light of childhood's morn,  
While gazing, round me stole,  
And fragrance from its sweet dim shores  
Swept breeze-like o'er my soul.

Once more I trod that green-mossed bank,  
Where 'neath a school-house tree,  
From tiny acorn cups we drank,  
And called it "taking tea."

We played our "meeting" o'er again,  
And I was preacher there,  
And with mock gravity we wore  
Our serious Quaker air.

But thou who put on matron airs,  
And played the "mother" then,  
The fairest one of all the school,  
Now walketh not with men.

Thou, too, whose dark eyes proudly beamed,  
The stateliest of that band,  
'Mid summer toils hast gone away,  
Unto the "silent land."



These mosses still, their little cheeks  
 'Gainst sister mosses lay,  
 While of those three who leaned on them  
 But I, the weakest, stay.

Oh ! earth would be one funeral pyre,  
 And life a dream of pain,  
 If beauty did not live for aye,  
 And love and God remain.

## KINDNESS.

HOW easy it is to be kind, says Uncle Roger. But, may-be, that some bright, black-eyed boy thinks it hard indeed to be kind to *every body*. Perhaps that little boy is thinking of an unkind playmate, who never tries to be kind to any one.

"Now, there's John Mason, for instance," says he; "I don't like that boy, for he is always teasing me, and stealing my marbles, or breaking my kite, and doing every other mean thing. Oh ! wait till I catch——"

Stop ! stop ! little friend, *threats* don't sound well from such little boys ; besides, if your playmate does wrong, it can not possibly be any excuse for you. Did you ever *try the power* of kindness ? If you have, and tried it faithfully, I am sure that you would not so easily get angry with your fellows.

When your schoolmates offend you, seek first to know whether they *intended* to hurt your feelings, or do you wrong. If they did, seek the first opportunity of doing them a *kindness* of some sort—repay all their wrongs with kind actions, and you may be sure of feeling much happier yourself, and getting the love of those around you.

Now Uncle Roger is not an old man, but he has often seen and felt the "power of kindness," and knows, by experience, how good it is. He has often observed that kind boys make good sons, and as the good sons grow older and become fathers, they know how to teach their children to be kind and good.

If boys and girls would strive to avoid giving offense, and do right always, they would be happier, and make others happy also ; and if our young readers would always be happy, they must always be kind, and that would please one, at least, whom you only know as

UNCLE ROGER.

## THE YOUNG PENMAN.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

WELL, my dear nephew, this is your copy-book, is it?" said Uncle Henry to George Pierce. "You have made great progress since I saw it last."

"Yes, uncle, I am determined to succeed in becoming a good penman."

The uncle looked thoughtfully at the young man; then taking his hand he drew him to a seat upon the sofa where he sat himself, and said with a serious manner: "Let me tell you a short story of two young men that I once knew. One of them was a school-boy in my native village, and a duller pupil teacher never had; while the art of writing was one he least loved or practiced. The hours spent by his kind teacher in urging him to hold his pen aright, keep his copy-book clean, and form the letters well, were all in vain. He could not, because he would not, learn; and when he left school, he could barely write his name so that it could be deciphered. Since that period he has hardly placed pen to paper. His better educated wife does all the writing necessary in his business, corresponds with his friends; and the pen which he might have learned to use is as useless to him as an artist's pencil to the untaught savage, while his self-respect and feeling of independence are frequently wounded when he remembers what a poor penman he is.

"There was another boy who attended school in a neighboring academy whose penmanship was faultless and his copy-book a model. He could imitate any style of writing, and his chirography often resembled copper-plate. He was proud of his ability. His friends extolled his diligence and rejoiced in his success. But he perverted his talents for penmanship, and one fatal day he applied his art of successful imitation, and signed the name of another to a check for some thousands of dollars. The counterfeit signature was so perfect that the banker did not question it; but, as iniquity can never be long concealed, the forgery was discovered, and traced to its author. That elegant penman is now in the States Prison for a bad use of the power he possessed. His good penmanship was his curse. Now, George, whose place would you prefer, and whose path would you pursue?"

"Oh, uncle, I would prefer ignorance to crime any day; but I

believe I may become a good penman, and yet never reach the States Prison. It was not so much the young man's *penmanship* as his *covetousness* which carried him thither."

"Yet if he had not been a penman he could never have signed the check."

"True, uncle ; but if he had still possessed the same desire to do evil, he would have got there by some other way. I mean to practice penmanship that I may one day be a clerk, and aid in supporting my aged parents. If I do not cherish a desire to do wrong, and am content to gain wealth by industry rather than by fraud, I have no fear that my penmanship will do me any injury."

"Right—right—my noble boy ! and may God help you to succeed in your high purposes. I wished to see what views you had on this point, and I am satisfied. You need not fear to acquire knowledge of any kind, so long as you have moral principle enough to aid you in the right use of it. 'Knowledge is power,' for good or for evil ; and to give knowledge to a bad man is like placing deadly weapons in the hands of an insane person ; while to bestow it on a good man is to furnish a skillful workman with appropriate tools."

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#### WASHINGTON'S WATCH.

THE *Christian Watchman* relates a striking anecdote of Washington, in illustration of the practical good sense which he manifested in every thing. The incident speaks volumes upon the character of the Father of his Country.

When his personal friend, Gouverneur Morris, was about going to Europe, Washington, along with several letters of introduction, gave him this charge : "To buy for him, at Paris, a flat gold watch ; not the watch of a fool, or of a man desirous to make a show, *but of which the interior construction shall be extremely well cared for, and the exterior air very simple.*"

What a mine of wisdom do these words suggest about men, as well as watches—"the interior well cared for, and the exterior air very simple !" Boys and girls, remember Washington's watch, and be just like it yourselves ! That is, pay great attention to your minds and hearts, caring much less about what you shall eat, drink, or wear. A gaudily-dressed person who is weak and ignorant, is about as worthless as a showy watch which does not keep good time.

## Microscopic Views.—No. 7.

## BACILLARIA, OR STICK-ANIMALCULES.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

WELL, boys and girls, if you are ready for business, we'll go directly to our studies, or amusements, if you please; for here study and play are about the same thing, so intensely interesting is the subject. Before we close up the campaign for the season, and yield the green world to winter, we'll take one farewell peep at the water-mosses, and see their beautiful structure. I promised you we would use an opportunity to examine the soft moss you called 'frog-spittle.' We will now do so. Jennie, what does this seem to be?"

"Seem! it does'n't seem only, but it is a little wisp of green slime, sticking to the point of your knife."

"And *now* what does it seem to be from a new point of vision?"

"Ah! that's another thing. Now I see ropes of silver and gold twisted together, and chains of white crystal, and stars of emerald stones, and an endless variety of beautiful things."

"Why, Jennie! it's only a little green slime."

"But you'll see nothing green in it now, Willie, only the jewels and rosettes of emerald."

"No, I think not, if you keep your eye there all the time, cousin."

"Oh, thank you. I declare, Uncle George, here we have a chain pump with half the buckets bottom upward, and the pipe made of glass, and a little gold dust in the bottom of every bucket, right side up or not—a California pump I'm sure!"

"And here is the funniest of all creatures, a beautiful crystal chain, with gold knots at the joining of the links, which are full ovals, and very distinct. Is that a weed, Uncle George? How can it grow so?"

"It belongs to the same family that the others do. I'll tell you all I know and guess about them, when you have found every variety we have here."

"Well, then, here's another variety—a pump-log with a Virginia fence through it."

"To keep the little animals from coming up the pump with the water, I suppose, Willie!"

BOX-CHAIN  
ANIMALCULES.

"A little closer observation would not lay you liable to Fanny's jests, my little friend. Are you sure the appearance is the right zig-zag of a Virginia fence?"

"O no! Now I come to look closer, it's a spiral stairway running up the tubular column."

"Ay! to give the little fellows greater conveniences for coming up, is it? I am glad your sharper vision makes a more benevolent arrangement of it."

"Well, what can *you* see, Fanny? I should like to know."

"I can see transparent stalks of sugar-cane with the sugar in yellow crystals all along the heart of it, and the joints of the stem made of deeper green than the rest; and I see your fence, in a pump too, very like a staircase, Willie."

"And what can our black-eyed wee one see?—come, Johnny."

"I see every thing!—and something else."

"Every thing is a great deal, Johnny, to add something else to. That seems too much like 'all the world and the *rest of mankind*.' I want my little boys to talk more correctly than Presidents and great men."

"Oh, I meant every thing that the rest had seen, and something else. I'll stop to *think* before I get to be President."

"Yes, Johnny, that will do, and *think twice* before you accept the dangerous position; but it's the little bugs, and not the 'big-bugs,' we are examining. What is the new shape you saw?"

"Oh, it's a long string of bright green and gold, that looks as if it was square, and had been made straight, and then twisted half round."

"That is quite right according to appearances, Johnny; but look sharper, and you'll find it is three-sided; and if you look between those long rods, you will see triangular plates that have been shelled off from the *end* of this bar, like beads dropped from the string. These are undoubtedly animals in their flinty shells, some of which have dropped their connection with the particular family to which they owed their being. The general family is a very extensive one, and all that you have now seen is but a small section of the whole."

"This class of existences has been named by naturalists BACILLARIA, or Stick-animalcules, because they resemble sticks; the Latin word for stick (*bacillum*) seems to be a good term to designate them by, since to call them stick-animals, in plain English, would not *sound* so wise."

"There is much doubt among learned men about these creatures,

## THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

as to whether they are animal or vegetable. Some of these before us seem decidedly to be animal, among which I should include Willie's 'chain pumps' with half the buckets inverted, and Johnny's triangular string of beads, with a part of them shelled off. We might doubt about those branched and knotted stalks, if so many animalcules had not shown that tendency to sprout from the parent stock, like branches. These are a division of the Bacillaria named GALLIONELLA, from GAILLON, a French naturalist. They are named also Box-chain Animalcules, from the same appearance that caused Willie to name his a chain-pump. Skeletons of these are found imbedded in solid rock, in vast quantities.

"A very delicate species you have here in this branched and jointed specimen—known as the Rust-like Gallionella, found in peat-water or where there is any mineral infusion.

"There is in no work, that I have seen, any account of that peculiar chain with open, oval links and gold clasps which we have here; and while it seems so unusual in its form, we may safely *guess* that it is one of the same great RUST-LIKE GALLIONELLA family of Bacillaria, and probably animal—the golden knots being clusters of eggs, or very minute animals. Though no drawing without colors can give an idea of its beauty, the subjoined sketch will convey a notion of its structure."



FRAGMENT OF CHAIN-ANIMALCULE.

The natural size is one eight-hundredth of an inch in diameter.

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## THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

**K**NOWLEDGE can not be stolen from you. It can not be bought or sold. You may be poor, and the sheriff come into your house and sell your furniture at auction, or drive away your cow, or take your lamb, and leave you homeless and penniless, but he can not lay the law's hand upon the jewelry of your mind. This can not be taken for debt; neither can you give it away, though you give enough of it to fill a million minds.

I will tell you what such giving is like. Suppose now that there were no sun nor stars in the heavens, nor any thing that shone in the black brow of night, and suppose that a lighted lamp were put into your hand, which should burn wasteless and clear amid all the tempests that should brood upon this lower world. Suppose, next, that there were a thousand millions of human beings on the earth with you, each holding in his hand an unlighted lamp, filled with the same oil as yours, and capable of giving as much light.

Suppose these millions should come, one by one, to you, and light each his lamp at yours, would they rob you of any light. Would less of it shine on your own path? Would your lamp burn more dimly for lighting a thousand millions?

Thus it is, young friends. In getting rich in the things which perish with using, men have often obeyed to the letter that first commandment of selfishness: "Keep what you can get, and get what you can." In filling your minds with the wealth of knowledge, you must reverse this rule, and obey this law: "Keep what you give, and give what you can."

The fountain of knowledge is filled by its outlets, not by its inlets. You can learn nothing which you do not teach; you can acquire nothing of intellectual wealth except by giving. In the illustration of the lamps which I have given you, was not the light of the thousands of millions which were lighted at yours, as much your light as if it all came from your solitary lamp? Did you not dispel darkness by giving away light?

Remember this parable, and whenever you fall in with an unlighted mind in your walk of life, drop a kind and glowing thought upon it from yours, and set it a burning in the world with a light that shall shine in some dark place to beam on the benighted.—  
*Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad.*

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HOW JOHNNY SUPERSUBSCRIBED HIS LETTER.—Not long since, it is said, a letter was sent from Doylestown, Pa., directed to "My Mammy, living in the city of Philadelphia." One day a small, fierce-looking old woman stuck her head up to the post-office window, and called to a clerk in the office, saying, "Mister, is you got any letter there from my son Johnny?" The young man happened to remember the one addressed to "My Mammy," and replied "Yes." On handing that letter to the woman it proved to be the very one that she expected from her son Johnny.

# Children's Department.

## "OLD WONDER-EYES."

WHEN Grace Greenwood was in England, she visited a family who lived in a large house in the country, around which were beautiful gardens, and green lawns, and a great many pet animals, such as dogs, rare white kittens, gay parrots, canaries, silver pheasants, and many others. One of these pets was an owl, that sat all alone by himself in a large green cage. He was a cross and surly old fellow.

Grace Greenwood says: "I tried very hard to make friends with this owl, but it was of no use; he never treated me with decent civility. One day, when I was offering him a bit of cake, he caught my finger and bit it till it bled; and I said to Mrs. M., 'Why *do* you keep that cross old creature?'

"I noticed that my friend looked sad when she answered me, saying, 'We only keep him for our dear little Minnie's sake—he was her pet.' I had never heard of little Minnie, so I asked about her, and was told the following story:—"

Minnie was a sweet, gentle little girl, who loved every body, and every creature that God has made; and every body and every creature she met loved her. Rough people were gentle to her, and cross people were kind. She could go up to vicious horses, and fierce dogs, and spiteful cats, and they would become quiet and mild. I don't think any thing could resist her loving ways, unless it were a mad bull or a setting-hen.

One night, as Minnie lay awake in her little bed, in the nursery, listening to a summer rain, she heard a strange fluttering and scratching in the chimney, and she called to her nurse, and said, "Biddy! what is that funny noise up there?"

Biddy listened a moment, and said, "Sure it's nothing but a stray rook. Now he's quite gone away—so go to sleep wid ye, my darling!"



Minnie tried to go to sleep, like a good girl; but after awhile she heard that sound again, and presently something came fluttering and scratching right down into the grate, and out into the room! Minnie called again to Biddy; but Biddy was tired and sleepy, and *wouldn't* wake up.

It was so dark that Minnie could see nothing, and she felt a little strange; but she was no coward, and as the bird seemed very quiet, she went to sleep again after awhile, and dreamed that great flocks of rooks were flying over her, slowly, slowly, and making the darkness with their jet black wings.



She woke very early in the morning, and the first thing she saw was a great gray owl, perched on the bed-post at her feet, staring at her with his big, round eyes. He did not fly off when she started up in bed, but only ruffled up his feathers and said, "Who!" Minnie had never seen an owl before; but she was not afraid, and she answered merrily, "You'd better say 'Who!' why, who are you yourself, you queer, old Wonder-eyes?"

Then she awoke Biddy, who was dreadfully frightened and called up the butler. He caught the owl, and put him in a cage.

This strange bird was always rather ill-natured and gruff to every body but Minnie; he seemed to take kindly to her from the first. So he was called "Minnie's pet," and nobody disputed her right to him. He would take food from her little hand and never peck her; he would perch on her shoulder and let her take him on an airing round the garden; and sometimes he would sit and watch her studying her lessons, and look as wise and solemn as a learned professor, till he would fall to winking and blinking, and go off into a sound sleep.

Minnie grew really fond of this pet, grave and unsocial as he was; but she always called him by the funny name she had given him first—"Old Wonder-eyes."

In the winter time little Minnie was taken ill, and she grew worse and worse, till her friends all knew that she was going to leave them very soon. Darling little Minnie was not sorry to die. As she had loved every body and every creature that God had made, she could not help loving God, and she was not afraid to go to Him when He called her.

The day before she died she gave all her pets to her brothers and sisters, but she said to her mother, "You take good care of poor old Wonder-eyes, for he'll have nobody to love him when I am gone."

The owl missed Minnie very much; whenever he heard any one coming, he would cry "Who!" and when he found it was't his friend, he would ruffle up his feathers, and look as though he felt himself insulted. He grew crosser and crosser every day, till there would have been no bearing with him, if it had not been for the memory of Minnie.

The next time I saw the old owl, sitting glaring and growling on his perch, I understood why he was so unhappy and sullen. My heart ached for him—but so did the finger he had bitten; and I did not venture very near to tell him how sorry I was for him. When I think of him now, I don't blame him, but pity him for his crossness; and I always say to myself, "Poor old Wonder-eyes!"—*Little Pilgrim.*

# Editor's Table.

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## PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

THE first and principal idea which prevails at the present age in regard to education, is the acquisition of knowledge. While opinions and precepts proclaim, as of primary importance, such knowledge as will fit its possessor for the duties of life, *practice* asserts the claims of intellectual training almost regardless of physical development. Hence, in the great mass of schools, high as well as low, common as well as select, the mind is nursed to the injury of the body. The mental flame is kept burning at the expense of the physical nature.

The mind is prepared for its action by instruction in various kinds of knowledge; but while this process is going forward, the importance of a *sound body* is forgotten, and when the mental training is completed, the body has become so enfeebled by neglect of its laws, that it is unable to sustain the mind in the performance of its duties. Thus too many get wisdom at the sacrifice of both health and strength, but such wisdom is most unwisely obtained. Of what avail are all the mental accomplishments without health, energy, and capacity for action?

To whom shall we look for a reform in these matters? To teachers? They can do a vast deal to aid in bringing about so desirable a result; but upon parents rests the burden of the responsibility. They may and should insist upon better constructed school-rooms, efficient ventilation, suitable grounds for exercise during the recesses, and a reform in the course of instruction pursued by their children. These would enable the teacher to accomplish labors which are now beyond his powers.

The study of physiology should be made a prominent branch in all our schools—we do not mean anatomy, which comprises the foundation, and almost the alpha and omega of too many of our text-books on this subject. Valuable as that department of physiology is to the surgeon and the physician, our children do not all intend to fill these professions, and they have not time to waste on what will be of so little value, compared with the practical applications of the principles of physiology and hygiene to every-day life. Let our children be taught how to manage their own physical organs, so as to secure to themselves the greatest amount of health and longest life. Every boy and girl, and every young man and young woman, should be thoroughly impressed with the fact, that upon the *manner* of eating, drinking, breathing, sleeping, and upon the careful keeping of the skin of the whole body clean by frequent ablutions, and also upon the regular and proper use of the muscles, bones, and brain, depends whether his life will be vigorous, joyous, useful, and long, or feeble, painful, useless, and short.

But teachers should not wait until classes can be formed and text-books introduced before they impart instruction on so vitally important a subject. Let them commence at once, forming a class of the whole school, and never so far

dismissing it as to neglect for a single hour during the day, or the entire term, even, a faithful observance and practice of the principles of physiology and hygiene. Let them never suffer an occasion to pass unimproved where a lesson may be imparted on this subject. Opportunities in abundance will occur for the instruction of such a class. These lessons may be imparted by a careful attention to ventilation and the temperature of the room, by the position in which the pupils sit, stand, or walk, and by attention to habits of cleanliness. Heads up, breast out, and stomach in, should be the motto. Uprightness in position is no less important to our physical well-being, than uprightness of conduct to our moral welfare.

In consequence of neglect of this kind of education, we see all around us physical suffering, imbecility, and unprofitable lives, where might have been health, strength, and labors of usefulness. We behold intemperance in eating and drinking, and all their concomitant vices, because men have not been taught to heed the fact, that the pleasures arising from the obedience of God's laws are far greater and more enduring than any possible enjoyment which can be found in violations of those laws.

Adam Clarke, the distinguished biblical scholar and voluminous writer, said if he was remarkable for any thing when seven years old, it was that he could roll a larger stone than any boy of his age in the neighborhood. Doubtless much of the vast amount of mental labor which he was afterward enabled to accomplish was owing to the foundation of a healthy body by early physical training. If we would have more Adam Clarkes among the men of our day, and of the next generation, we must see that our children are well developed, physically as well as mentally.

## Our Museum.

**DECEMBER**—the last month of our year, and the tenth of the old Roman year; hence its name, from *decem*, signifying ten. During this month the sun enters the tropic of Capricorn, and makes the winter solstice. This occurs about the 20th of the month, and then we have our shortest days and longest nights. The sun is above the horizon only about ten hours, hence our days are only ten hours long, while the nights are fourteen hours long.

**CHRISTMAS**.—This day occurs on the 25th of December, a day annually celebrated in memory of the birth of Christ, which some believe to have occurred at that time. There is, however, no positive evidence that the event took place even at this season of the year. The day was first so celebrated in the year 98. It was ordered to be observed as a solemn feast, and divine service to be performed, by Pope Telesphorus, about A. D. 137.

**ANIMAL INSTINCT**.—Every one must have observed a dog, when going to sleep on the floor or on the ground, turning himself round several times before he lies down. This act is doubtless a lingering instinct retained from his wild state, where he was accustomed to prepare his bed amid the tall grass or rushes by thus treading them down.

**INDIA RUBBER**, or caoutchouc, was brought from South America to Europe early in the eighteenth century. It is formed from the juice of a tree, which

ceases out, when incisions are made, in the form of a vegetable milk. It flows most abundantly in a time of rain.

**CHRISTMAS GAMES.**—Young people are often at a loss for good *forfeits* in their games, and in the absence of advice frequently impose absurd and sometimes vulgar penalties. Believing that children's games are not only innocent, but useful when properly conducted, we will offer a few suggestions relative to forfeits.

1. Let the person who has the forfeit to pay be required, first to laugh, next to sing, then to cry, and lastly to whistle.

2. Put one hand where the other can not touch it. [The right hand to the left elbow.]

3. Stand with your heels and back close to the wall, then stoop without moving your feet and pick up the forfeit.

4. Place the hands behind you and guess who touches them. You are not to be released until you guess right.

5. Say "Quizzical Quiz, kiss me quick"—nine times without a mistake.

6. Ask the person on whom the forfeit falls what musical instrument he likes best; then require him to give an imitation of it.

7. Apply to the person who gives the forfeit for a situation at work. Then answer the question, which should be made appropriate to the calling in which the persons seeks work, such as "How do you wash?" "How do you iron?" "How do you make a bed?" "How do you clean knives?" "How do you mow?" "How do you reap?" "How do you plane?" "How do you chop?" etc., etc., etc. Each question must be answered by imitating the motions in performing these respective duties.

**HONEY-MOON.**—Among the ancients, a beverage was prepared with honey, such as that known as mead, or metheglin. It was the custom to drink of this diluted honey for thirty days, or a moon's age, after a wedding, hence arose the term "Honey-moon."

**DEFENSE FOR SLANDER.**—The late Hon. S. S. Prentiss was once employed to defend a person who was on trial for libel. On examining the facts he found the case to be a very aggravated one; but, said he, "I made these points: *First*, That the plaintiff's character was so bad that it was incapable of injury by slander; and *Secondly*, That my client was so notorious a liar, that nobody would believe any statement he should make; and therefore he could not be guilty of the offense of libel. The jury," he added, "agreed with me on both points, and acquitted my client."

LOCKE was asked how he acquired such extensive knowledge. "I never," answered the philosopher, "was ashamed to ask for information."

**OUR LATEST WISH.**—That gold dollars, like scandal, might grow big by circulation.

**ASTEROIDS.**—The first of that little group of four small planets, whose orbits lie between those of Mars and Jupiter, known as the asteroids, was discovered January 1, 1801. Within the six years next succeeding this discovery three more were observed, and the four were called Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta. Until 1845 these constituted all that were known in that group—since then scarcely a year has passed without a discovery of one or more new asteroids, until *thirty-three* are now known as belonging to that group. The follow-

ing list contains the names and number of these planets according to their order of discovery :

1. Ceres,—2. Pallas,—3. Juno,—4. Vesta,—5. Astrea,—6. Hebe,—7. Iris,—8. Flora,—9. Metis,—10. Hygea,—11. Parthenope,—12. Clio,—13. Egeria,—14. Irene,—15. Eunomia,—16. Psyche,—17. Thetis,—18. Melpomene,—19. Fortuna,—20. Massalia,—21. Lutetia,—22. Calliope,—23. Thalia,—24. Themis,—25. Phoebe,—26. Proserpine,—27. Euterpe,—28. Bellona,—29. Amphitrite,—30. —,—31. —,—32. Pomona,—33. Polymnia.

As twenty-nine of these asteroids have been discovered during the last ten years, and two of them on the 28th of October last, it is quite probable that many more will yet be found belonging to the same group.

**EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.**—The corner stone of the New York Asylum for Idiots was laid on the 8th of September last, at Syracuse, N. Y. This will be the first building erected in the United States for the education of this unfortunate class of beings

"WHO IS ANTARCTIC?" inquired a little boy of his mother, one day, on returning from school. "I don't know, unless she is some old maid down South," was her reply.

## Literary Notices.

Books noticed in *THE STUDENT* will be sent, on receipt of the prices given, to any post-office in the United States, free of postage, by N. A. CALKINS, 848 Broadway, New York.

**WEBSTER AND HIS MASTER-PIECES.** By Rev. B. F. Tefft, D. D., LL. D. With a Portrait. Published by Miller, Orton & Mulligan, Buffalo and Auburn, N. Y. 12mo; 2 volumes, about 500 pages each. Muslin. Price \$3 50.

In the volumes before us we find a biography written by one who can appreciate Webster's greatness in all departments of life, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of his enemies to cover his name with disgrace. The first volume is a carefully prepared biography, aiming less to show the thousand little incidents, or relate the numerous anecdotes of his life, than to portray the causes and character of his greatness. The second volume is made up of twelve of his ablest productions, those which have been universally acknowledged as his "Master-Pieces" in the several fields which have been occupied by his extensive genius.

They are the following: Argument in the Dartmouth College Case.—Plymouth Oration.—First Settlement of New England.—Speech on the Greek Revolution.—Bunker Hill Monument Oration.—Funeral Oration on ADAMS and JEFFERSON.—Lecture before the Mechanics' Institute, Boston.—The Character of Washington.—Speech at Niblo's Garden, New York.—Letter on Impressment.—Reply to HAYNE on Poor's Resolution.—Constitution not a Compact.—Reply to CALHOUN.—Constitution and the Union.—7th of March Speech.

These comprise all that the great mass of readers will care to treasure up, and at the same time

they exhibit fully the great and powerful mind and character of America's greatest statesman. There is no other work containing Webster's great efforts, and so well written a biography, in so convenient and cheap a form as this before us. We heartily wish it could be placed in every school library in our land, that the youth of our country might become familiar with the acts of the ablest defender of our country's constitution.

**POEMS BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.** Collected and arranged by the author. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Two volumes, 12mo; about 290 pages each. Price, \$2 00.

It gives us much pleasure to call the attention of our readers to this revised edition of Bryant's Poems, to which have been added several of his later productions. Bryant is acknowledged as the best representative of American poetry. With a pure heart and an elevated purpose, he hymns with the skill of a master artist the glories of nature and the praises of freedom. We love his poetry anywhere, but we take the greatest pleasure in reading it when in new and large type, and printed on thick, beautiful paper, such as we find in the volumes before us. Indeed, we have seldom seen a better specimen of paper and clean printing.

**POEMS AND BALLADS.** By Gerald Massey. Containing the Ballad of "Babe of Christabel." Published by J. C. Derby, 119 Nassau Street, New York. 12mo; 228 pages; muslin.

For a notice of Gerald Massey and his writings we refer our readers to a biographical sketch, and an extract from his work, on page 41 of the present number. We will send the book by mail, pre-paid, for 75 cents.

**LIFE IN THE CLEARINGS *versus* THE BUSH.** By Mrs. Moodie. Published by De Witt and Davenport, New York. 12mo; 800 pages; muslin.

Those who enjoyed the perusal of Mrs. Moodie's "Roughing it in the Bush," now published by De Witt and Davenport, will need no other commendation of this volume than the mere announcement of it as a sequel to that deeply interesting work, wherein she so vividly portrays the trials and incidents of early settlers in the backwoods of Canada. In the volume now before us she gives us a no less interesting description of "Life in the Clearings," after the country has assumed something of the character of an old settlement. Her first work presented a dark picture, but thirteen years' residence in a thriving district has given her more cheerful scenes to narrate. A most happy faculty of describing domestic scenes and adventures does Mrs. Moodie possess. Such books as these are more interesting, and certainly are more instructive than the thousand works of fiction with which our country is teeming. Price, by mail, postage paid, 88 cents.

**THE NEWSBOY.** Published by J. C. Derby, New York. 12mo; 527 pages. Illustrated. Muslin; price, \$1 25.

Notwithstanding this book is very highly commended by the "press" generally, and some critics have even compared it with the justly popular "Lamplighter," we confess that we have not been able to trace the resemblance to that work beyond the title-page. A few chapters are devoted to the modes of life, habits, and characters of the newsboys, and may awaken a feeling of benevolence in their behalf; but the bulk of the work is given to descriptions unavailing the mysteries and vices of city life in a manner which, to say the least, is of doubtful expediency. We have been disappointed in perusing this work; for we expected, with so fine a theme, that the author had done more to stir up the sympathies of the benevolent in behalf of these neglected, homeless newsboys, and give us more facts in his fiction, instead of sacrificing such an opportunity for doing good, for the sake of a money-making story. We do not believe in heroizing

the vicious, until one forgets the vices amid a few intensely magnified virtues.

**THE ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY.** By Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. Illustrated with 450 original designs. Published by Harper and Brothers, New York. 12mo; 524 pages; muslin. Publisher's price, \$1 50; price by mail, postage paid, \$1 68.

This work embraces a description of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, reptiles, mollusca, insects, etc. The classifications have been carefully made, and the descriptions prepared from personal experience, the observations of those who are familiar with almost every portion of the world, and from the most reliable recent zoological writers. In these accounts of the animals many new anecdotes are given. Thus it may be seen that this work is no abridgment or compilation of old natural histories, but a new, reliable, and comprehensive one, in a form adapted to the library, the general reader, or class-room. We only wish there was more of it. Its illustrations and typography are excellent.

**HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK.** By Jonathan Slick, Esq., of Weathersfield, Conn. Published by Bunce & Brother, 134 Nassau Street, New York. 12mo; 800 pages. With illustrations. Price, in muslin, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

This book consists of a series of letters, written in 1840, for the *New York Express*, and purporting to have been addressed to the writer's father, Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace and Deacon of the church over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut. As to the writer's spelling, we could not advise any one to take it for a standard, nor to attempt an imitation of his style; but beneath all of Jonathan's coarse homespun humor there is a vein of good sense and philosophy which leaves an impression favorable to truth, good morals, and steady habits.

**BOOKS FOR HOLIDAYS.** A large assortment of books for the holidays, from the present for the little boys and girls to the massive volume, with most elegant bindings, may be found at D. Appleton & Co., 345 Broadway, New York.

It would be useless to undertake an enumeration where their names alone would fill all our pages for a single month. Two or three of them, however, are lying before us, which will be found interesting by the young folks. "Faggots for the Fireside," by Peter Parley; beautifully illustrated; price, \$1 25. "The Oriental Story Book," with illustrations; price, 75 cents. "A Week's Delight; or, Games and Stories for the Parlor and Fireside," a capital book; price, 75 cents. "Emily Herbert; or, the Happy Home," by M. J. McIntosh; price, 86 cents.

## RETROSPECT OF THE PAST YEAR.\*

THE year through which we have just passed has been more than usually distinguished by severe disasters on sea and land. Such a succession of distressing accidents, by fire and flood, perhaps never, in so short a space, befell any people in a time of peace. The country, parched with a drouth that reached from ocean to ocean, has been as dry as tinder, and if an army of incendiaries had been quartered upon us, the ravages of fire through our forests and cities could hardly have been more frightful. The Union has blazed from town to town with the flames of its warehouses, as though the torch of ruin had been passed along by a conspiracy of destructions. And what the fire has left the water has taken. Ocean, lake, and river, open sea and quiet harbor, have united in a common vengeance on our marine and its passengers. Ships stranded on our shores, ships burned at our wharves, ships foundering in mid ocean, ships cleft by horrid collision, ships disappearing without a plank to hint their fate, ships going down and leaving only a few sad messengers to wring our hearts with the tale of their destruction; wrecks by fire, by wind, by fog, by darkness, by storm, by explosion; rich and poor, natives and foreigners, young and old, swept off in masses; thousands of poor emigrants perishing in view of the land they left all to seek; and hundreds of well-known citizens, in health and good cheer, drowning within a day's sail of the homes that expected them. Seven thousand lives is the computed havoc of the past year upon our waters!

Meanwhile Pestilence, though barely touching our beloved city (New York) with its deadly skirts, has swept through our Western and Southern towns in full-robed majesty, with garments dyed in blood. Yellow fever and cholera united their accursed standards, and fell at once upon communities to leave them decimated of their best inhabitants. But worse than all, while Death violently or in the course of Nature has carried off within the year an unusual number of valuable citizens in all parts of the country, Temptation, worse than cholera, fever, or death in any shape, has pierced the reputation and triumphed in the downfall of trusted and honored men; men with whom went down something of our faith in humanity itself;

\* Extracts from a Thanksgiving Discourse, by the Rev. HENRY W. BELLOWE, D. D., delivered in New York, Nov. 22, 1854.



men who are answerable before heaven for our threatening despair of the race ; responsible for our fainting hope in virtue and God !

Panic and distress have seized our markets of money. Our credit is disputed abroad and shaken at home. The great railroad system of the land, recently its pride and the bond of its well-being, is smitten with confusion and shame. Our ship-yards, lately the glory of our industry and the scenes of intense activity, now close their gates against the supplicating hands that found their bread within them. The iron-works along the rivers no more redden the night with the glare of their furnaces, or confound the day with the din of their anvils. Labor leans listlessly and anxiously upon its spade, while capital locks its chest and trembles for its securities. Thousands of unemployed laborers hang around the melancholy scenes of their old occupation, while hundreds of mercantile establishments drop their oars upon the tide, afraid to advance and not able to pause.

The rich man perhaps thinks it is a hard fate that he does not this year add his usual increase to his already swollen fortune, or that some few thousands are swept from his superfluous hoard ! The aspirant to a large success counts it a hardship that he must bridle his ambition for a twelvemonth. But what would become of the commercial health, what of the private morals of the nation, if no circumstances arose to test the strength of bold adventurers whose capital is their rashness, and whose occasional success is a strange surprise and lucky accident ? Communities or individuals that gamble in dry-goods, or groceries, are no better or safer than if they gambled in stocks and coin ; and the hour will inevitably come when such baseless and mischievous establishments will fall with a common crash.

The everlasting law of God is : " In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread." But in America, unhappily, an increasing disposition exists to substitute the cunning of the brain for the sweat of the brow. We are fast making labor over to our foreign population, as if it degraded our own hands. The sharp-witted and the enterprising rush from the country into our cities, as if no end could come to the want of exchangers, and no need existed for an increased number of producers.

It is a small thing that a few fortunes or many periodically break down in these crises ; a very small matter that people here drop a carriage, or there retire into a less fashionable street ; it is a far greater thing, that poor families in the country and diligent laborers lose their hard earnings—the reliance of their coming age—in the

ruin of reckless speculators; but even that might be got along with. The great and dreadful evil of a loose credit, an uncertain currency, a shifting standard of value, is the demoralizing influence it gradually sends through the whole land, "the leanness of soul" it produces. It infests tens of thousands of young men with a reckless ambition; unsettles them in wholesome pursuits; draws them into large towns and cities, and hurries them on a general tide of excitement into dissipation and ruin. It spreads abroad crude and confusing notions of respectability and happiness. It raises the standard of comfort and decency to an unnatural and injurious pitch. It heats the blood of the whole body politic to a dangerous point. Innocent and wholesome tastes are burnt up in its fury.

The public taste becomes coarse and morbid. It must be fed with spices and whipped with stimulants. Popular literature sinks from the cooling and refreshing tales of a Scott, a Cooper, or Edgeworth—from gentle biography or elevated poetry—into stories that lay open the guilty passions of the human soul, and through whole reeking pages, lust, murder, fraud, and folly stalk in theatrical wardrobes. The mere titles of the popular stories of the day sufficiently indicate the sated and sickly appetite to which they minister.

Greedy and covetous employers make greedy and covetous servants; rash owners make rash captains, rash captains make rash crews; reckless riders create reckless drivers, and the locomotive rushes only at the speed of its impatient passengers. The engineers of the whole country partake, necessarily, the spirit of the country, and it is utterly hopeless to demand prudence, and care, and judgment of those who do our will, so long as our will itself lacks those qualities. The disastrous fires, the horrible shipwrecks, the dreadful murders of the last year are the logical consequences of the national character. It is impossible to trace each and every one to its specific cause, but they are only what, and just what, might be expected from the fever in the blood, the blood in the brain, the venturesome and the bold, the rash and headlong temper of the times.

It is fit that our proudest ships should stagger like drunkards in the dark and fall into the pits of the sea, when the characters of our most trusted men reel on our exchange and topple, masses of ruin, to the pavement! It is fit that fire should sweep down our warehouses and factories when the inward flame is consuming the consciences and judgments of their owners. Who will look out for the stony coast, who stop to heave the warning lead, who scrupulously keep the midnight watch in our streets and stores, who stick dili-

gently, conscientiously to his post, be his charge fire or steam; fog or fraud, who can be depended on in any of these positions, or for any of these duties, while the public conscience is impaired, the general brain confused, the whole body politic inflamed by the intense covetousness and social ambition of a people? The sickness reaches from the head of the nation to the sole of its feet; and these cries of drowning agony on our coasts, these bereaved homes in our midst, these innocent and horror-stricken families, whose names are polluted by fraud; these shipwrecks, fires, failures, crimes, all are but parts of one great whole whose animating soul is capidity.

It is time to have done with the heathenish fatalism which tells us we can not control this hot haste, and are not responsible for this universal rivalry and excess of activity. We must control it, or degenerate into a nation of lunatics. The strain upon the national nerves is already filling our madhouses with thousands of victims to the American spirit. We must control it, or surrender our claims to be a civilized people. We must control it, or see our national flag the suspicion and dread of the world; and our national character the ridicule and apprehension of Christendom. We must control it, or behold our literature turning to a mixture of sentimentality and pruriency; our art, a starved and puny product of the soil; our religion, an amalgam of the police-office and the theater. And what we must do we can do. God's providence is helping us to do it in the very experiences we are now suffering, and the lover of his country and kind ought to render thanks to-day that a pause is given to our public speed, a check felt on our dangerous prosperity, a sober and chastened hue thrown over our social life.



#### THE BLIND GRADUATE.

**WE** have been kindly furnished, by Prof. N. W. Benedict, Principal of the Rochester Collegiate Institute, with interesting facts concerning the recent graduation of Robert C. Fenn, under circumstances peculiarly touching. It affords us pleasure to publish these incidents, hoping that some other, who may be struggling with misfortunes, may thereby be stimulated with brightened hopes and patient perseverance.

"I have known Robert," says Prof. B., "for upward of six years, during two of which he and his brother, sons of Dr. Fenn of this

city, were members of the Institute, and under my instruction in Greek and Latin. They were both faithful students, and characterized by gentlemanly deportment, and for always trying to *do right*.

"Robert possessed a disposition peculiarly amiable; indeed, I have rarely seen his equal in this respect among the great number of fine scholars that it has been my pleasure to instruct. He was truly beloved by all who knew him. With him study seemed an amusement rather than a task. The analyzing and forming of Greek and Latin words, and the construction of sentences from them, was one favorite amusement. The drawing of maps gave him pleasure in another direction. But in the fields of the natural sciences he found his most brilliant attractions. It was while in gratification of his tastes in this direction that he experienced that loss which none but he who feels it knows how great it is. While making some private experiments in chemistry he attempted to form an explosive compound, and by an excess of one of the ingredients an instantaneous explosion took place, resulting in such an injury to his eyes, that when they healed, the eyelids grew fast to the ball."

At the last commencement of the Rochester University, Robert, though totally blind since the close of his junior year in that institution, was one of the members of the graduating class. Previous to his appearance on the stage, President Anderson announced his theme—"The Lost Senses"—and stated to the audience the circumstances of his blindness, adding that notwithstanding the almost insurmountable obstacles thus thrown between him and his studies, he had persevered with unflagging energy, and by the aid of a devoted brother and attached classmates had been able to complete the studies of the course with honor to himself and satisfaction to his teachers.

Robert was then led forward by his brother, and there was scarcely a tearless eye in all that assemblage of two thousand persons. He spoke in an agreeable and earnest manner, and the object of his subject was to demonstrate the proposition, that blindness is preferable to deafness. The scene was painfully interesting, and the Blind Graduate retired amid the prolonged applause of a weeping audience.

"He evidently has come to the conclusion," continues Prof. Benedict, "that even this dreadful affliction at so early an age, though a sad privation, is all for the best; and may God grant that so it shall be. We know not why He thought best to put out our young friend's eyes, but the works of God have been made manifest in many

a blind one heretofore. Could Milton have penned that touching apostrophe to Light, which opens the third book of 'Paradise Lost,' if he had not known and felt the privation of this delicate faculty? Probably the world is indebted indirectly to this misfortune of the poet for the greatest and purest Christian Epic that has ever been quickened into life by the perusal of the Inspired Word.

"And may the prayer of the great poet be answered in the Blind Graduate :

"So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

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## PRETENSION.

BY MARY MAY.

**A**N easy word in very sooth, is it not?—easily spoken, easily written, and yet how harsh it sounds! Pretension! Pretension! Hollow as the moanings of a November's midnight; chill and cold as a breath of the ice-lipped Frost-spirit; jarring and dissonant to the warm, true heart; it rings sad echoes ever.

There are harsh realities in life, bitter truths that we may not, can not doubt, for they come to us in the articulate expression of deeds—soul-utterances which unvail the heart—shadows of itself that the flimsy gossamer of words may not conceal.

Analyze carefully the social element, not in a spirit of captious criticism, but kindly, generously; with a quick eye for *all* the good, and yet in the broad light of undisguised, unvarnished truth. And how find you it? Inlaid with heart-crystals; with the rare gems of faithfulness and honest sincerity, with the pure gold of modest, unpretending worth? The very impersonation of glorious beauty were such a structure, but alas! *Pretension* is inscribed thereon, and it crumbles to a darkened ruin.

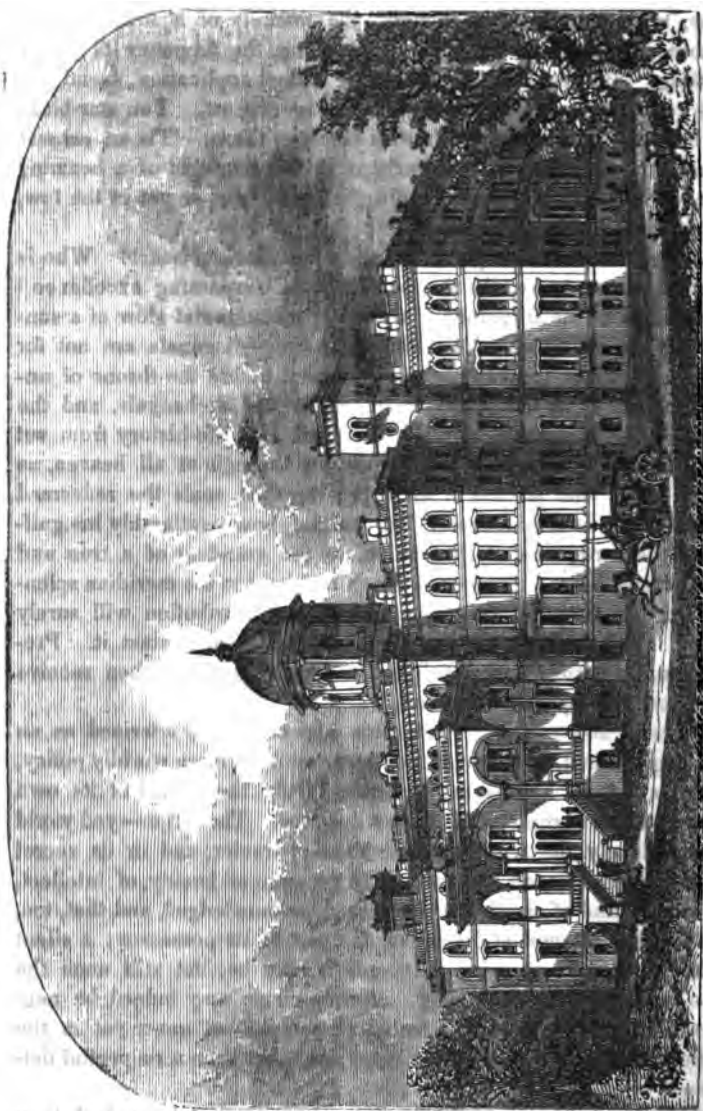
To characterize society as false in its general tone, were not to utter the morbid imaginings of gloomy misanthropy, the dark dream of the world-hater, but simply truth; truth as told to us in the neglect of honest worth, if its crime be but *Poverty*; truth as told to us in the clamorous acclamation of ignorance, of vice even, if but gold, paltry gold is its portion; truth, too, written out in the butterfly life

of the garish fashionist, whose highest aspiration is flaunting display, whose profoundest thought, the marvels of a fashion-plate, whose deepest trust and truest friendship, the flippancy of pretty *nothing*. But true as is all this in its widest application, social life has yet sometimes a brighter phase, a sunnier glow. Yon star-blaze of beautiful light—ah! God's own signet is there. 'Tis an *earnest heart*, and it speaks to you perhaps in the lovelight of a beaming eye, or in the silent language of a glistening tear, or yet in the low, sweet music of a gentle word.

A great character, a pure life, an honest, faithful heart! Who is there that may transcribe the beauty of its surpassing excellence? As well paint the fragrance of a flower, or the genial glow of a sun-ray, or the dying echo of divinest music. Its annals are not for time. Away in the vast ages of eternity, before the throne of uncreated glory, in the presence of angels and archangels, and the assemblage of congregated worlds, shall this life-history from out the Book of Life be read; and what joy throughout all heaven, as "*well done*," the plaudit of an approving God, seals the redeemed soul's bright destiny forever. In contrast, how unutterably insignificant the arrogance of Pretension, to the grandeur of a true and earnest soul!—as a glimmer of a wan rushlight to the meridian splendor of the noontide sun. But its day of retribution will surely come. The majesty of offended Truth will rise against it. Pretension, its perfidy and selfish hollow-heartedness will then receive its "just recompense of reward."

Morally and socially, Pretension has been characterized as an unmitigated evil, and now, in the lower view of mere worldly policy, what is it? A non-paying investment truly, the herald of its own doom and the chronicler of its own disgrace. The Argus-eyed world scans closely the worth of individual character, and in its secret heart awards to each his due. The prestige of beauty, of intellect, of wealth, and of worth are recognized, acknowledged, and that, too, without any attempt at display on the part of its possessor; a silent acknowledgment in some instances it may be, but still none the less real, none the less true. Sterling virtue may indeed be neglected, or passed by with affected contempt; but never yet in the honest convictions of a single heart has other than a respectful deference been awarded to it.

Life, day by day, is unfolding to each of us, and let us look to it well, that our beacon-light is the effluence of *Truth*, undimmed by the vapors of *Pretension*.



INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, NEW YORK.

## INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

**T**HE oldest Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, on this side of the Atlantic, is the one at Hartford, Conn.; and that is but a year older than the one which was incorporated in the City of New York in 1817. This second institution in America was opened for the reception of pupils in May, 1818, in the building more recently known as the New City Hall, the ruins of which still stand in the Park. On the completion, in the spring of 1829, of the large edifice erected for the purpose on Fiftieth Street, near Fourth Avenue, the pupils were transferred to more convenient quarters.

But even that edifice, though one hundred and ten feet in length, and sixty feet in width, and five stories in height, including the basement, and subsequently considerably enlarged by the erection of workshops and other buildings, has now become too small for the accommodation of all of that unfortunate class of our fellow-beings who are deprived of speech and hearing within the borders of the State of New York. Accordingly measures have been taken to provide still more commodious buildings. The site on Fiftieth Street has been sold, and a new one purchased on Washington Heights, near One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, about nine miles from the City Hall, where this school for deaf mutes was first held.

The engraving on the opposite page represents a front view of the splendid edifice now in progress of erection upon the new site. The principal building is one hundred and fifty feet in front, by fifty-five feet in depth. It is four stories high, including the basement, and is surmounted by a dome or observatory, from which can be had a very extensive and beautiful prospect. The wings are each one hundred and twenty, by forty-six feet. These are united to the main building by towers, containing private passages and staircases, through which the steward and matron may, at any time, visit the apartments of the pupils under their charge. In the rear of, and of the same size as the principal building, is the school-house, which contains class, lecture, library, and cabinet-rooms, and a hall of design.

In the construction of the walls, the material principally used is the yellow Milwaukie brick. The basement, the portico, and window sills are of granite; and courses of the same material running around the entire building indicate the different stories. The cor-



ner-stone of this edifice was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, on the 22d of November, 1853, and it will probably be ready for occupancy during the autumn of the present year. In the mean time the pupils will remain at the old building on Fiftieth Street.

Less than three centuries have elapsed since the first recorded efforts were made for the instruction of deaf mutes. Less than one hundred years have passed since the benevolent De l'Epé founded the first institution for this purpose. Now there are, in Europe and America, two hundred such institutions, and all except twelve or thirteen have sprung up within the last fifty years. In America there are sixteen of these benevolent institutions in as many States of the Union. More than half of these were opened within the last ten years. In this country they are supported mainly by appropriations from the State treasuries. There are now about twelve hundred deaf mute pupils receiving instruction in the schools of this country, and yet but a small portion of this class are enjoying these privileges.\* According to the last census, there were over nine thousand deaf and dumb persons in the United States. We hope the day is not far distant when the minds of all the mutes in our land shall be opened by the hands of benevolence to the enjoyment of the vast stores of knowledge contained in books, and their hands taught such of the arts as will enable them to gain a livelihood.

Pupils who enter this institution usually remain from five to seven years, before completing their education. During this period work and study alternate, so that the hand is taught to labor while the mind is taught to read and think. Shops are connected with the institution, where the pupils learn bookbinding, shoemaking, cabinet-work, designing, engraving, tailoring, and the girls various kinds of needle-work. In summer the pupils also practice gardening. Thus the graduates can read and write as readily as other persons, and understand such branches as are taught in the common schools.

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\* Deaf mutes attending the Institution in New York are provided for by the Institution in all respects, except clothing and traveling expenses, at the rate of one hundred and thirty dollars per annum each. Clothing will be furnished the pupils by the institution, if desired, for thirty dollars a year. Pupils are admitted only at the commencement of the yearly term, which takes place on the first Wednesday in September. No charge is made the pupils for the use of school books or stationery; nor for medical attendance or medicines in case of sickness.

About one hundred and fifty pupils are annually supported by the State. Such pupils must be between the ages of twelve and twenty-five. The selection of deaf mutes to be thus educated at the public expense is made by State Superintendent of Common Schools at Albany, N. Y. To him all communications on the subject should be addressed. Applications from other States, and for all pupils who pay their tuition, and letters of inquiry, should be addressed to HANVER P. FERR, LL.D., *President of the Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, New York.*

## ELIHU BURRITT.

BY ANNE P. ADAMS.



"There is no obstacle to him who will."—HERBERT.

EVERY one of our readers has, I am sure, heard of Elihu Burritt, the Learned Blacksmith, the great, good man, who, while doing the work of one, and sometimes of two men, at the anvil, has made himself master of more than fifty languages. His life furnishes so good an example of what may be done with little else to aid one than "a stout heart and resolute will," that I want to tell the young something about it, hoping they will thereby be stimulated and encouraged to dare and do great things.

Elihu Burritt was born in New Britain, Connecticut, in 1811, and is consequently now in the prime of his manhood. He was the youngest son in a family of ten children, none of whom besides himself have become distinguished, except perhaps his eldest brother, Elijah, who is widely known in our country as the author of a "Geography of the Heavens," much used as a text-book in schools. Elihu's parents were poor. His father, a very worthy man, was a shoemaker, and they lived in a very small house, yet which was never too small to shelter all the poor wayfarers who asked or needed hospitality.

His mother, an excellent woman, was every way worthy of her husband, and there were no poor, lame, halt, blind, or needy people in the neighborhood whom the Burritts did not watch over and provide for. After the death of his father, which occurred when Elihu was sixteen years of age, he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith in the town. Previous to this the only advantages he had enjoyed were three months of the winters passed in a district school before he was fifteen. The year intervening between that time and his father's death was spent in farm labor by day and watching by his sick bed half the night, that his mother might take rest.

When he was twenty-one, by the advice of his brother Elijah, who was teaching a school in his native town, he left his trade for half a year, and became his brother's pupil. At the end of this time he had read Virgil in Latin, and several French books, besides familiarizing himself to a good degree with Mathematics. But it had cost him, according to his estimate, a dollar and a half a day, as he could earn that at the forge. Accordingly, when he took up his

hammer again, he resolved to make up for lost time, and pledged himself to do the work of *two* men, for which of course he received double wages. Fourteen hours a day he labored at the anvil, and morning and evening read Latin and French, and began Spanish. During this summer he bought a Greek grammar, so small that he could carry it in the *crow* of his hat. Every leisure moment during his hours of work he would take out his grammar, and learn part of a Greek verb.

In the following autumn he went to New Haven, took lodgings, and began his course of study. At half-past four he rose, and studied German till breakfast, at half-past seven. From breakfast till nearly dinner time he studied Homer's "Iliad," then read a little Italian. After dinner took a short walk, then sat down to the "Iliad" again.

In the evening he read Spanish till bedtime. In the spring he returned to New Britain and to his trade, with the intention of again making up for lost time. But being urged to take charge of a school in a neighboring town, he consented, and taught one year. Finding his health was giving way for want of his accustomed exercise, he gave up his school, and became a traveling agent for a manufacturing company. His books of course accompanied him on his journeys, and he began and pursued the study of Hebrew.

After awhile, wishing to pursue his studies in the Oriental languages, he found great difficulty in obtaining books. To overcome this, he formed the plan of working his way to Europe, and expending all he could earn there in the purchase of such books as he needed. With this intention he walked to Boston, one hundred and twenty miles, with his clean linen tied in a handkerchief, and three dollars in his pocket. On reaching Boston he learned that there was an antiquarian library at Worcester, forty miles from the city, and he resolved to go there and avail himself of it.

In Worcester he obtained work as a journeyman blacksmith at twelve dollars a month. Unfortunately for his plans, the library was open only a certain number of hours each day, and these hours he was obliged to work. For a time, therefore, he went on with Hebrew alone. Every leisure moment was given to study. So great was his zeal that he would place his Hebrew Bible on the mantle-piece, and with his lexicon in his hand, eat his breakfast while he studied by lamp-light.

The following is an extract from his diary at this period, and is the record of one week's work :

"Monday, June 18, headache; forty pages Cuvier's 'Theory of the Earth,' sixty-four pages of French, eleven hours forging. Tuesday, sixty-five lines of Hebrew, thirty pages of French, ten pages Cuvier's 'Theory,' eight lines Syriac; ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours forging. Wednesday, twenty-five lines Hebrew, fifty pages of Astronomy, eleven hours forging. Thursday, fifty-five lines Hebrew, eight ditto Syriac, eleven hours forging. Friday, unwell; twelve hours forging. Saturday, unwell; fifty pages Natural Philosophy, ten hours forging. Sunday, lesson for Bible class."

The next spring he so arranged his hours of labor as to make the library available to him. It now occurred to him that he might add to his earnings by making translations from various languages for the press. He therefore wrote a short sketch of his life, and sent it to a gentleman whom he thought might aid him, stating his wishes. The gentleman sent the letter to Governor Everett, and the next the writer heard of it, he saw in a newspaper that Governor Everett had read the letter at a public meeting. Immediately he found himself, as he expresses it "laboring under notoriety," and so greatly did he dread his well-earned fame, that he thought seriously of going to a new place and changing his name.

Governor Everett invited him to Boston, and while there he received numerous offers of assistance, and every facility for prosecuting his studies was generously placed at his disposal, but he declined all aid, preferring to carry out his plans in his own way. He shrank from being dependent, and nobly resolved to provide for his own wants while God preserved to him the power. After his return to Worcester, he worked harder than ever. He wrote for the press, translating from the Arabic, Hebrew, Samaritan, and Icelandic languages. During the winter he delivered lectures, in summer he worked and studied.

In 1844 he commenced the publication of *The Christian Citizen*, a paper devoted to religion, general information, and reforms. He is now known through the civilized world as the apostle of Peace. His "Olive Leaves" have been borne by the winds to every corner of our country, and even across the waters. The great object of his life seems now to be, to bring all men to acknowledge the claims of Universal Brotherhood, and to learn war no more. Much as we must admire the vast stores of knowledge which he has accumulated by his own unaided efforts, we must still more admire his moral worth and the goodness of his heart. A great man, as good as he

is great, is rarely found. When such a one appears, he commands the respect and reverence of the world.

The example of Elihu Burritt is not in every particular worthy of imitation. Such severe and unremitting labor could not fail to be injurious to his health. The first and highest duty man has in this world is so to live that his body shall be a fit temple for his soul. This it can not be, if it is sickly and diseased. And repeatedly overtaking its powers must end in their becoming permanently weakened. To serve God in the most acceptable manner one should have "a sound mind in a sound body."

The large number of hours which Elihu Burritt was compelled by his necessities to give to labor proved his salvation. In his case, when fortune seemed most adverse, she really was most kind, because she forced him to the exercise of his muscles. But the energy, the perseverance, the unconquerable will that he displayed, are well worthy of imitation. It may not be the wisest thing for you, young friends, to fill your heads with all the languages of Babel, but carry the same amount of determination which he exhibited into whatever sphere of labor or study may engage your attention, and like him you shall reap an exceeding great reward.

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### "I WOULD LIVE BETTER."

DR. NOTT,\* the venerable President of Union College, in addressing the pupils of that institution, said :

"I have been young, and now am old ; and in review of the past, and the prospect of the future, I declare unto you, beloved pupils, were it permitted me to live my life over again, I would, by the help of God, from the very outset, live better. Yes, from the very outset I would frown upon vice ; I would favor virtue and lend my influence to advance whatever would exalt and advance human nature, alleviate human misery, and contribute to render the world I live in like the heaven to which I aspire, the abode of innocence and felicity."

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EDUCATION is the *drawing out*, and *instruction* is the *putting in* of ideas. *Teaching* is the *communication* of knowledge, *learning* is the *reception* of it.

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\* Dr. Nott was born in June, 1778, consequently is now over *eighty-one* years of age. In 1804 he was chosen President of Union College, at a time when it had only *fourteen* pupils. Since that period his history has been intimately identified with that institution, and he still continues in the active discharge of his duties.

FAINT, YET PURSUING.

"Daily duties paid  
Hardly at first, at length will yield repose  
To the sad mind that studies to perform them."

Worn and heavy-laden pilgrim,  
With life's many cares oppressed,  
With a saddened heart and weary,  
Longing painfully for rest,  
Look beyond thine earthly care  
To the crown of endless life,  
And with patient heart and earnest  
Bear the sorrow and the strife.

In the constant round of duty  
Faithfully perform the part,  
Do and bear what Jesus bids thee  
With a steadfast, trusting heart.  
Thou canst hardly feel the burden  
Which He calls on thee to bear,  
While thy heart springs up beneath it,  
Like the light, elastic air.

Thou mayst show thy soul's devotion,  
When all weary and depressed,  
Still performing, still enduring  
All the Father's high behest.  
Thou must say, "O blessed Jesus,  
While life's weary course I run,  
Guide Thou still my faltering footsteps,  
Not my will but Thine be done."

Traveler o'er life's checkered pathway  
In the sunshine or the shade,  
Following still the call of duty,  
Seek thy Father's hourly aid.  
He will lead thee and uphold thee  
Till thy weary journey ends,  
And thy soul, at rest forever,  
To His blessed throne ascends.

BROOKLYN, Dec., 1854.

M. E. A.

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SECTARIANISM, when carried to extremes, is a miserable, short-sighted prejudice. It is like hating your neighbor because he eats oysters roasted, when you prefer them in the shell. Opinions may differ, but truth remains unchanged.

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

"I NEVER CAN UNDERSTAND IT."

BY C. A. BURDICK.

I WANT to give up studying Algebra, Mr. Jones."

"Why do you wish to give up the study of Algebra, James?"

"Because it is so hard; I am sure I never can understand it."

"James, are you willing to acknowledge, then, that you are inferior in ability to the other members of your class, and a thousand other boys who study Algebra, and *understand* it, too?"

"No, not exactly. I think I can commit lessons to memory quicker than some of my classmates. George and I have tried several times to see who could get our lesson in Grammar quickest, and I have always come out ahead; but he can understand Algebra much better than I can."

"Yes, I am aware that you can learn more easily than George; yet he almost always has his lessons learned perfectly, and understands them well. Now what, do you suppose, is the difference between you and George?"

"I can not tell."

"Well, I will tell you wherein I think the difference principally consists. You are quicker at committing to memory than he, and what you *do* understand is obtained with less study than he is obliged to bestow on the same thing; but what he lacks in mental activity, he more than makes up by patient and persevering application to study. He has needed very little assistance in overcoming the difficulties in his lessons; for when he finds any thing hard to understand, he studies long and patiently until he masters it.

"I know several men who, when boys at school, were considered dull, and in fact were much behind many of their schoolmates in their capacity to learn, yet who, having perseverance, and being determined to succeed, became thorough scholars, and now occupy positions of honor and usefulness, and are widely known and esteemed. On the other hand many of their schoolmates who possessed greater natural abilities, yet from a want of perseverance and energy obtained only a smattering of an education, are now scarcely known or heard of beyond the limits of their immediate neighborhoods.

\* Remember that you are expected to learn only one thing at a time ; that the most difficult branches of science are made up of short and successive steps, or principles, which may be mastered, each in its order, by the most ordinary mind. You must not think because you find many things in Algebra that are hard for you to understand, that therefore you can *never* understand them. Exercise your whole energies in getting the mastery over *one* difficulty, and then another, and another ; and thus you will arrive at the end of the book with a thorough knowledge of the whole ; and the strength of mind you will thus have acquired will enable you to proceed with a still harder study.

“ What would you think of a person who should stand at the base of a high tower, and look up at the top, sighing, and wishing himself there, and yet say, ‘ I never can reach it, it is ~~so~~ high,’ when there is a winding stairway by which he might easily reach the summit by patiently ascending one step at a time ?

“ You have the examples of many eminent men to encourage you in making persevering efforts to overcome the most difficult obstacles which you may find in your way.

“ I once read about a boy in Scotland who was a good example of patient industry in study. A rich man one day found a scientific book, in Latin, on the grass in his garden, and inquired to whom it belonged. He was told that it was young Edmund’s, a son of a poor man who worked in his garden. Great was his surprise to find that the son of the gardener could read Latin, and understand such a book. He said to him, ‘ How came you to know all these things ?’ The young man, who was then but eighteen years old, replied, ‘ A servant taught me to read ten years ago. Does any one need to know any more than the twenty-six letters, to learn every thing else he wishes ?’

“ Edmund went on to say : ‘ I first learned to read when the masons were at work on your house. Standing by them one day, I observed that the builder used a compass, and that he made figures on a slate. I asked what was the use of doing so, and was told that by learning Arithmetic, which enabled him to do this, I could do the same. So I bought a book and learned Arithmetic. I was told there was another science, called Geometry ; and getting the proper books, I learned that too. By reading, I found there were good books in Latin which taught Arithmetic and Geometry. So I bought a dictionary, and learned Latin. I understood, still further, that there were good books of the same kind in French ; I



bought a dictionary, and learned French. This, sir, is what I have done. It seems to me that we can learn every thing, when we know the twenty-six letters of the alphabet.'

"Edmund Stone became a very learned man, and a distinguished writer of books. Remember such examples, James, and dismiss the notion that you can never understand any study with the help of a teacher."

'This conversation between James and his teacher was not without profit to the pupil; he commenced studying with a zeal entirely new to him, and not only mastered Algebra, but became a thorough scholar in the higher mathematics. May those who read this also receive a useful lesson from it, and remember that patient perseverance will enable them to *understand* and *learn any thing*.

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#### "TRY AGAIN; THERE IS NO REMAINDER."

THE following instructive incident, which is related in the *Lady's Christian Annual*, we commend to the thoughtful attention of our young readers, as particularly appropriate for them.

When I was a lad, just after I had commenced the puzzling study of Arithmetic, I one day had occasion to seek the teacher's aid in solving a "question." It was in Division, and cipher as I would, I could not get an "answer without a remainder." After trying for two long hours, I took my slate, marched up to the desk, and handed it to the teacher. He looked at the work, said not a word, wrote something on the slate and handed it back to me.

Vexed and out of patience with his cool indifference, I returned to my seat, and after indulging in some very rebellious thoughts against him, I read the writing. It was, "*Try again; there is no remainder.*" The silent but expressive sentence gave me more assurance than if he had spoken it a dozen times. It inspired me with confidence. I did try again, and again, and after repeated exertions I succeeded in obtaining a correct result without a remainder. I felt proud of that boyish triumph, and when I again laid my slate before the master, I was amply rewarded with an approving smile and encouraging words.

These six words were stamped indelibly upon my memory, and ever afterward, when apparent difficulty stared me in the face in any undertaking, they recurred to me. Right there before me, with my mind's eye, I can see them on the slate, every word, every let-

ter, distinctly, and I take fresh courage, and "try again." Those words were the talisman to all I have ever accomplished. They are not cherished because of their authorship. The crabbed little schoolmaster that wrote them was the least beloved by me of all my youthful instructors, and yet he wrote six words that are engraved in my heart.

We need hardly add a word of application to the above, for you all know that we would teach and encourage you to "try again," and thus overcome all obstacles in the path of knowledge.



### WILLING TO LEARN.

**W**HEN you are attempting to teach a dog any new art or accomplishment, it is a great thing to have him willing to learn. It is the same, in fact, if it is a girl or a boy that is the pupil. Sometimes, however, when you are attempting to teach a dog, he shows very plainly that he does not wish to learn. If you have got him har-

nessed into a little carriage, and wish to teach him to draw, he will stop and seem very unwilling to proceed, and perhaps sit right down on the ground ; or, if he has a chance to do so, he will run off and hide in the bushes.

I was taking a walk once on the margin of a stream, and I met some boys who were attempting to teach their dog to dive into the water after sticks and such things ; and the dog was so unwilling to make the attempt, that they were obliged every time to take him up and throw him in.

I have known children to behave just in this way in learning to read or to write. They come to the work reluctantly, and get away from it as often and as quick as they can. But it was not so with Bruno, Lorenzo's dog. He was glad to learn any thing that the boys were willing to teach him.

At ~~one~~ time a boy took it into his head to teach him to walk up a flight of steps backward. Though at first he found it very difficult to do, yet he soon succeeded in going up very well.

If any boy who reads this story should make the attempt to teach his dog to go up steps backward, and should find the dog unwilling to learn, he will know at once how hard it is for his teacher to teach him to write or to calculate, when he takes no interest in the work himself. If he then imagines that his dog were as desirous of learning to go up the steps backward as he is to teach him, and were willing to try, and thinks how easy it would be in that case to accomplish the object, he will see how much his own progress in study would be promoted by his being cordially interested himself in what he is doing.

I am always surprised when I find a dog willing to learn, and am still more surprised when I find a child that is not willing. A dog learns for the benefit of his master, a child learns for his own benefit.

I knew a dog who was taught to go to market. His master would put the money and a memorandum of the things that were to be bought in the basket, and the dog would then carry the basket to market by the handle, which he held in his mouth, then the market-man would take out the money and the memorandum, and would put in the things that were wanted, and the dog would carry them home.

There is no necessity for a dog to learn any thing that he requires for himself. He has to study and learn only for the benefit of his master. It is very different from this with a child. When a child

is in his earliest infancy, he is the most ignorant and helpless being imaginable: he can not speak, he can not walk; he can not stand; he can not even creep along the floor. Besides, he *knows* nothing.

Of course, to fit such a child to perform the duties of a man in such a busy world as this, he has a great many things to learn. And he must learn every thing himself. His parents can not learn for him. His parents can *teach* him; that is, they can show him how to learn, but they can not learn for him. When they show him how to learn, if he will not learn, and if they can not contrive any means to make him learn, there is an end of it. They can do no more. He must remain ignorant.

There are a great many things which it is very important for children to know, that they never would learn of themselves. These they must be taught, and taught very patiently and carefully. Reading is one of these things, and Writing is another. Then there is Arithmetic, and all the other studies taught in schools. Some children are sensible enough to see how important it is that they should learn all these things, and are not only willing, but are glad to be taught them. Others are unwilling to learn. They are sullen and ill-humored about it. They will not make any cordial and earnest efforts. The consequence is, that they learn very little. But then, when they grow up, and find out how much more other people know and can do than they, they bitterly regret their folly.

Some children, instead of being unwilling to learn what their parents desire to teach them, are so eager to learn, that they ingeniously contrive ways and means to teach themselves. I once knew a boy, whose parents were poor, so that they could not afford to send him to school, and he went as an apprentice to learn the trade of shoe-making. He knew how important it was to study Arithmetic, but he had no one to teach him, and, besides that, he had no book, and no slate, and no pencil. He, however, contrived to borrow an Arithmetic, and then procured a large *shingle* and a piece of chalk, to serve for slate and pencil.

Thus provided, he went to work by himself in the evenings, ciphering in the chimney-corner by the light of the kitchen fire. Of course he met with great difficulties; but he persevered, and by industry and patience, and by such occasional help as he could obtain from the persons around him, he succeeded, and went regularly through the book. That boy afterward, when he grew up, became a senator.

Some things are very difficult to learn, and children are very often displeased because their parents and teachers insist on teaching them such difficult things. But the reason is, that the things that are most difficult to learn are usually those that are most valuable to know.

Once I was in the country, and had occasion to go into a lawyer's office to get the lawyer to make a writing for me about the sale of a piece of land. It took the lawyer about half an hour to make the writing. When it was finished, and I asked him how much I was to pay, he said one dollar. I paid him and went out. At the door was a laborer sawing wood. He had been sawing there all the time that I had been in the lawyer's office. I asked him how long he had to saw wood to earn a dollar.

"All day," said he. "I get just a dollar a day."

Now some persons might think it strange, that while the lawyer, sitting quietly in his office by a pleasant fire, and doing such easy work as writing, could earn a dollar in half an hour, that the laborer should have to work all day to earn the same sum. But the explanation of it is, that while the lawyer's work is very easy to do after you have learned how to do it, it is very *difficult to learn*. It takes a great many years of long and patient study to become a good lawyer, so as to make writings correctly.

On the other hand, it is very easy to learn to saw wood. Any body that has strength enough to saw wood can learn to do it very well in two or three days. Thus the things that are the most difficult to learn are, of course, best paid for when they are learned; and parents wish to provide for their children the means of living easily and comfortably in future life, by teaching them, while they are young, a great many difficult things. The foolish children, however, are often ill-humored and sullen, and will not learn them. They would rather go and play.

It is very excusable in a dog to evince this reluctance to be taught, but it is wholly inexcusable in a child.—*Harper's Story Books.*

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**LITTLE KINDNESSES.**—Small acts of kindness, how pleasant and desirable they make life. Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad, a trifling kindness drives sorrow away, and makes our pathway cheerful and pleasant. Who will not do a kind act? It costs nothing, yet is invaluable.

## Microscopic Views.—No. 8.

## A HOME-MADE SOLAR MICROSCOPE.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

CHILDREN, you see we are not shut out of nature's beautiful workshop by the cold, the winds, or the snow. So far from it, the snow itself presents a new type of beauty in its many-shaped crystals, that to the common eye are invisible amid the feathery mass. If Willie will bring me his burning-glass I will show you the way I make my Solar Microscope."

"You make a Solar Microscope, Uncle George?"

"Certainly; after the lenses are made, it is but a simple matter to put them together. You can get for fifty cents the small lens; the burning-glass for a shilling, and a looking-glass for twenty-five cents; and any boy can then make the instrument which I shall describe. You notice if I hold this burning-glass in the sun, that it forms a focus six inches from the glass; that is the place where the condensed rays cross, and the greatest light and heat are found. This is called the 'focal distance.'"

"Yes, Uncle George, we learned that in the Natural Philosophy."

"I suppose so; but here's little Johnny, he has not studied so far yet. Now I will take one of my very small lenses, and you will see its focal distance is but one fourth of an inch. Here I have a tube which is made of tin, but pasteboard is good enough; and paper cut in strips, rolled on a smooth, round stick of the proper thickness, pasting it as you roll, and letting it dry, and then pasting on more strips till it is thick enough, will make a better tube than pasteboard."

"Oh, now I see, partly—you fasten this burning-glass in the end of the tube, and that throws the light in one little spot near the other end; but I don't know how we are going to see the things."

"I will show you, Willie. At this end of the tube I set my small lens just far enough from the other glass to let the focus of this meet the focus of that, that being of six inches and this a quarter of an inch, focal distance, the whole length between the glasses—"

"Is six inches and a quarter, of course."

"Yes, Johnny; and you see this long hole cut on the sides of my tube, a little wider than the glass slides of my objects, and directly opposite the united foci (the plural of focus)."

"I see ; that's when you hold the object to magnify, isn't it ?"

"You are right ; and since I could not *hold* it still, and continually, I have here a short tube which slides within the first, and covers up the long opening in that, except in this one narrow slit in the middle ; this just admits the slide, and by the ends of the slide I can move the inner tube forward or back to bring the object into the precise focus of the little lens. As the slit is longer than the width of the slide I can slip the object up and down in it, to bring all parts into the light. You see now by the wide opening in the outer tube I can make the horizontal motion to and fro, and by the narrow one in the inner tube I can make the perpendicular motions. Those are all that is necessary to bring any small object to the center, where the light falls."

"And now are you going to shut us up in the dark with that big shutter ? We haven't been naughty !"

"You'll find it a very pleasant punishment, if you have ; but I am not going to shut out the light yet, till I show how I let the light in where I need it through this tube. See here, in the shutter I have a hole and a socket in which to slip my tube. When it is set in, there is a little motion possible by means of the universal joint of the socket."

"What's a universal joint, Uncle George ?"

"One that can be moved in every direction. Here, stick this pencil into that apple, and then clasp your hand round the apple, letting the pencil come out between your thumb and forefinger. There, you see the apple will turn about in the hollow of your hand and let the pencil turn in every direction ; but there is no way to get the apple out while the hand is closed. That's a universal joint. Make a hole through the apple, and put this reed through, and you have the principle of my tube exactly. Wherever the light is, it must come *straight* through the tube, and as it is always changing its place with the sun, I wish to have this power of keeping up with it for awhile."

"And what, when the sun runs clean off, farther than this joint will move ?"

"Here, I manage that by this mirror on the outside of the shutter, for we'll hardly find the sun so obliging as to look directly in at our tube. This looking-glass, you notice, is about four inches wide and eight inches long, and is fastened on a stiffly-jointed arm, which drives snugly into the shutter through this euger-hole. The joint in the elbow of this arm is a simple mortice and tenon, and is made

so that the mirror, when its flat surface is up, may rise and fall, which gives it more or less inclination or slant as it may need."

"But what if the sun is not just opposite the window, that trap-door motion will not throw the light."

"Well suggested, Willie; but here is the provision for that; this arm will move in the auger-hole through which it is fitted in the shutter; by twisting it over you can set the face of the mirror toward any part of the sky from sunrise to sunset; then by the elbow you can set it high or low to catch the sun."

"O yes, I see it all; and I could make all that, I guess."

"I presume so, Willie, and perhaps some ingenious boy will contrive a better way, for this is only the experiment of a bigger boy than you; it is just as I left it many years ago. Now we'll put the shutter in the window."

"O how dark! why, I can see nothing. Where's Fanny?"

"I am here, little boy; but now I guess Uncle George has caught himself, he has his shutter up, and how is he to get at his looking-glass, out doors there, at the second-story window?"

"I suppose he'll borrow a ladder, and go outside and set it. Why, it lightens! Oh, you have a little door there in the shutter, to put your arm out of, I see."

"Now we are ready to see what *can* be seen. About ten feet from the window I will hang this thin, smooth cotton sheet, and on that throw the images of what we would examine. You may sit either before it or behind it, as it is so transparent that the object is quite as clear one side as the other. The first thing I will put in to show the operation, before we come to our crystallizations, shall be this flea."

"It's total darkness now. Oh, you have your hand over the hole, and there I see a little flea in the palm of your hand!"

"All right—stand from under as I take my hand away."

"Why!" "Oh!" "My!" "Why, how that startled me! but isn't he beautiful?"

"Isn't he terrible? he is taller than a horse, and those monstrous, great, thorny legs with their awful claws—they make me shudder; ugh!"

"But, Fanny, see what glorious colors! he is a flea of gold, clouded like sunset!"

"Well, luckily we have a cloudless day, and as it's only ten o'clock in the morning, we shall have the best time in the day for our crystals."



LEARN TO SPELL.

A FEW years ago a teacher of a country school said to one of his pupils, who was extremely careless about his spelling, "John, you will soon become a man, and will have to write letters of business; what will you do then if you do not learn to spell better?" "Oh, I'll put easy words in my letters," he replied.

John did not try to improve much, and he left the school a most awkward speller. What became of him we never heard, but while reading a letter which was received a few weeks since, by a merchant in New York, we were reminded of John and his very bad spelling. This letter must have been written by some one who, like him, did not learn to spell while a school-boy. But we will publish it, that our readers may see how well the heedless and inattentive boy, that did not learn at school, could spell even "easy words" since he became a man, and has to write letters. Here is the letter:

"—— VILLAGE, TOMPKINS Co., Nov. 4, 1854.

"Mr. V. and Com. Deer Sur, i am round the kentry kinsiderabel a cellin an nu invented yanke blad churn, made of stun, witch allers kepes clene and swete and dont want no skowrin, i have traded in Oct. 273 ov them churns for munny and truk, an i hav bin a thinkin o goin inter the bge an chicken bisnes ginurely an some on my nabors tould me u was advancin on truk, neow i kin cend deown bi the eri rale rode weakly, sum vensun, buter and egs, wat der u think buk weet wil fech.

"Clovur sede an wule kin be got for redy munny, how du u think i wud do on huny and beswax. thar is a hepe ov turkees and geas and sum dux, hoges haint a goin to get very fat on akount o no corne. thar wil be more shotes than larje hoges dride apels an peeches an apel sas wil be plentee, buter and chees is hi, sufin kin be dun in herkry nuts an mapel shugar an som kuntry make ov saseges, wat are tha wurth, farm stok is lo, yung criters is a celen at enny price, wat is lasis duin with u, wat kin u du in pelts and caf skins, sheep tha ar kilin on em of, on akount ov them bein to costive to kepe in the wintur, things in genril wil be high in the pervision line, how much munny kin u spar me to trad with in the abuv, on wat kin u advanc me on the kine ef pervisions i have namid, plesse to rite me an let me no.

respectively,

"Mr. Vamber ure carman nose me."

After seeing this letter we trust that none of our young readers will neglect learning to spell. We would here suggest that to copy it, spelling all the words correctly, using capital letters and punctuation marks in their proper places, would be an excellent lesson in spelling. Try it, and let your teachers or parents see how well you can succeed.

Bad spelling is discreditable. He that will not learn to spell the language that is on his tongue and before his eyes every hour, shows very poor aptitude for the duties of an intelligent, observing man. Bad spelling indicates a blundering, man that can not see with his eyes open. We have known men who occupied prominent positions in the world so ashamed of their deficiency in this respect, that they seldom ventured to send a letter till it had been revised by a friend. This certainly is very inconvenient, to say the least.

Again we say, do not neglect learning to spell. Keep your eyes open when you read, and if a word is spelled different from your mode, ascertain which is right. Keep your dictionary by you, and when writing should you have any doubts about the spelling of a word, look for it at once, and remember how it is spelled. Do not let carelessness or laziness prevent you from attending to this matter thoroughly.

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#### A SHREWD MINISTER.

A MINISTER had traveled far to preach to a congregation. After the sermon, he had waited very patiently expecting some of the brethren to invite him home to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One and another departed, until the house was almost empty. Summoning resolution, however, he walked up to an elderly-looking gentleman, and gravely said :

"Will you go home with me to dinner to-day, brother?"

"Where do you live?"

"About twenty miles from this."

"No," said the man, coloring, "but *you* must go home with me to dinner."

"Thank you; I will, cheerfully."

After that time the minister was no more troubled about his dinner.

## Children's Department.

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"WILL THE LORD MAKE ME OVER AGAIN?"

**F**AR up toward the mouth of the Mississippi River, in Minnesota, is a place called St. Anthony. Along the banks of the river, in that region, are many high banks or hills, called bluffs.

It is amid these scenes that Jabez lives. He is a little boy about five years of age, and has a little brother, younger than himself, whose name is Martin. One of these bluffs, or hills, near their home, is about sixty feet high.

One day, last summer, Jabez thought he would climb to the top of this. His little brother attempted to follow, for he wished to do whatever he saw Jabez do.

This bluff was very steep, and when Martin saw Jabez at the top, and himself half way up and alone, he became frightened, and began to call his brother to come down and help him. Jabez started to go down, when his foot slipped and he slid to the bottom, over the loose stones.

The mother ran to the relief of her venturesome boys, and found Jabez badly bruised, though not seriously injured. She asked him what he thought when he was tumbling over the stones.

"Oh," said he, "I thought I should almost break my neck; but would not the Lord have made me over again if I had been killed?"

"No," replied his mother; "if you had been killed by the fall, I should have had no little Jabez—the Lord would not have made you over again." On hearing this he looked very sad and thoughtful; he promised his mother that he would be more careful in future, and try to avoid dangerous places.

This, my young friends, is a true story, and I wish you to learn a lesson from it. You, my reader, are now climbing the great bluff of life. You have commenced learning lea-

sons of usefulness. All these can be mastered, step by step, and the summit may be attained by constant perseverance. But if you look idly around you, or loiter by the way, you may lose your footing. If you form any bad habits, such as lying, swearing, or playing with bad boys, you may, like Jabez, fall down the bluff, bruised and lame.

Be honest, truthful, and faithful, and earnest to gain the honors and rewards of the persevering student, and your footing will be safe; but if you stoop to idleness, or mean, dishonest acts, you may fail to attain the bright rewards. If you neglect to learn to do right, and to get a good education while young, you must always do without it. "The Lord will not make you over again."

Only once are the golden opportunities given you to cultivate your mind. If you do not improve these, you will lose your footing on the bluff of life. No, sad thought! Opportunities wasted—a youth-time squandered in idleness or the pursuit of vain pleasures, and it is lost forever. "The Lord will not make you over again."

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## THE TWO VOICES.

**I** KNEW a child who, at an early age, loved to hear about the silent voices. His dark eye would sparkle with intense delight when I asked him what voice he heard in his heart.

I had told him that when disposed to do any thing wrong, if he would stop and listen, and think, he would always hear something that would say in his heart that he must not do it; and that was his conscience, which was God's voice, and which he must always be sure to obey, wherever he might be.

And when he heard another voice tempting him to do wrong, and urging him to disobey, it was the wicked spirit, and he must not listen for a moment.

I was truly gratified with the influence which a knowledge of conscience seemed to have over him, and could not but

rejoice that such voices were given to us that we may ever know the right way.

I was very busy one Saturday afternoon, and had not seen the children for some time, but thought that they were still in the yard at their play, as they had never left it without permission.

Very soon Willie made his appearance, looking as if he had something of great interest to tell me. I called him, and he instantly began: "Mother, I ran away this afternoon, and never stopped to ask my conscience. I did not think of it till I got almost there, and then I heard it say, 'You have done wrong; you must not go from home without first asking leave;' and, mother, I turned right about and minded the voice, and came home as soon as ever I could."

I kissed his dear cheek, and commended his returning, with tears of joy that God's voice had been heard amid strong temptation, and been obeyed by my little child.—  
*Selected.*

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#### HERBERT AND HIS APPLE.

**H**ERBERT is very fond of apples, and when his father brings him some home, his face shows by its merry smiles how pleased he is to receive such a present.

One day he was ill, and could not eat an apple which had been given him, but the next morning he found it on his plate at breakfast. Herbert has two sisters and two brothers. He cut the apple in quarters, and gave one to each, reserving none for his own share.

George cut a small piece from the quarter which had been given him, and returned the greater part of it to his little brother, saying, "You gave me a part of your apple, I must give you part of mine." Herbert begged George to keep it, but he declined.

Do you not suppose Herbert enjoyed this apple, divided with his brothers and sisters, more than he would have done if he had not given any of it away?

# Editor's Table.

## NEW YEAR.

**A**T the parting with the Old Year, and the greeting of the New, it is common to indulge in reflections inspired by the occasion. It is well that these habits were taught us in childhood, else we fear too many of us, amid the hurry and strife of business and the ever pressing cares of life, might forget to turn aside our thoughts, even once a year, and examine our own hearts, and the motives which are urging us forward in life. Such seasons are fitting periods for self-examination; and we rejoice in having been taught to pause on the threshold of each New Year to see that our steps were treading that road on the journey of life which would lead to usefulness and happiness.

These periods afford us an opportunity for adopting good resolutions for the future, and for striking a balance-sheet with the influences of our good and bad acts, and aspirations during the past, and also a time for a fixed determination that on whichever side may have fallen the balance of our influence heretofore, that henceforth, with God's help, it shall be on the side of virtue, truth, purity, and whatever will tend to enhance the welfare and improvement of our fellow-beings. With such sentiments we would that our readers might enter upon the duties of this new year, and realize the blessings and joys flowing from duties well performed. And may we not hope that all of you, young and old, will improve the present year in adding to the stores of your knowledge by study, and the reading of such books and periodicals as will furnish you with the most useful instruction.

In conclusion, let us ask you to persuade some of your acquaintances, who have not been in the habit of reading much, to begin this year. Get them to subscribe for a good magazine, or buy a good book, and if you can thus succeed in enkindling a taste in their minds for wholesome reading, it may be the means of giving them many Happy New Years.

**A CONTRAST.**—The following letters, both received on the same day, remind us of a copy which was common in the writing-books in our school-going days—“Many men of many minds, etc.” We publish these letters, *verbatim et literatim*, leaving them to speak for themselves as to the ability of the judges of **THE STUDENT**.

“Dear Sir, If you will please to discontinue the *Student* you will confer a favour upon me. Although it is a most excellent periodical for young persons, as good if not better than any other I ever saw, But allow me to say that it is to Small Potatoes for me. Yours &c. S. B., Palatine, Ill.”

“Dear Sir:—I have a daughter now fifteen years of age for whom I commenced taking **THE STUDENT** several years ago, and she thinks she is not yet old enough to do without it; and indeed I should hardly be willing to deny myself the pleasure and profit of reading it, for I find something valuable in each number. Although over sixty years of age I am not quite old enough to dis-

pense with it in my family. I have also a grandson, and three other young friends in the State of Illinois to whom I ordered it sent last year, and to whom I wish it continued, for which I inclose four dollars.

Respectfully yours,

H. C., Sharon Center, O."

READING.—We cheerfully give place to the following thoughts on reading, from Mr. J. W. Friess, and would commend them to our younger readers, as well as to teachers.

The thoughtful scholar will often ask himself, "How can I improve more rapidly in Reading?" and he will endeavor to analyze the means, and make himself master of each of the elements. Good reading is a great accomplishment, and one not likely to be over-valued. Our firesides glow more pleasantly if we enjoy them with some pleasant book, rendered to us by the low, sweet music of a well-loved voice. No attraction will draw us to the home circle surer and better than that of good reading. Yet for this a taste must be cultivated if we would enjoy reading to the utmost.

Reading is the vocal expression of written language. By it the thoughts that sleep in the printed characters are clothed with life, beauty, and grace, and rise up to our minds as things of reality. Stirring thoughts communicated to us in stirring tones become living motors, spurring us to action. *A good reader must comprehend his subject.* This is the first principle.

Spoken language, as well as written, has its elements. Unfortunately, however, the two do not always coincide, yet the written must suggest the spoken. For a pleasant, smooth flow of language, all the spoken elements must be clearly and fully given, so that the hearer shall be at no effort to comprehend what is said. This gives us the second principle of good reading: *Distinct Enunciation.*

A reader who comprehends his subject will doubtless be acquainted with the the correct pronunciation of words. If not, he must consult the Pronouncing Dictionary. His orthoepy must be faultless. An incorrect pronunciation or wrong accent grates harshly on an educated ear. If our language were written on a phonetic basis, this direction would be useless, since every word would then have its spoken elements presented to the eye.

Another principle of good reading is *Inflection*. Observe two persons in conversation. There is no stiffness or rigidity in their tones. They have ideas to express, and they modulate the voice in correspondence to those ideas. "Will you go with me, there?" is spoken with the voice running half up the diatonic scale. "It is impossible?" is replied with a full accent that shows the speaker is in earnest. The good reader will give the same inflections to those words, the same accent, and tone, as are given by the speaker. The ear tires of a monotone. So the muscles of the larynx weary if only one set are used. By changing and modulating the voice, then, both the reader and hearer are relieved.

Not only should the voice be flexible when reading on any particular pitch, but the pitch itself should frequently be changed. In reading-classes it is an excellent exercise, occasionally, to read a sentence first on a very low pitch, then repeat it a little higher, and continue so to do till it is read as high as the voice will bear. In family reading, the reader will find, when growing weary, a ready relief by reading a little higher or a little lower than his ordinary pitch.

*Emphasis* is highly important as an element of graceful reading. Spoken language, as dropped from the lips of an orator, is almost as rhythmical as poetry. He has his accented and unaccented syllables, and to the ear the former

seem to occur at almost regular intervals. There is a distinction between emphasis and accent; the former being more properly applied to words in a sentence, and the latter to syllables in a word. Accent will secure the grace of rhythm, while emphasis causes the thoughts to stand prominently forth.

Emphatic words are often rendered more prominent by the rhetorical pause. Pauses are a highly important element in reading. The thought is rather to be consulted in using them than the punctuation marks. Haste is to be avoided; and the sense should be fully expressed by the tones and modulations of the speaker. There is one general rule for Reading, arising from its definition, and covering all others. It consists of but four words:

#### READ AS YOU SPEAK.

There are the graces of reading that can never be taught by rules, which yet are essential to the good reader. His tones should vary with the sentiment. A sort of waving inflection should run through each sentence. Notice closely, and you will see this in the common conversation of individuals. It is too often dropped when they take a book to vocalize its thoughts. Their tones become cramped and artificial. They lose the flexibility of voice which a moment before was so pleasurable. They forget the general rule: Read as you speak.

We repeat, then, the principles of good reading comprehend an apprehension of the subject; distinct enunciation of the vocal elements; correct orthoepy; proper inflection; variety of intonation; emphasis to express fully each sentiment; attention to pauses; and lastly, those nameless graces which enliven speech. To read well one must have a mind in unison with the subject. His general knowledge should cover the meaning of the words; their delicate allusions; all the author intended to convey. It is almost literally true, that "a good reader should know every thing."

## Our Museum.

**J**ANUARY signifies the beginning, or first month. When Rome was founded, March was considered the first month of the year. The Emperor Numa Pompilius introduced January and February, and changed the beginning of the year from March to January. In Great Britain the year began with the 25th of March until 1752, a little more than one hundred years ago, when it was changed by the government to commence with the 1st of January.

**FAULTS IN PRONUNCIATION.**—*Fearling*—a young ox or cow, when a year old, is a yearling. This word is frequently pronounced erroneously "*yurlin*." If our readers will remember that it is derived from *year* and *ling*, signifying little, young, they may easily learn to pronounce it correctly—*year-ling*.

*Ewe* is another word so commonly pronounced "yow" in some parts of the country, that when children first see "ewe"—the proper word for a female sheep—in their reading lessons, they have no idea that it means an animal which is as common on the farm. Ewe is properly pronounced *yū*, not "yow" nor "eu."

*Six shillings* is erroneously pronounced *six-shillin*. Remember that the word is *shilling* in the singular, and *shillings* in the plural. Some persons say *mornin*, *evenin*, *goin*, *meetin*, *hearin*. Correct speakers never omit the *g* in such words.



Pins and needles have points, not pint. A pint is half of a quart.

We shall probably allude to this subject again ; and in the mean time hope all our readers will remember to pronounce correctly all the words we have here spoken about.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—Notwithstanding it is generally believed that Daniel De Foe was the author of the well-known story of "Robinson Crusoe," there is said to be good reason for believing that the first volume was written by Lord Oxford, while a prisoner in the Tower of London, as an amusement during his confinement. He gave the manuscript to De Foe, with permission to publish it as his own. Encouraged by the success of this, De Foe himself wrote the second volume, some parts of which, however, were dictated by Lord Oxford. This origin of that popular story will account for the generally acknowledged inferiority of the second volume.

The real history of Alexander Selkirk, whose solitary abode on the island of Juan Fernandez, for four years and four months, had been previously a subject of general conversation, and its facts, were doubtless the foundation of the adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

REPUBLICS THE CHEAPEST GOVERNMENTS.—The only governments in the world which have an excess of receipts over their expenditures are republics—the United States and Switzerland.

CLASSICAL EDUCATION.—A father, whose little boy was attending a city primary school, remarked, his cheeks glowing the while with paternal pride, that his son was getting a classical education. On being told that the children in the primary department were not taught the classics, he replied, "Aint they all taught in classes? and aint that a classical education?"

VISITING CARDS.—"Will the editor be so kind as to inform several of his lady readers what the letters P. P. C. signify when written upon a visiting card?"

When a person or family is about to remove from a city, or to be absent for some time, it is customary to call upon the friends to take leave. Should those upon whom the call is made not be at home, a card is left with the letters P. P. C. written upon it. These letters stand for *Pour prendre congé*, a French phrase signifying "to take leave." Sometimes the letters T. T. L. (to take leave) are used for the same purpose.

A WOMAN'S ALPHABETICAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—A woman should be Amiable, Benevolent, Charitable, Domestic, Economical, Forgiving, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Kind, Loving, Modest, Neat, Obedient, Pleasant, Quiet, Reflecting, Sober, Tender, Urbane, Virtuous, Wise, X-emplary, Yielding, and Zealous.

What should be a Man's Character and Accomplishments, Alphabetically? It does not seem hardly fair that Woman should receive all the advice on these subjects.

ALMS.—This word has no singular in form, as if to teach us that a solitary act of charity does not deserve the name.

IN WHAT WORLD IS ST. LOUIS?—"One morning," writes a teacher, "I noticed in my school-room a little boy whom I had not seen there before. To the inquiry, 'Have you ever been at school before to-day?' he replied, 'No, ma'am; not in this world, but I have in St. Louis.'"

**ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.**—1. Place four 5's in such a position that they shall equal 6½.

2. Divide the number of 50 into two such parts, that if the greater part be divided by 7, and the less multiplied by 3, the sum of the quotient and the product will make 50.

**THE TROPICS AND POLAR CIRCLES.**—Why are the Tropics placed just twenty three and a half degrees from the Equator, and the Polar Circles the same distance from the poles? Why did not those who made the first geography place these circles at twenty degrees, or some other even number? Will our young students in geography answer this question?

**A COLLEGE INCIDENT.**—In the college days of Royal Tyler, once Governor of Vermont, he was called upon to recite from "Locke on the Understanding," and having failed to commit his recitation, was giving off—he knew not what—*extempore*, when the Professor interrupted him:

"But you don't find that in the book?"

"I know it," said Tyler. "I did not agree with Mr. Locke, and thought I would give my own sentiments on the subject."

**A SCULPTOR'S VALUE OF A WOMAN.**—An English sculptor was once employed to engrave on a tombstone the following:

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

Finding the stone too small, and not thinking the word crown ever to mean any thing but *five shillings*, he abbreviated it in the following manner:

"A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband,"

showing the small estimate he placed upon the value of the fairest portion of creation.

## Literary Notices.

BOOKS noticed in THE STUDENT will be sent, on receipt of the prices given, to any post-office in the United States, free of postage, by N. A. CALKINS, 848 Broadway, New York.

**THE LANDS OF THE SARACEN: Or, Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain.** By Bayard Taylor. Published by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York. 12mo; 451 pages; musical.

This volume comprises the second portion of a series of travels, of which the "Journey to Central Africa," noticed in our November number, is the first; and this is to be followed by a third on India, China, and Japan.

Bayard Taylor is a faithful and popular descriptive writer. One of his charms is simplicity, while he abounds with vivacity and humorous incidents, thus making his pages life-like pictures of whatever interesting scenes he encounters amid his extensive fields of travel. Of "Central Africa" there has been already sold 12,000 copies, and from the additional interest which the present volume pos-

sesses, it will probably have a still larger sale. Price, by mail, postage paid, \$1 30.

**RUTH HALL: A Domestic Tale of the Present Time.** By Fanny Fern. Published by Mason & Brothers, New York. 12mo; 460 pages. Price \$1 25.

To say that "Ruth Hall" is the production of genius, would only be reiterating what everybody knows who has read Fanny Fern's former productions. This last work from her prolific pen is more like a continuous story, yet its style and plans are all Fanny's own, and unlike the common tales of the present day. The chapters are short, and form a series of life-pictures in the history of Ruth Hall, comprising a thrilling and interesting narrative that seems more like an autobiography than a Domestic Tale. Notwithstanding the predilec-

tion of Ruth Hall's brother, that she "will not be heard of out of her own provincial city," thousands will read this volume by their own firesides in towns and hamlets throughout the country, and sigh for the heartlessness in mankind which it exposes, and weep over its many beautiful passages of deeply-touching pathos.

**LEAF OF HORACE GREELEY, Editor of the New York Tribune.** By J. Parton. Published by Mason Brothers, New York. 12mo; 443 pages.

This is no autobiography; indeed, the subject of it did not see a page in manuscript or proof. The author says that the facts and incidents of this biography were obtained from the early friends, relations, and partners of Mr. Greeley, by visiting personally the places where he has resided, and conversing with those who knew him best. From such sources and from his writings has the volume been compiled. It also contains much valuable and interesting information concerning the establishment and management of the daily newspaper press in New York. Though Horace Greeley has many friends, he has also many enemies; but we trust no one can read the history of his life, and of the almost insurmountable obstacles of poverty, losses, and opposition from enemies which he has overcome in reaching his present position, without regarding him with more respect as a man. There are many incidents in his life of indomitable perseverance and hopeful struggles, which may well be pondered upon by the young men in our land. Because of the lessons of undaunted perseverance, and the encouragement for those who would rise above the circumstances which surround them, we would cheerfully commend the perusal of this book. Price, by mail, postage paid, \$1 30.

**THE LADIES' COMPLETE GUIDE TO Crochet, Fancy Knitting, and Needlework.** By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Published by Garrett & Co., 18 Ann Street, New York.

Not possessing the practical knowledge necessary to decide upon the merits of this treatise, we submitted it to the lady who watchfully attends to our needle wants, and have been assured that the book is what it professes to be, "a work containing the clearest and fullest instructions for every species of fancy needlework." It is illustrated with several beautiful patterns. Price 75 cents.

**NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE.** By Cousin Alice. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; 12mo; 167 pages.

This is another, and the best, of Cousin Alice's charming stories for the young. She shows, in this volume, the bravery of a self-reliant, hum-

ble spirit, that shrinks from nothing which is duty, however hard or disagreeable it may seem. The author of this volume possesses the rare faculty of writing as as to interest the old as well as captivate the young in the same story. Price 65 cents.

**THE WANDERERS BY SEA AND LAND, with other Tales.** By Peter Parley. Published by D. Appleton & Co. 12mo; 316 pages. Price \$1 64.

Another volume by the well-known writer for the young, and a companion to the "Fragments for the Fireside," noticed in our last number.

**GENES BY THE WAYSIDE; Or, Religious and Domestic Poems.** By Mrs. Lydia Baxter. Published by Sheldon, Lamport & Blake, New York. 12mo; 233 pages. With a steel engraved portrait of the Authoress. Muslin. Price \$1 00.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember the occasional poems we have published from the pen of Mrs. Baxter. The volume before us is a collection of her poetical productions, published in a beautiful form, and most appropriately dedicated to her husband. They are effusions of the heart, rather than of the imagination, and must prove a most acceptable tribute to her personal friends.

**HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.** A Series of Narratives, Dialogues, Biographies, and Tales for the Instruction and Entertainment of the Young. By Jacob Abbott. Square 12mo; 160 pages, monthly. Published by Harper & Brothers. Price 25 cents, a number, or \$3 00 a year.

Number one of this monthly series is called "Bruno; or, Lessons of Fidelity, Patience, and Self-Denial taught by a Dog." It is beautifully illustrated with numerous engravings, and is destined to become a favorite with the little folks.

**AMERICAN PRINCIPLES ON NATIONAL PROSPERITY.** A thanksgiving Sermon, by Nicholas Murray, D.D. (Kirkman). Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Price 10 cents. We wish it might be read by every American.

**DICKENS' HOUSEHOLD WORDS** is now published by J. A. Dix, No. 10 Park Place, New York. It appears in a new and very neat cover. Volume ten commenced with November. Terms \$3 00 a year.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINES** for this year have commenced with a series of articles and beautiful illustrations of American scenery, life, and manners. It bids fair to eclipse its former attainments, in the interest of its articles and beauty of illustrations.

# HOW THE MATTER AROUND US IS COMPOSED.\*

BY EDWARD L. YOUNG.

THE material objects around us are capable of undergoing three kinds of change: change of *place*, of *form*, and of *nature*. These changes occur in certain regular ways, and by fixed methods, which are called *laws*. It belongs to *Natural Philosophy* to teach us the laws which govern changes of place and form in material things, and to *Chemistry* the laws which control changes in their nature.

Chemistry, therefore, inquires concerning the inner qualities—the interior nature of objects. Its first question is, Of what are these objects composed? They exhibit an infinite diversity of appearance; are they really made up of as many different kinds of matter? Of what consists the countless thousands of varying mineral, vegetable, and animal forms with which our globe is covered? No outward scrutiny, no sagacity of observation will afford an answer to these inquiries. To determine this point the Chemist might resort to experiment. He accordingly subjects all the material objects of nature to a process called analysis. This term is derived from two Greek words, which signify *up or back to its source*, and *to loosen*; and it means the separation of any compound thing into its first or primary elements.

In various ways and by numerous agencies the Chemist submits every accessible object of nature to analytical operations. Most of these objects are in this way separated into new substances; and the products thus derived may often be still further decomposed, giving rise to new and still different kinds of matter. But this process can not be carried on to an indefinite extent. The operator soon reaches a limit beyond which he can not pass; obtains bodies which resist his utmost efforts to separate or decompose them. These are termed elements, simple substances, or ultimate constituents. Any substance which contains more than one of these is known as a compound.

In separating compound bodies into their constituents, the Chemist must resort to the application of force. The powers or forces which he thus employs are various. Heat is the most common. Nearly all vegetable and animal products can be separated into other and different substances by the action of heat. Electricity is a powerful

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\* From the "Chemical Atlas; or, the Chemistry of Familiar Objects"—just published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

decomposer, and often breaks the union of compounds when heat fails. Light, mechanical pressure, and concussion ; the forces residing in living plants and animals, and denominated vital ; and simple contact, as when minerals are acted upon by strong acids, are all capable of producing decomposing effects of greater or less intensity.

If, for example, we send a current of electricity through water under proper circumstances, we decompose or destroy it, and at the same time get two new substances, hydrogen and oxygen, of which the water was composed. But neither a current of electricity sent through hydrogen, nor any other known agency applied to it, is sufficient to effect its decomposition ; and so also with the oxygen.

Marble, to the eye, appears to consist of but one ingredient ; but if strongly heated, as marble is every day in our lime-kilns, it is decomposed or analyzed into two totally unlike substances, quicklime and a gas called carbonic acid. Now if a current of electricity is sent through the lime, it rends it into a silver-white metal, calcium, and oxygen ; and if the carbonic acid be heated under suitable circumstances it is resolved into charcoal and oxygen. But our analytic progress is here arrested. However we may ply these products with the decomposing forces, calcium, oxygen, and charcoal remain unchanged, yielding no new elements.

Chemistry thus divides all bodies into simple and compound, But as all matter has not yet been explored, new elements may still be discovered ; and as we can hardly suppose that our analytic methods have reached perfection, some of the present elements are liable to turn out compounds. In the past progress of the science, bodies once regarded as elementary have been afterward proved compound, and numerous considerations incline chemists to suspect that many now ranked as simple will yet undergo decomposition. Nevertheless, we are now compelled to include as elements all bodies which resist the severest decomposing tests which the skill of the analyst can bring to bear upon them.

The material things about us may thus be likened to a language. We can resolve its literature into sentences, its sentences into words, and words again into letters ; but these are primal symbols, ultimate elements, and with them our analysis ceases. Thus iron, sulphur, carbon, contain each but one kind of matter, and may represent letters. Water contains two different kinds of matter ; oil, three ; crystallized common salt, four ; crystallized alum, five ; and pure white of egg, six ; corresponding to words of two, three, four, five, and six letters.

The resemblance between the composition of natural objects and

that of language may be carried still farther. The literature of our language is made up of an infinite number of varying sentences, and these are composed of many thousands of different words; but when this vast array of words is examined, they are all found to consist of but twenty-six letters. And so the entire alphabet of nature consists of sixty-three or four letters only.

Chemical analysis, which has questioned and tested every material thing within human reach, discloses about sixty-three ultimate elements or simple bodies. From this narrow range has the Almighty Architect selected the materials which compose our globe and all the living beings which inhabit it. From the ponderous masses of rock of which mountains are built, to the fleeting and ethereal atmosphere; from the lowest and simplest forms of vegetable and animal life upward to the most complex and highly endowed orders of living beings, whatever the diversity of their aspects, properties, powers, or functions, they have all been created out of this small number of elementary bodies.

Again, in the structure of words, certain letters occur often, and others but comparatively seldom. Thus, for example, in all words we find one or other of the vowels, while the letter *s* appears but unfrequently. So in the composition of matter certain elements abound, while others are discovered but rarely. If it seem wonderful that the Creator should have formed the world and all its occupants out of sixty-three or four elements, how must it deepen our surprise and admiration when we learn that in carrying forward the grand operations of the globe, He can hardly be said to use more than one fourth of these elements.

By far the greatest portion of terrestrial matter, organic and inorganic, earth, sea, and air, with all their inhabitants, are composed of but twelve or fifteen elements. Nor is this all; for a single elementary substance, oxygen, composes at least one half of the entire terrestrial universe. These marvelous facts give to Chemistry a simplicity which corresponds with its importance. In studying the composition of air and water, of rocks and soil, of our own bodies and the foods which nourish them, in short, the application of Chemistry to vegetable and animal beings, and to that parent of arts and noblest of occupations, agriculture, we find ourselves constantly engaged with the same few elements.

Yet analysis, which has conducted us to these interesting facts, is but half the business of the Chemist. As we can separate sentences and words into letters, so we can put the letters together again and

form words. The Chemist also, when he has analyzed a compound, may often reunite his elements and reproduce his compound. This putting together of elements is the reverse of analysis, and is called *synthesis*. In analysis we pass from complexity to simplicity; in synthesis we turn round as it were, retrace our steps, and go from simplicity to complexity. In the laboratory of nature, as well as in that of art, these operations constantly alternate and frequently proceed together.

In the case of language, we do not merely form such words as have existed before, but may combine the letters so as to make new ones; so in Chemistry we may not only repeat compounds which already exist, but we may create new ones. Thus glass, soap, chloroform are compounds which, so far as we know, are not found in nature, but are products of art. In this direction, the formation of new substances by synthesis of their elements, the possibilities of chemical progress are boundless. It should, however, be always remembered that we have no power of creating new elements, or essentially new matter. We can only produce substances with new properties out of our existing materials.

When we separate these elements from the compound forms in which they most naturally exist, and examine them individually by the artificial methods of the laboratory, we are filled with amazement at the contemplation of the properties with which they are endowed. Apparently quiescent and inactive, they are nevertheless clothed with the mightiest energies. From the inert, torpid, slumberous state they suddenly pass as it were to conditions of wakeful irritability or the extreme of violence; now rushing into vivid and intense combustion, and then furiously exploding with peril and ruin to all around.

It is these seemingly unmanageable and discordant elements that are chosen by the Omnipotent to carry forward the grand phenomena of life and being upon the earth. How simple and yet how mysterious! How numerous the forms and how changing the aspects under which they appear! How dissimilar and opposed the purposes to which they minister! How wonderful their adaptive powers! Guided by His hand, each performs tranquilly its destined office, moves through all the varying phases of decomposition, decay, and death, then rises into new life, takes on the vital form, and passes again through the same round of transformations. Thus bodies which in the Chemist's shop are looked upon as agents of terror, in the laboratory of nature become ministering spirits, as it were to watch, guard, and preserve us.

TRUE LIFE.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

I AM accustomed to look upon the young, whose bosoms beat with the high aspirations of future manliness, with feelings of no ordinary interest. If I should not reverence a noble youth, one glowing with life and buoyancy, with form erect and dignified bearing, one whose spirit shrinks from the commission of unworthy deeds, I must indulge in pride that my country soon may claim service from such a source, or that humanity is to be blest by their labors of love and self-sacrifice.

In a group of such I sometimes fancy that I can see a future Washington, or a mother of that Christian statesman, a Newton, a Franklin, a Howard, or a Jackson. I love to see the germ of greatness and of virtue enlarging and bursting its bands, and to trace the young, in imagination, onward, until I can see them occupying positions of trust and power, taking the places of the benefactors of their race, the Christian philanthropists, and the friends of humanity who have passed off the stage of active life; and like them devoting their lives to the welfare of the human race. I love to watch their throbbing bosoms as they are actuated by noble and generous sentiments, as they fearlessly resolve to pursue a manly and ennobling course, anxious to labor, and to labor arduously for the promotion of virtue and for the happiness of all with whom they are associated.

If my young readers would become useful in life; if they would be respected by the virtuous and good, still more by themselves; if they would be missed, as the virtuous are, when they leave the stones of earth, they must follow in the steps of those who have earned an enviable reputation by a life of usefulness, devoted to the welfare of their fellow-men.

Remember that "*It is not all of life to live,*" that a mere animal existence is unworthy of an immortal being. There are wants to be supplied besides those made known to us by the appetite, something more than the wants of the body. If you seek only these, your aims are no higher than those of the horse, the bird, the fish, and even the swine; for all of these eat and drink, and live a brief life, and then die unlamented and forgotten. These wants, indeed, must be supplied, but their supply should engross only a small portion of our attention. The body should be cared for, should be fed that it may be strong and vigorous, that one may have strength to engage in the



duties of life ; but when one lives only or principally to satisfy the demands of hunger and thirst, and to be "clad in fine raiment," his life is but little, if any, above that of the unthinking, unsympathizing bird, or the trained monkey, arrayed in costly trappings to amuse the frivolous with his antics and freakish capers.

Young man, if you would be a *man* in the largest sense of that term, you have a life of activity before you ; you must tell, positively *not*, not only while at your studies, preparing for future usefulness, but must gird the armor on and go forth to the contest of life, for such it will prove if you are true to yourself, with a bold courage, an undaunted spirit, ever ready to meet opposition, if it need be, with a strong resolve to win the prize, to discharge faithfully your duties under whatever circumstances you may be placed. Raise the standard of excellence and attainment high, then reach it if within your power. Let life be estimated, not by its length in years, but by its labors, by its deeds of charity, by its self-sacrifices, by its devotion to the cause of humanity, and its sympathy for the oppressed and unfortunate. Aim not to become valiant on the battle-field, but to become courageous in opposing wrong. Labor not so much for the decoration of the body as for the improvement of the mind and cultivation of the heart. Seek enjoyment less in boisterous mirth among the gay and heartless, and more in deeds of generosity and love among those in sorrow and in destitution. Each night be able to review a day well spent, mark some progress made, both in knowledge, in sympathy, and in virtue. This will constitute true dignity and true manliness. A life thus spent will cause no pangs at its close, no mourning over squandered moments, and no wish to spread a veil over the past to cover shame and disgraceful deeds.

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### WHEN EXERCISE IS HEALTHFUL.

BY FRANK H. HAMILTON, M. D.

**B**ELIEVING that it is the duty of medical men to teach hygiene, as well as to practice, so that others may learn how to avoid disease, and, indeed, sometimes to cure when it is actually upon them, without resort to drugs, we have determined to write a short chapter on the subject of exercise, and especially horseback exercise.

We assume, and will attempt to illustrate, that all exercise to be healthful must be agreeable. The appetite is not improved nor the

body refreshed by well-digging, nor, indeed—the women will bear me witness—by a week of house-cleaning. Both afford abundant exercise, and perhaps may be practiced even beneficially by those accustomed to severe labor, but neither is calculated to invigorate the man of sedentary habits or the woman of feeble health. It is of little use that the student, or the clerk of the counting-room, makes at evening a long and solitary walk to recall the duties and business of the day; or seeks solitude and the cemetery to meditate upon death; or that he walks in any direction or in any manner, if he does not walk in the right mood. We speak now as a physician, and not as a moralist. "There is a time for all things," and so there is certainly a time for meditation and thought, but it is not when we seek for health in exercise.

Study, whether it is in the closet or the field, exhausts and depresses the body and wearies the nerves; but a hurrah boys, and a wild stampede, a steeple chase over fences and ditches and stones, with an unrestrained shout and laugh, sends the spirits bounding and leaping through the veins, and gives vigor to every function of the body. There is more life in one broad, bursting laugh than in hours of mechanical arm-stretching, such as is usually practiced in boarding schools, and the very name of which, "Calisthenics," cold and technical, is enough to chill the blood. Why not, for humanity's sake, give the poor girls, cribbed and cabined as they are all day by restraints, one hour at least for a "romp?" Instead of marching them about in platoons, and subjecting them to a wearisome, monotonous drill, why are they not let loose in the pasture and permitted to frolic like colts, in a manner natural and unrestrained? Because they are "young ladies," and to romp is inconsistent with the dignity and proprieties of ladies, whether young or old. Very well, let them remain ladies, and grow pale, and thin, and sallow, and feeble, and crooked, and let them die, or outlive many deaths in an existence of ceaseless suffering.

Calisthenics may be very genteel, and romping very ungenteel, but that is the business of those who attend to the "proprieties" of life, and not ours. It is our business to teach that Calisthenics is the shadow and romping the substance of healthy exercise. With this qualification, that when angular, mechanical, formal motions and attitudes can be made entertaining, they also will become in exact proportion substantial modes of exercise. It is thus that archery and gymnastics, differing not greatly from Calisthenics in form, have the advantage in fact, in the emulation they inspire to excel, and the

excitement and pleasure consequent upon this. We protest against the introduction of Calisthenics into schools, because, while it occupies the place, it does not fulfill the indications of useful exercise.

We speak of the necessity of combining amusement with exercise if we would make it healthful. Observe now the power of the mind over the body, illustrated in a familiar case. If, being seated at the table with a good dinner before us, and a good appetite to endorse it, sudden and afflicting intelligence is received, instantly the food is loathed. So in a degree is the stomach prepared to receive and digest food, or the contrary, by every thing which operates pleasantly or unpleasantly upon the mind. Here is the kitchen where the food is put in order for the whole body, and if the work of the kitchen ceases, every member faints for want of sustenance. It is well to know that upon this organ, an organ notoriously sensitive and capricious, we mainly depend for health.

We have walked all day in the performance of professional duties, and felt tired and faint, and have slept without hunger at night; and again we have dragged a hook and line from sunrise to sunset, with indifferent luck and very little exercise, but with plenty of fun, and have returned with a most unreasonable appetite.

A hook and line are good "peptic permaders;" a dog and gun are good; a pleasure yacht is good; the fiddle and dance are good; a wide pasture without halter or harness is good; but a horse, a graceful, spirited horse, we are sure, is better than them all; because, ladies and gentlemen, the mettled horse churns and concusses your body, and especially your sluggish stomach, without fatiguing your miserably frail limbs. Long inaction of the stomach has starved and dried out the life until the legs are scarcely able to lift the body about in the most quiet and careful manner, much less to jolt and tumble the stomach, and place it in a condition to perform its functions well, and soon the wasted limbs will swell and strengthen like the branches of a flourishing tree whose dry roots are refreshed anew with moisture and soil.

Horseback exercise is best, because it can only be taken out of doors, where no ingenious contrivance can shut out two of the most important elements of life—light and air. Air is essential to life, and so is light. Plants turn their petals toward the light, and bend after it with a ceaseless effort, as if conscious that excluded from it their colors fade, their stems become frail and watery, and they perish prematurely. Animals also, deprived of the sun, grow pale, suc-

culent, dropsical, weak, and scrofulous. Whoever grows in the shade becomes a shadow. \* \* \*

We recommend to you a horse. We can not tell you what a horse will cure with that precision and minuteness with which an empiric recounts the diseases which his hobby will infallibly cure, but we are certain that our hobby will reach a great variety of cases; and we believe that a horse, one horse a day, is good for almost every body, whether sick or well, if properly administered, that is, according to the old rule: "When taken, to be well shaken."—*Western Literary Messenger*.

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NOTE THE BRIGHT HOURS ONLY.

A LESSON in itself sublime,  
 A lesson worth enshrining,  
 Is this: "I take no heed of time,  
 Save when the sun is shining."  
 These motto-words a dial bore,  
 And wisdom never teaches  
 To human hearts a better lore  
 Than this short sentence teaches.  
 As life is sometimes bright and fair,  
 And sometimes dark and lonely  
 Let us forget its pain and care,  
 And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart,  
 But has some bird to cheer it;  
 So hope sings on in every heart,  
 Although we may not hear it;  
 And if to-day the heavy wing  
 Of sorrow is oppressing,  
 Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring  
 The weary heart a blessing.  
 For life is sometimes bright and fair,  
 And sometimes dark and lonely;  
 Then let's forget its toil and care,  
 And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,  
 And then forget their glitter;  
 We take the cup of life, and taste  
 No portion but the bitter!  
 But we should teach our hearts to deem  
 Its sweetest drops the strongest;

And pleasant hours should ever seem  
 To linger round us longest.  
 As life is sometimes bright and fair,  
 And sometimes dark and lonely,  
 Let us forget its toil and care,  
 And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night  
 Are just before the morning,  
 Then let us wait the coming light,  
 All boding phantoms scorning,  
 And while we're passing on the tide  
 Of Time's fast ebbing river,  
 Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,  
 And bless the gracious Giver.  
 As life is sometimes bright and fair,  
 And sometimes dark and lonely,  
 We should forget its pain and care,  
 And note its bright hours only.—*Selected.*

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#### BY-AND-BY.

**T**HERE is music enough in these three little words for the burden of a song. They are full of hopes: hopes for the future; hopes felt by many a human heart; hopes bright and glowing in anticipation of the joys of happy days.

By-and-by. Familiar words! We heard them long ago, when but a child ourself, as to a baby-brother just commencing those brief journeys from chair to chair, a mother said, "By-and-by." "By-and-by" lisps the little boy as he looks forward to the time of exchanging his frocks and pantalets for trowsers and jacket. "By-and-by" thinks the youth as the last term of his school-days is ending. "By-and-by" ponders the young man while at his trade or in his clerkship. "By-and-by" again is heard as his plans of life are forming. And "By-and-by" whispers the maiden. By-and-by and the locks are silvered o'er. By-and-by, and——

Sometimes these words sound like a song; sometimes like a sigh or a sob; but "By-and-by" has more of sweetness than sorrow. The burden of its theme is anticipation; and though thrice and oft the reality eludes the grasp, fresher hopes succeed, and, phantom-like and flitting, they lure onward. Many times have these little words beguiled us, and still the memory of that silvery "By-and-by," like the sunrise of Ossian, is pleasant but mournful to the soul.

WORTH OF THE MIND.

**H**OW many there are who feel as if that inward being, the mind, was respectable because their bodies lean on silken couches, and are fed with costly luxuries ! How many respect themselves, and look for respect from others, in proportion as they grow more rich, and live more splendidly (not more wisely), and fare more sumptuously every day. Surely it is not strange, while all this is true, that men should be more attracted by objects of sense and appetite, than by miracles of wisdom and love. And it is not strange that the treasures of mind are as "hidden treasures," concealed in the depths of the soul, and often covered with worldly gains, and with pomps and vanities.

The difference that exists between minds is not so much in their intrinsic *power* as in the facility of communication. To some men it is given to unobscure and embody their thoughts. The very glory of genius, the very rapture of piety, when rightly revealed, are diffused and spread abroad, and shared among unnumbered minds. When eloquence and poetry speak ; when the glorious arts—statuary, painting, and music ; when patriotism, charity, and virtue speak to us with all their thrilling power, do not the hearts of thousands glow with a kindred ecstasy ? Who is there so humble, so poor in thought, or in affection, as not to feel this ? Who is there so low or so degraded, as not sometimes to be touched with the beauty of goodness ? Who is there with a heart made of such base materials as not sometimes to respond through every chord of it to the call of honor, patriotism, generosity, and virtue ?

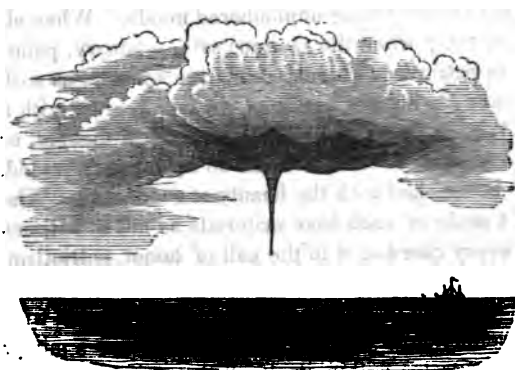
What a glorious capacity is this ! A power to commune with God and angels ; a reflection of the brightness of heaven ; a mirror that collects and concentrates within itself all the moral splendors of the universe ; a light kindled from heaven, that is to burn brighter and brighter forever ! What then shall we care for as we ought to care for this ? What can a man bear about with him, what office, what array, what apparel, that shall beget such reverence as the soul he carries with him ? What circumstances of outward splendor can lend such imposing dignity to any being as the throne of inward light and power where the spirit reigns forever ? What work of man shall be brought into comparison with this work of God ?

I will speak of it in its simplest character, a thought, a bare

thought, and what is its power and mystery? Breathed from the spirit of the Almighty, partaking of infinite attributes, comprehending, analyzing, and with its own beauty clothing all things, bringing all things and all themes within the possession of its momentary being, what scepter or throne, what structure of ages, what empire of wide-spread dominion can compare with the wonders and grandeur of a *single thought*? That alone is the key that unlocks all the treasures of the universe. That, under God, is the sovereign dispenser to man of all the blessings and glories that lie within the possessions or within the range of possibility. Virtue, piety, heaven, immortality, exist not for us but as they exist in the perception, feeling, thought, of the *glorious thought*.—*Selected*.

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### WATER-SPOUTS.



WATER-SPOUT FORMING.

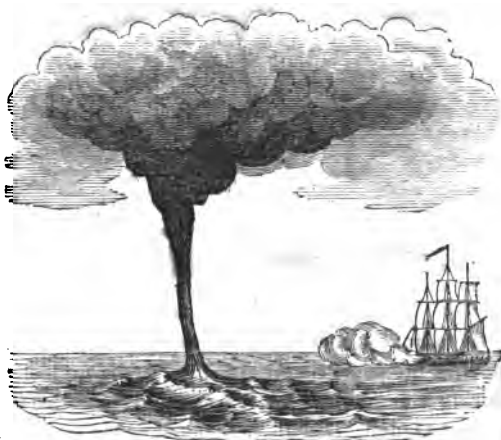
**W**HEN two currents of air of unequal temperature, moving in opposite directions, with unequal velocities, meet, a whirlwind is formed. In the same manner eddies are produced at the junction of two streams flowing

with unequal velocities. Water-Spouts are caused by these whirlwinds over seas and other large bodies of water.

The rushing currents of air coming in contact condense the vapor of the atmosphere, and at the same time impart to it a whirling motion; so that instead of falling in drops, like rain, a cone of water may be seen descending from a dark cloud toward the sea below, as represented in the above engraving. This circular motion appears to commence high up in the air, and as it descends, the surface of the water becomes violently agitated, and dashes high its spray

and waves. The same rotary motion is imparted to the dashing water, forming a cone of the spray, which ascends higher and higher, while the first descends, until both unite in a continuous column from the water to the clouds.

The Water-Spout is now complete, and has both a rotary and a progressive motion. It bends and sways to the wind as it advances on its course, but the upper and under part must move in the same direction, and with equal velocity, otherwise it will break. This, how-



WATER-SPOUT COMPLETE.

ever, frequently happens, when a noise is heard resembling the falling of a cataract into a deep valley.

The base of the Water-Spout is sometimes three or four hundred feet in diameter, while the center of it often is no more than five or six feet. When the observer is near, a loud, hissing noise is heard, as if a stream of water was rushing through the interior of the column. If a cannon-ball be discharged into the center of one of these, its motion is arrested and the Water-Spout broken. This is often done when a vessel is in the vicinity of one, lest it should pass over and injure the ship. It often happens that lightning issues from the center and sides of the Water-Spout when it breaks, but no thunder is heard.

The duration of a Water-Spout is usually not more than six or eight minutes; when the column separates in the center, the spray soon quietly settles down again into the sea, while the cone from the cloud becomes smaller and smaller, finally breaks, and nothing remains but the dark cloud, which then moves away, distilling itself in the form of rain. All Water-Spouts do not pass through all the changes that we have here delineated; for sometimes only the cone is seen descending from a mass of black clouds, like a huge, tapering trunk, without ever reaching the water; at other times nothing





WATER-SPOUT ENDING.

is seen but the cloud of spray and mist that forms the base of the column; but the process described is the usual form in which they appear. The preceding engravings\* were made from sketches of Water-Spouts as they were actually seen.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for several Water-Spouts to appear at the same time. In May, 1820, no less than *seven* were seen during a single half-hour, on the edge of the Gulf Stream, by Lieutenant Ogden. Some persons suppose that water is taken up into the clouds by these Water-Spouts to be sifted down again in the form of rain. This is a mistaken idea; there is no proof whatever that the water from the sea thus ascends to the cloud. Some instances have been known where water from a Water-Spout has fallen upon the deck of a vessel at sea, and in every instance it was found to be as fresh as rain-water.

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### THE BIBLE.

THE following eloquent extract we commend to all, but especially to youth, to whom it appears to have been addressed.

“Study now to be wise; and in all your gettings get understanding. And especially would I urge upon your heart-bound, soul-wrapt attention that Book upon which all feelings are centered; which enlightens the judgment, while it enlists the sentiments, and soothes the imagination in songs upon the harp of the ‘sweet songster of

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\* For the engravings used in this article we are indebted to “Elements of Meteorology,” by Brewster, published by Fanner, Brace & Co., New York. It is an invaluable work for the teacher, and all who desire to understand the various phenomena of nature, such as winds, clouds, rain, snow, thunder-storms, rainbows, haloes, meteors, aurora borealis, etc., etc. Price 9¢ each, by mail, postage prepaid.

Israel; that Book which gives you a faithful insight into your heart, and consecrates its character in

‘Shrines

Such as the keen tooth of Time can never touch.’

“Would you know the effect of that Book upon the heart? It purifies its thoughts and sanctifies its joys; it nerves and strengthens it for the sorrows and mishaps of life; and when these shall have ended, and the twilight of death is spreading its dew-damp upon the wasting features, it breaks upon the last glad throb the bright and streaming light of Eternity’s morning. Oh! have you ever stood beside the couch of a dying saint, when

‘Without a sigh,

A change of feature, or a shaded smile,  
He gave his hand to the stern messenger,  
And as a glad child seeks his father’s arms,  
Went home?”

“Then, you have seen the concentrated influence of this book. Would you know its name? It is the Book of Books; its author, God; its theme, Heaven, Eternity—the Bible! Read it, teach it. Let it be first upon the shelves of your library, and first in the affections of your heart. Oh! if there be sublimity in the contemplation of God; if there be grandeur in the display of Eternity; if there be any thing ennobling and purifying in the revelation of man’s salvation, search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of these things.”

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**SYMBOLS OF THE REPUBLIC.**—As one of these, I would point to some *District School-House*, rough, weather-worn, standing in some bleak corner of New York or New England; through whose closed windows the passer-by catches the confused hum of recitation, or at whose door he sees children of all conditions mingling in motley play. In the Common School, with the lowliest and the lordliest, is given the opportunity to ascend as high as one may. There is put into the hands of the young the keys of knowledge; leaving religious convictions to their chosen guides. When we consider the great principles which are thus practically confessed; when we consider the vast consequences which grow out of this; I think that little District School-House dilates, grows splendid, makes our hearts beat with admiration and gratitude, makes us resolve that at all events, *that must stand*; for, indeed, it is one of the noblest symbols of the Republic.—*E. H. Chapin.*

# Youth's Department.

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## THE ARITHMETICIAN.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN JOHN AND GEORGE.

GEORGE. (*Holding a slate and pencil.*) If there is any thing I hate, John, it is Arithmetic.

JOHN. Hate is a hard word, George. Pray tell me what has happened to make you hate what I so dearly love.

G. I can't make head or tail of this sum, and I believe it is put wrong on purpose to bother me.

J. Read it, and let me see if I can help you.

G. (*Reads.*) "If a leg of veal weighs fifteen pounds, what will it come to at twelve cents a pound, if a large portion of it is fat?" There, was there ever any thing so absurd?

J. Why, what is the trouble? What is the difficulty? It seems simple enough.

G. I could manage the leg well enough if it was not for the plaguy fat.

J. Why does the fat trouble you any more than the lean?

G. Why, don't you see that a *large portion* of the leg was fat, and who can tell how many pounds a large portion is?

J. Let us get at it by trying another question. If a whole pig weighs twenty pounds, how much will he come to at five cents a pound?

G. Why, to five times twenty, or a hundred cents. That's plain enough.

J. Well, now if a part of the pig is bone, will that alter the cost of him?

G. No—but then you see *this is fat*, and not bone.

J. Well, suppose the pig is made up partly of bone and partly of flesh, and the whole pig weighs twenty pounds.

G. Yes; but don't you see, this is not bone or flesh, but *fat*. You are dumber than I am.

J. Suppose, then, that the pig consists of bone, and flesh, and fat, and weighs twenty pounds, how much would he come to at five cents a pound?

G. Why, that is just like the leg of veal; who can tell how much bone, or lean, or fat there is?

J. George, you should study Algebra.

G. For what?

J. Because that deals in unknown quantities, and may help you.

G. I would rather study any thing than Arithmetic.

J. Let us bring the question home. How much would you weigh, George, if you weighed just eighty pounds, and a large portion of you were fat?

G. How is that, John? Ask me that again, will you?

J. (*Slowly.*) How—much—would—you—weigh,—if—you—weighed—just—eighty—pounds,—and—a—large—portion—of—you—were—fat?

G. Why, just the same! But then if I were sold as the veal was, how much would the fat come to?

J. If you were sold in the lump, at five cents a pound, what odds would it make whether a large or a small portion of you were fat or lean, meat or bone?

G. (*He thinks a minute, then drops his head, and looks ashamed.*) It was not fair to put that in to bother a fellow so. But, John—

J. What?

G. Don't tell any body of it, will you?

J. I will not tell, if you will promise me not to hate Arithmetic any more.

G. Done! For any one who should hear of my leg of veal, would naturally set me down for a—*calf*.—*Fowler's Hundred Dialogues.*

THAT UPPER LIP.

WHAT a pity that so handsome a child should have such a looking lip?" said the lady.

What could she mean? It was our little Jane who passed her, just then, talking with one of her schoolmates. Were Jenny's lips deformed without the fact having been noticed by her friends? Or was it rather some swelling caused by cold?

My sympathies were all awakened for the little girl, and I could hardly wait for her return from the errand upon which she had gone, to learn what was the matter with her.

"Come here, Jennie," said I, as soon as she entered the room.

I looked her full in the face. What did the lady mean? A prettier rosebud of a mouth was not to be seen upon any child in the neighborhood; and it seemed as full of kisses and kind words as an opening rosebud is of dew-drops and fragrance.

"Jennie," said I, "was that Alice Grant who was with you in the street just now?"

Now I saw into the mystery. Jennie's upper lip suddenly swelled and turned upward sidewise till it almost reached her nose, while the corners of her mouth curled stiffly downward, like crooked fish-hooks, among the dimples of her chin.

No wonder the words stumbled awkwardly getting out of that misshapen arch of her lip, as she said:

"Yes, aunt; and wasn't she strutting off at a great rate with her new gaiter boots? I guess it don't take much to make some folks feel grand!"

Before she had done speaking, I managed to place a mirror before her face, and she could not help bursting into a laugh at that strange-looking upper lip of hers. "Don't let it do so again, Jennie," I said, "if you want to look lovable at all. Sneer-marks on a beautiful face make it far more disagreeable than the small-pox can."

"Why, aunt, I don't want to be handsome, and I couldn't if I wanted to."

"Jennie, dear, it is *your duty* to be beautiful, as far as a good heart can make you so. You have a fresh, rosy countenance, which smiles become remarkably well; but if you let that upper lip spoil it, we shall think it like those blush roses in the garden, which always blight and turn black before they are fairly blown."

"But I can't help it. My lips curl up when I don't know any thing about it."

"Ah! then you musn't let the sneering spirit into your heart; for if you do, he will certainly manage to creep out some way, and let people know he is your intimate friend. If you keep your mouth shut, he will look out in triumph from both windows of your eyes.

"So take care, whenever you feel a scornful "hum" or "pshaw" rising to your mouth. It will only pass out through just such an ugly curl of the lip as you made just now. They used to say to me, when I looked cross, 'If the wind changes, you will *grow* so.' There is full as much danger if the wind does not change."

*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

## Microscopic Views.—No. 9.

## CRYSTALLIZATIONS.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

AS we have our Solar Microscope in working order, we will now take these salts—

“Why, Uncle George, we are not sick!”

“No, only a little rude to interrupt me, that is all; but all salts are not included in the glauber and epsom salts of the apothecary nor even if you add table salt to the list.”

“Excuse my interruption, Uncle George; I suppose it *was* more impertinent than funny—but what other salts are there?”

“We have here the nitrate of potash, copperas, sal ammoniac, alum, and other substances, which form beautiful crystals when dissolved and restored to their old forms by evaporation. I take this clear glass and spread thinly over the middle of it a drop of the solution, and place it in the focus of the little lens—this which I now put in is saltpeter, or nitrate of potash; watch the image on the screen.”

“There is nothing on the screen but a great circle of light. Oh! oh! now arrows, spears, clubs, and tomahawks, and all imaginable toothed, and hooked, and barbed, murder-tools, like the old arms in the museum.”

“How very transparent and glass-like, though!”

“Where the evaporation goes on most rapidly, in the thin edges of the drop, the most delicate and clear figures shoot out; where it is longer in escaping, those heavy, club-like forms, with notched edges like a saw, are slowly formed. What is called the primitive form of the crystal is a regular six-sided prism, which combines in a thousand fantastic ways to make these warlike-looking shapes.”

“It almost seems that saltpeter meant war in its natural forms, they are so weapon-like.”

“Let us try a drop of camphor held in solution by alcohol. Keep your eyes on the screen, for the evaporation of the alcohol is much more rapid than that of water.”

“What a misty look it has before it begins to crystallize!”

“Ha! ha! there it goes; woods, vines, fern-leaves, how they grow! Swift as a bird could fly, almost, they run across the field.”

“There is a splendid cluster of long, tapering leaves, shooting out with six starry branches, and one large star is formed of straight,

slender leaves, ending in a star-like flower. There, they all run together, now, in one great tangle of matted leaves."

"The volatile nature of the camphor makes this beauty of short duration. Look closely to these fern-like leaves, and you will find they are formed of feathery crystals fringing the whole line of the radiating stems, which usually branch out in threes and sixes, and occasionally in an exact cross. The effect of the light on those thin, filmy shoots is very brilliant."

"Will any thing else be half as beautiful?"

"I think so, Jennie; we will try a drop of this solution, called the *nitrate of ammonia*. You will see some resemblance to the crystals of saltpeter, only the thorns and spurs will be made round as if worn off by usage, and the branches are more nearly at right angles with the main stem."

"They've started! shooting their long daggers up in straight lines, all jagged with indentations; and there go the branches straight out from the side, and out of them other branches with rounded notches like oak-leaves."

"Some of these are star-shaped or radiated, and some seem like a foot and ankle with fringed pantalets, and they make beautiful letters, E's, and L's, and F's, only they keep putting on more strokes."

"And there's a figured flower-pot, with a tall, brilliant cactus in it wrought in silver; and round the deep edge of the drop, where the crystals grow slowest, there is a fortification, with the zig-zag walls turning a face in every direction."

"There's a dagger, with a keen point and hilt and guard, just like any dagger. Does *sal ammoniac* mean war, too?"

"No, I think not; it ought to mean agriculture, and perhaps the dagger is only a peaceable knife, and the fortifications a crystallized Virginia fence, with the oak trees growing along it."

"How will *glauber salts* look, Uncle George?"

"Much better than they are said to taste, I think. We will try their effect on the eye. It will work slowly, and we will leave it a little while in the full focus of the condenser to heat it. Now it begins to throw out a long thistle-head, with sharp spikes, broad at the base, entirely surrounding it."

"Yes, and see there! the great six-sided diamonds and four-sided panes of plate-glass, cut diamond-shape; and how *solid* every thing looks. That broad gothic door-way, with so many tall, wavy spires running up from every joint and block; how fine it is!"

"I see a fine-toothed comb there, close by the side of that cluster of peacock's feathers—"

"Ay, Johnny, and there is a three-cornered spade with the handle broken, and over among the heaviest blocks is another of those massive walls, setting in and out like saw-teeth."

"How they all glitter with their clear spikes and diamonds!"

"I will change the object; this is common salt or chloride of sodium; it will not hurry to show itself, nor take such freakish flights as camphor did when it does go."

"I should think not; there, it begins in a great many places to make pyramids and cubes, with one layer on another, and once in a while it builds a long, six-faced block, and whittles the ends off in the same way, making twelve sides; and there several of the simple cubes unite and make a beautiful letter X on the edge of the field."

"There are many more substances which we will take at our leisure, as we have appliances to reduce them to liquids. All solids passing out of a liquid state crystallize in a peculiar form which sometimes remains visible in the mass, as you may have noticed in rock-salt, feldspar, and quartz, and many other minerals. Ice, when forming, shoots out a thousand delicate branches, a perfect mimicry of the foliage it has dispossessed our green hills of; and snow, as it comes down so silently in the windless air, is made buoyant by its exceedingly rich crystallizations.

"When the first feathery snow-fall comes we must study its shapes. It will be necessary to remain in the cold, and keep as far from the slender figures as may be, or our warm bodies and breath will ruin the exquisite forms of the snow-crystals.

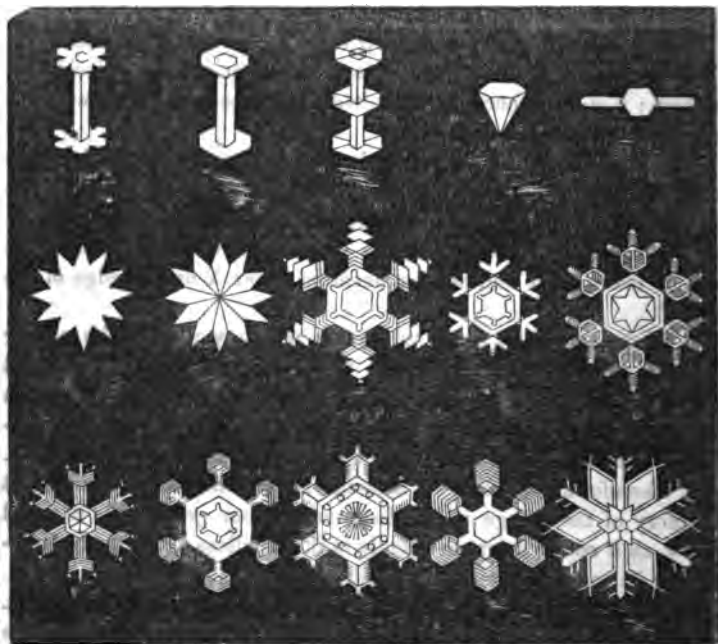
"There is something very interesting about snow-crystals in Brocklesby's 'Elements of Meteorology.' Let me tell you a few things that he says about their variety and beautiful figures, hoping you may then desire to know more, and read the book for yourselves when you see the snow-flakes come floating down.

"The snow-flake is composed of regular crystals. In solid ice the crystals are so blended together that their symmetry is lost in the compact mass. If the crystals of snow were solid, they would be transparent, like other crystallized bodies; but they contain air, and to this circumstance is attributed their brilliant whiteness; for the air prevents the ready transmission of light through the snow-flake, and the rays are reflected from the assemblage of crystals.

"The largest flakes of snow fall when the air abounds with va-



pot and the temperature is about  $32^{\circ}$ ; but as the moisture diminishes and the cold increases, the snow becomes finer. In the former case it is not unusual to see flakes an inch in diameter; and in the latter, they only measure a few hundredths of an inch.'



SNOW-CRYSTALS.

"Snow-crystals present a great variety of figures, and a celebrated Arctic navigator has delineated the forms of nearly a hundred, several of which are represented in the above engraving. It is said that flakes belonging to different storms or falls of snow possess different figures, but those which descend during the same storm are usually alike in this particular.

"The snow, on account of its light and branching crystallizations, descends softly upon the earth. If it had been ordered otherwise, and all the moisture that now forms the snow had fallen in solid masses of ice, like hail, the evils which would have arisen must have been very great. Had such been the case we should receive many peltings with ice during the winter storms. But, instead of this, an All-Wise Creator has given us the beautiful snow-crystals, falling light and feathery."

DON'T BE TOO CERTAIN.

**A**Y, now, boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken. And if you permit yourself to be mistaken a great many times, every body will lose confidence in what you say. They will feel no security in trusting your word. Never make a positive statement, without you know it is as you say. If you have any doubts, remove them, by examination, before speaking confidently. *Don't be too certain.*

"John, where is the hammer?"

"It is in the corn-house."

"No, it is not there; I have just been looking there."

"Well, I know it is there; I *saw* it there, not half an hour ago."

"If you saw it there, it must be there, of course. But suppose you go and fetch it."

John goes to the corn-house, and presently returns with a small axe in his hand. "Oh, it was the axe I saw. The handle was sticking out from a half-bushel measure. I thought it was the hammer."

"Well, don't be certain, another time"

"Yes, father, but I did really think I saw it, or I should not have said so."

"But you said positively that you *did* see it, not that you *thought* you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement, even about small matters, unless you are quite sure; for if you do, you will find the habit growing upon you, and by-and-by you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. *Don't be too certain.*"—  
*Monthly Instructor.*

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"I DO WISH I COULD STAY AT HOME."

**I**DON'T like to go to school. We have such long, hard lessons to learn, and must sit so still. Oh, mother, will you please let me stay at home this afternoon? Hermon Drew said his father told him he might stay at home and do what he pleased. And, mother, we have a hard lesson in Geography this afternoon, such long, hard names, I never can remember them; and then our teacher is so particular to have us learn every thing just so—what good can it ever do us? I do wish I could stay at home." Thus ex-

claimed little Willie Lee as he came running in from school one cold day.

"Sit down, Willie, and eat your dinner, then we will talk about school a little," said Mrs. Lee, as she looked up and saw that Willie's countenance expressed about as much as his words had done. His dinner was soon eaten, and he was by his mother's side to hear what she had to say to him. "Don't you love to read the book your father bought you a short time since, Willie? Are you not pleased in reading the stories and looking at the fine engravings?"

"Yes, mother, but that's not going to school and reading long, dull lessons."

"True, my son; but was it not at school that you learned to read, and many other things, which enable you to enjoy your books at home so much? I once knew a man who could not read at all; when he was a little boy like you he could not go to school as you do; so he grew up ignorant of many things which he might have learned had he been able to read. You surely do not wish to be in his condition. As you become older you can read many things new and interesting, and if you learn about different parts of the earth and their inhabitants you will find it of great advantage to you hereafter. Now, my son, I wish you to go to school this afternoon, study hard that you may have your lessons well, and strive to learn all you can that is useful. School hours will soon pass away, and then you will have plenty of time for play."

Willie felt that his mother was right; but when on his way to school he saw Herman, with his skates, join some other boys, who said they were going to have a fine time on the pond, instead of being confined to study in the school-room, and he almost wished to go with them. The school hours passed quickly to him, for he improved them well by studying hard; and as he entered the sitting-room, after school, his mother greeted him with a smile, and he felt much happier than when he came home at noon.

"Mother, I'm glad you didn't let me stay at home this afternoon. I studied hard and learned my Geography lesson; and my teacher told me I had done well to learn so long a lesson. I'm sure I felt much happier than I should to have been at play all the afternoon. Then our teacher told us stories about the people that live in the countries we learned about. He told us about people called cannibals, who eat the flesh of men; and about Hindoos, who sometimes throw their children into the river, thinking this will please their gods, and many other things which we did not know. He told us

how the earth kept turning round all the time, and that the sun did not move as we always thought it did, and that it was much larger than the earth which looks so large to us. I'm going to try and see if I can't remember all I learned, and all our teacher told us."

"I am glad, my son, you have spent the afternoon so pleasantly; I hope you will love to go to school, and that you will become a good and useful man."

"Did Hermon go to school this afternoon, Willie?" said Mr. Lee as he came in to tea.

"No, father; we had a hard lesson to learn, and he wanted to stay at home, and his father gave him leave to do so. I wanted to stay at home, too, but mother said she wished me to go to school, and now I'm very glad I did."

"I am glad too, my son. I just came by Mr. Drew's, and I learned that Hermon came very near being drowned, by falling through the ice on the pond, this afternoon. He was brought home apparently lifeless, but signs of life have appeared, and he may recover. I'm very glad you were not with those boys; they would have spent the afternoon more profitably at school. I think you now see the wisdom of your mother in wishing you to go to school."

"Yes, father; and I think I shall not ask to stay at home again very soon."

L. S. L.

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## SYSTEM AND ORDER.

THE life of Noah Webster, the author of the best dictionary of the English Language, affords a striking illustration of the value of system. When a young man he conceived the idea of producing a new dictionary of the English Language. Having determined to make this the great work of his life, he set about preparing himself for it, by an extensive course of study. Year after year he labored on in patient obscurity, exploring the fields of literature and science, and gathering and arranging the materials for his great work. Every thing he read, or studied, or accomplished, had a bearing on the great object of his life; and this was the grand secret of his success.

"Method," says his biographer, "was the presiding principle of his life."

The love of order and system often manifests itself at an early age, and is a praiseworthy and enviable habit even at that period of life. The boy who studies and works by method will accomplish

much more by the same means, than another boy of similar capacity, who acts without system. He knows what he is to do, and he does it. He does not begin twenty different things and leave them all unfinished. "One thing at a time, and a time for every thing," is his motto. If he has a lesson to learn, he does not neglect it until the hour of recitation has almost arrived. He has a season for play and another for work, and does not allow the one to interfere with the other. You think he has a strange "knack" of doing things easily, and wonder if he has not got a stronger mind and body than other boys. But his secret is, Order and System. These habits are his "labor-saving machinery," which enables him to accomplish more work than his fellows, in better manner, and in less time.

A very rich man, who had been quite poor when a boy, was asked how he acquired his wealth. He replied, that his father made him form the habit early in life of doing every thing in its time, and it was to this habit that he owed his success.—*Well-Spring.*

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### THE BOY AT THE DYKE.

**I**N Holland much of the country is below the level of the sea. To prevent the water from flowing over the land, its inhabitants have built embankments of earth, or "dykes," as they are there called. In this manner canals are made, and water is pumped into them by means of windmills, and the land is drained. Sometimes these dykes give way, and the water rushes forth and overflows the land, doing much damage.

A story is told of a little boy who, one night, as he was returning from a village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, noticed the water trickling through a small opening in the dyke. He stopped and thought what the consequences would be if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell, the sad disasters which had happened from such small beginnings, how in a few hours the opening would become bigger and bigger, and let in the mighty mass of water pressing on the dyke, until the whole defense being washed away, the rolling waters would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property, and every thing in its way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers, it would be dark before they could arrive, and the hole might even then be so large as to defy all attempts to close it.

Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the

canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently waited the approach of some villagers. But no one came. Hour after hour rolled slowly by, yet there sat the heroic boy, in cold and darkness, shivering, wet, and tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the dangerous breach. All night he stayed at his post.

At last the morning broke. A clergyman walking up the canal heard a groan, and looked around to see where it came from. "Why are you there, my child?" he asked, seeing the boy, and surprised at his strange position.

"I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the village from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dyke was closed, and the danger which threatened hundreds of lives was prevented.

"Heroic boy! What a noble spirit of self-devotedness he showed!" every one will exclaim. A heroic boy he indeed was; and what was it that sustained him through that lonesome night? Why, when his teeth chattered, his limbs trembled, and his heart was wrung with anxiety, did he not fly to his warm and safe home? What thought bound him to his seat? Was it not the responsibility of his position? Did he not determine to brave all the fatigue, the danger, the darkness, and the cold, in thinking what the consequences would be if he should forsake it? His mind pictured the quiet homes and beautiful farms of the people inundated by the flood of water, and he determined to stay at his post or to die.

Now, there is a sense in which every person, every boy and girl, occupies a position of far weightier responsibility than that of the little Hollander on that dark and lonesome night, by the good or bad influence which you exert. God has given you *somewhere* a post of duty to occupy, and you can not get above or below your obligations so be faithful to it. You are responsible for leaving your work undone, as well as having it badly done. You can not excuse yourself, saying, "I am nobody; I don't exert any influence;" for there is nobody so mean or obscure that he has not some influence; and you have it, whether you will or no, and you are responsible for the consequences of that influence, whatever it is.

Take your stand before the world then, with a determination to devote your influence to virtue, to humanity, to God. Begin life, and grow up with these solid principles of action: fear and honor God, be true to your conscience, and do all the good you can.

# Children's Department.

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## THE BOY AND THE SKATES.

A LITTLE boy, some eight or nine years of age, wanted his father to buy him a pair of skates, stating that such and such boys among his playmates had them. His father told him he was too small, and too little acquainted with the ice to venture upon it. He urged his father, but was denied; and he felt extremely mortified when he saw his playmates going to the pond with their skates, while he had to stay at home.

That winter passed, and the next came, and the boy urged his father again for the skates. On Christmas his father took the boy to the village, and they went into a store where were kept skates and other fine things for presents. The little boy reached upon the counter and picked out a pair of skates that would suit him, and wished his father to buy them.

His father stood some time considering, and then said, "No, my son, it is not best for you that you should have them." The little boy felt very sorrowful, but knowing that his father would not have refused his request without sufficient reasons, he returned home without a murmur.

In the afternoon of the same day, the father came in and inquired for his son, and told him to prepare himself for a walk. They took the direction of a pond where his playmates had gone that day to enjoy themselves with their skates. At a house near the pond they saw a great many people collected in little groups. His father led the boy into the house, and through the crowd that had collected there, to a room where, on the floor, lay three rolls of woollen blankets.

Without a word being spoken, the father unrolled one of the blankets, and there the child saw one of his playmates, who went out that morning with his skates, cold in death. Another was unrolled, and then the third, and the son discovered two other familiar faces of about his own age.

"Now, my son," said the father, "you can understand the

reason why I did not wish to buy you the skates this morning. I could not then make you fully understand my reason, but now you see what I feared."

It was that little son who now, with gratitude to God, tells you this story; for had *that little boy's will*, instead of his *father's*, been complied with, it is not at all probable that he would have been alive to-day.—*Child's Paper*.

## Little Songs for Little Folks.—No. 1.

### SQUIREL-TALK.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

CHICK! chick! chir-ree!

One, two, three, here are we,  
Merry little squirrels as ever you'll see  
Capering free, as free as free can be,  
On the nuttiest boughs of the hickory tree.

Chick! chee! chir-r, chir-ree!

With a mouth full of nuts, a heart full of glee,  
Jolly and jaunty and up to a spree!

We whisk and frisk, we're nimble and brisk,  
And many a break-neck flight we risk,  
As we leap, with a sweep, from limb to limb,  
So limber and slim, that we rock and swim  
• Hither and thither, to and fro,  
Up and down, as a bough might go  
With a hang-bird's nest when the west winds blow.  
Chick! chi-ro! ho-ho! ho-ho!

Ho! ho! we know where the chestnuts grow,  
Shell-barks, butternuts; where we put our nuts  
Little boys have to be sly to go!  
In the hollow tree, or the stump below,  
Under the leaves or under the snow!  
Ha! ha! we know, and so might show;  
We could if we would, we never will, though,  
But cunningly running we'll hide from the foe.

We run for the fun, with a chip-chir-ree!  
Round and round from the tree to the ground,  
From the ground, with a bound to the tree.  
Chick! chir-ree! with a flirt we flee,



## LEARN YOUR LESSONS WELL.

Up and *again* up; down and *then* up.  
 Chick! chir-ree! and we never stop  
 Till we jump, skip, hop, to the very tip-top  
 Of the hickory tree: chir-rup! chir-ree!

## A FEW WORDS FOR CHILDREN.

**Y**OU were made to be kind, generous, and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running.

If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before.

If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances, how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.—*Horace Mann.*

## LEARN YOUR LESSONS WELL.

**L**EARN your lessons well, and if you live to be old you will often find use for them. A few days since we heard a man, whose hair is gray, remark, "I often had lessons at school, the use of which I did not understand, and I thought little about them except to be able to recite them; but many, many times since, and even in my old age, have I found use for what I stored up in my memory in my school-days."

Remember this, boys: though you may not see any use in your lessons now, if you learn them well, you will when you become older. Then will you be glad that you did not neglect them while young.

# Editor's Table.

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## PROVIDE GOOD BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

HOW few parents, comparatively, realize as they ought the importance of placing in the hands of children *good books*! Forgetting that they will read something in a country like ours, where books and papers, good, bad, and indifferent, are scattered broadcast over the land, parents too often neglect to provide for their children in their earlier years suitable reading, containing only wholesome moral lessons, or scientific truths made attractive by the pleasing manner of their presentation, and have to lament in later years the evil consequences of such neglect as it is manifested in the minds and habits of those children when grown up. To this subject Cowper beautifully alludes in the following lines :

"Twere well with most, if books, that could engage  
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age;  
The man, approving what had charmed the boy,  
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy,  
And not with curses on his heart who stole  
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul."

Would that all parents might view this subject in its true light, as many, we are happy to know, do regard it. But while they are cautious, we would have them carefully avoid the other extreme : that of supplying their children with books intended for older persons, beyond the capacities of the youthful mind. It should not be expected that they will ever learn to love reading with only such opportunities for indulging it. Remember that children must become interested in something that they can comprehend, if they ever learn to love good books. And, to secure their love of reading, even then, parents should take an interest in what their children read, and talk with them about it. Let them read their books aloud in the evening, while father and mother listen to them.

From careful labors and attention, those who raise the silk-worm have discovered that by using different kinds of food for the insect, the material from which the silk is formed can be colored in the body of the animal itself, red, yellow, blue, or otherwise, so that the beautiful silk cocoons spun from its stomach are produced of a desired color. With a like careful attention let parents provide the mental and moral aliment which their children receive, and they also shall be rewarded in the beautiful hues of truthfulness, virtue, and wisdom shedding their light along the pathway of their children through life.

HAS THE MOON AN ATMOSPHERE?—This question has been usually decided in the negative; but recently we have heard it announced that an eminent mathematician and astronomer has undertaken to demonstrate that the Moon has an atmosphere, capable of sustaining animal life, at least on the side opposite to us. By what process he has made this discovery we are unable to state, but are informed that it will be declared from a scientific quarter. *Nunc verum.*

**PHOTOGRAPHIC BANK NOTES.**—A process of copying bank notes, by means of daguerreotyping apparatus, has attracted considerable attention recently, as the note can be so well imitated that persons unaccustomed to examine bills might not distinguish them from the genuine. The signatures and vignette are well done, but the work on the ends is defective, resembling mezzotint engraving rather than the work on the genuine bills. It has been ascertained, however, that bank bills printed in more than one color, either on one, or both sides can not be copied by Photography, in the present state of the art.

**FEMALE EDUCATION.**—The South Carolina Legislature, at its last session, chartered a College for the Education of Females. Petitions for the incorporation of a similar institution have been presented to the Legislature of the State of New York. This subject was also under discussion at the recent Teachers' Association of Indiana. We trust the time is not far distant when females shall receive advantages for a thorough and substantial education not inferior to those now provided for the other sex. Mothers are the real and best teachers of the race, and they must be well educated if we would have the race educated.

On this subject a gentleman who spent some time among the Choctaw Indians, remarks: "I held a consultation with one of the principal chiefs of these Indians on the subject of their progress in the arts and virtues of civilized life, and, among other things, he informed me at their first start they fell into a mistake—they only sent their boys to school. They became intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives; and the result was that the children were like the mother, and soon the father lost his interest in both wife and children. 'And now,' said he, 'if we could educate only one class of our children, we would choose the girls; for when they become mothers, they would educate their sons.'"

**BASSWOOD PAPER.**—Among the latest inventions is the manufacture of paper out of basswood. During the past two or three years the price of paper has increased several cents on a pound, owing to the scarcity and consequent high prices of linen rags, from which the best paper is manufactured. Within the past year experiments have been made with various other substances, for the purpose of finding a substitute for rags, and the most successful material at present seems to be basswood. The use of this substitute was discovered by Mr. Beardsley, the inventor of a planing machine. He made the pulp while experimenting in the kitchen of his own house, in Albany, N. Y. It forms a white, hard paper, which is said to be equal to India paper, for printing engravings. The specimens thus far produced, though more transparent than paper made from rags, is of such a quality that it is believed the long-sought-for result has been attained, and that we can hereafter use something besides rags in making paper, and that, too, at a cost of not more than one third or one half the present price of that made of rags.

**OMNIBUS AND RAILROAD TRAVEL IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.**—There are belonging to the different lines of omnibuses in the city of New York 682 stages. With these are employed 865 drivers, 664 mechanics, and 4,546 horses. The amount of money received by all these stages daily is about \$6,000.

On the five city railroads there are 178 cars, 824 conductors, 878 drivers, 246 mechanics, and about 2,000 horses and mules. The daily receipts of all of these cars amount to \$3,800; making a total of over \$9,000 paid every day for riding in omnibuses and cars in the city of New York.

**WAR IN EUROPE.**—The latest accounts bring sad tidings from the suffering armies in the Crimea. The noble soldiers who have been sent thither to fight for—what?—are daily falling victims to disease at such a rapid rate that the territory must be abandoned before spring unless large reinforcements of troops are sent there to perish likewise. The English and the French seem to find the war a bad undertaking, and they may well wish themselves out of it. There are some prospects of peace being ratified, and we sincerely hope it may soon be accomplished.

**SANDWICH ISLANDS.**—Kamehameha III., King of the Sandwich Islands, who was said to be very intemperate, died on the 15th of December last. He was about forty-one years of age. He is succeeded by Prince Liholiho, under the title of Kamehameha IV. The old king was in favor of annexing these islands to the United States, and the treaty was completed with the exception of the signature of the Prince, but he opposed the project. The new king is said to be a young man of more than ordinary abilities, well educated, and improved by travel in the United States and Europe. He is also ambitious, and it is not probable that the stars and stripes will be allowed to float over these islands, for the present, at least.

## Our Museum.

**FEBRUARY** is the second month of the year. It is derived from *februus*, to purify by sacrifices, and thus signifies the month of purification. When the Roman calendar was formed by Romulus, the year contained only ten months comprising 304 days. In the year 713 B. C., Numa Pompilius corrected this calendar by adding two months, January and February. February is the shortest month in the year, having but 28 days in the common year, and 29 in the bis-sextile or leap year.

**LEAP YEAR.**—Each solar year contains 365 days and six hours. The six hours amount to twenty-four, or a whole day, every four years, and this odd day is added to the month of February. Any year that will divide by four without a remainder is leap year, except 1700, 1800, 1900, and three years in every four hundred.

**VALENTINE'S DAY.**—The 14th day of February marks a festival in honor of Valentine, a presbyter of the Church who suffered martyrdom under Claudius II. at Rome, in the year A. D. 271. The practice of "choosing a Valentine," as it is called, on this day, probably originated in the custom at this Roman festival of putting the names of several young women into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. Shakespeare alludes to an old notion that birds begin to choose their mates on this day, hence some suppose that from this arose the custom of sending "Valentines," or letters containing professions of love and affection.

**WAR-FARE** is the worst kind of fare for a man or a nation to live on. The present war with Russia has cost England alone over \$100,000,000, besides several thousand valuable lives.

**SIZES OF SHOES.**—A "size" is the length of a "barley corn," or one third of an inch. A "size-stick" is thus formed: Take a rule thirteen inches in length, and divide it into thirty-nine equal parts, of one third an inch each. The first " of these are left blank, and counted as nothing. The second thirteen

are called "children's sizes." The third thirteen are called men's and women's sizes, each of which are numbered from one to thirteen. Five inches is children's size, No. 2; ten inches is a woman's size, No. 4; twelve inches is man's size, No. 10.

**SUCCESSION OF SAME AND SIMILAR SOUNDS.**—Repeat the following three times in succession without a mistake: I saw five brave maids, sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids. I said to those five brave maids, sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids: Braid broad braids, brave maids.

**A PUZZLED YANKEE.**—A good story is told of a Yankee on a Mississippi steamer who questioned a fellow-passenger until he was fairly puzzled for another interrogation. To humor him the passenger answered all his questions directly. At length the Yankee paused, as if his inquisitiveness had become satisfied for once; but at last he continued, "Look here, squire, where was you born?"

"I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont Street, No. 44, on the first day of August, 1820, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon."

The Yankee was more fully answered than he had anticipated, and once more he became silent. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he asked one more question: "Yas; wall I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, du ye?"

**JONATHAN'S RETORT.**—The first American vessel that anchored in the river Thames after the peace attracted numbers to see the stripes. A British soldier hailed, in a contemptuous tone, "From whence come ye, Brother Jonathan?" The boatswain retorted, "Straight from *Bunker Hill*."

**HORSE-POWER.**—Horse-power in steam-engines is calculated as the power which would raise 88,000 pounds a foot high in a minute.

**ZERAH COLBURN**, the calculating boy, could in a minute or two give the exact product of five or six figures by five or six, or extract the square or cube root of eight or ten figures. George Bidder, another calculating boy, could do the same.

**BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.**—Dr. Negler, a French surgeon, says that the simple elevation of a person's arm will stop bleeding at the nose. He explains the facts physically, and declares it a positive remedy. It is certainly easy of trial.

**FAULTS IN PRONUNCIATION.**—Hoping our young friends have learned to avoid the faults spoken of in our last number, we will remind them of a few more, which some may have heard. *Po-ta-ter*—O, O, remember the two O's in *po-ta-to*. Sometimes O is turned out of the *win-dow*, as you may see in *win-der*. O, while light continues, let O retain its place in this indispensable portion of your dwelling; and may your *shad-ow* never become a *shad-er*. "How *fur* is it there?" *Far* signifies distance, but *fur* is the covering for animals. "Wait *jest* a minute." *Jest* is a joke, but *just* will do to use. Some people get the *idee* so fixed in their heads that they always forget the *i-de-a*. Ignorant servants may say, "Boss, shall I put up the *hoss*?" but you should always call that noble animal—*horse*.

**ANSWERS TO ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES** in last number.—1st,  $5\frac{1}{2} + 5 = 9\frac{1}{2}$ . 2d, 85, 15.

# Literary Notices.

Books noticed in THE STUDENT will be sent, on receipt of the prices given, to any post-office in the United States, free of postage, by N. A. CALKINS, 848 Broadway, New York.

**CHEMICAL ATLAS; Or, The Chemistry of Familiar Objects:** exhibiting the General Principles of the Science in a Series of Beautifully Colored Diagrams, and accompanied by Explanatory Notes, embracing the latest views of the subjects illustrated. Designed for the use of students and pupils in all schools where Chemistry is taught. By Edward L. Youmans. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Large quarto; 106 pages. Price \$2 00. Sent by mail, postage paid, for \$2 25.

In the Atlas now before us, Mr. Youmans has carried out more completely the plan of his "Chemical Chart," which was published a few years since, and which became very popular with teachers of Chemistry. His plan is entirely new. It consists of the representation of the various gases and atoms of matter by means of colored diagrams, the relative sizes of which correspond with their relative quantities by weight. The plan is so ingeniously carried out, that a person unacquainted with Chemistry can see at a glance what ingredients compose the principal substances around him. We can now learn Chemistry by means of an atlas as we learn Geography.

Mr. Youmans has done more toward popularizing this highly important and deeply interesting science than any other author. We have never met with another work on this subject that we could so earnestly commend to teachers and all who desire to understand this useful science. It can be used alone, but better in connection with some text-book. The author's "Class-Book of Chemistry" is best adapted to be used with it, but any good treatise will serve this purpose. An extract may be found on the first page of present number.

**CORNELL'S PRIMARY GEOGRAPHY, forming Part First of a Systematic Series of School Geographies.** By S. S. Cornell. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Small quarto form. 96 pages.

The work before us is the first of a series of geographies to be comprised in three parts. It is intended for beginners, and the work must commend itself favorably to those who have had experience in teaching Geography. The chapters, called "Memory's Aids," embrace a successful plan; we speak from experience, having practised a somewhat similar mode in teaching. The "pictures" are of the very best wood engravings, and comprise appropriate subjects so interspersed as to aid in illustrating the lessons, and at the same time

to fix the ideas at once in the pupil's mind that the "earth," about which Geography treats, is none other than the place where they, and other boys and girls, and men and women, live every day. Price 50 cents.

**THE HUNDRED DIALOGUES, New and Original.** Designed for Reading and Exhibition in Schools, Academies, and Private Circles. By W. B. Fowle. 19mo; 812 pages. Published by Morris Cotton, Boston. Sold by N. A. Calkins, New York. Price \$1.

Those of our young friends who are in search of "dialogues to speak," may find in this book something to please them; for it contains those that are long, short, humorous, serious, amusing, and instructive, adapted to girls as well as boys. One of its short dialogues may be found on page 124 of the present number. Send for a copy, or get your teacher to do it. You can thus obtain *one hundred and seventeen* dialogues for one dollar, *less than one cent a-piece*. See advertisement on THE STUDENT cover.

**HUMANITY IN THE CITY.** By the Rev. E. H. Chapin. Published by Dewitt & Davenport, New York. 19mo; 352 pages. With a steel engraved portrait of the author.

This book consists of a series of discourses embracing the following subjects: "Lessons of the Street;" "Man and Machinery;" "Strife for Precedence;" "Symbols of the Republic;" "Springs of Social Life;" "Allies of the Tempter;" "Children of the Poor;" "Help of Religion." The eloquence of their author, and his wide popularity for lending his influence to the various movements in behalf of humanity, and the elevation of mankind socially and morally, must give to the volume before us an extensive sale. See brief extract, page 123 of this number. Price by mail, postage paid, \$1.

**THE SCIENCE AND ART OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY:** containing Specimens of the Eloquence of the Pulpit, the Bar, the Stage, the Legislative Hall, and the Battle-field. By Worthy Putnam. Published by Miller, Orton & Mulligan, Auburn and Buffalo, N. Y. 12mo; 407 pages. Price \$1 25.

This work has received the commendations of a large number of teachers who have used it in teaching; and the plan and variety of its selections commend it to all. Its author is a practical teacher of elocution, and understands the principles of his art. This system is simple, interesting, and thorough.

# THE WORKERS.

Words by J. W. Gunn.

## 1st Division.



1. I am a lit - tle *farm - er*, My pro - duce all is cheap;  
*Work. Cho.* Tral la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la,

## 2d Division.



And I'm a lit - tle *mil - ler*, The nic - est flour I keep;  
 Trul lu - ral lu - ral lu - ral, Trul lu - ral lu - ral lu.

## 3d Division.



And I'm a lit - tle *ba - ker*, As neat as e'er was seen;  
 Ho ho ho ho ho ho ho, Ho ho ho ho ho ho,

## 4th Division.



And I'm a lit - tle *butch - er*, My meat is fresh and clean.  
 Hum . . . . . Hum . . . . .

## THE GENTLEMEN WORKERS.

1. I am a little *blacksmith*,  
 I'll set your horse's shoe;  
 And I'm a little *carpenter*,  
 I'll make a house for you;  
 And I'm a little *tailor*,  
 I warrant all my suits;  
 A shoemaker am I, sir,—  
 Pray, buy a pair of boots!

*Working Chorus*—Tral la la, &c.

2. I am a little *hatter*,  
 Your head I'll cover well;  
 And I'm a little *tinmer*,  
 My wares I wish to sell;  
 And I'm a little *painter*,  
 Don't let your house get gray;  
 And I'm a little *dentist*,  
 Don't let your teeth decay

*Working Chorus*—Tral la la, &c.

## Finishing Chorus, sung by all.

We all are merry *Workers*,  
 We'll keep in pleasant mood;  
 No matter what our *trade* is,  
 If we're but doing good.  
 The world is wide and needy,  
 And if we all are true,  
 The world will be the better  
 For what we *Workers* do.

## THE LADY WORKERS.

1. I make up ladies' *dresses*,  
 In fashionable style;  
 The ladies' *coats* and *bonnets*  
 I'm trimming all the while;  
 And I keep knitting *stockings*,  
 For gents and ladies too;  
 And I the yarn am *spinning*—  
 I work as hard as you.

*Working Chorus*—Tral la la, &c.

2. I 'tend the *looms* and *shuttles*,  
 To make the cloth you wear;  
 I make sweet yellow *butter*,  
 And *cheese* that's rich and rare  
 In making pretty *straw-braid*,  
 I make my fingers fly;  
 I sell nice *tapes* and *muslins*,  
 To all who choose to buy.

*Working Chorus*—Tra la la, &c.

3. I teach the little children  
 To read, and write, and spell;  
 The sick I go a *nursing*,  
 To help them all get well;  
 I visit all the poor folks,  
 And give them bread to eat;  
 And I my *house* keep *keeping*.  
 As a little wife so neat!

*Clapping Chorus*—Tral la la, &c.

*Finishing Chorus*—We all are merry workers, &c.

**NOTE.**—In singing this, the school should be divided into four divisions, to represent the trades. The *Working Chorus* is for all the divisions; and while singing it, each division should imitate work according to the trade it represents. Thus, the farmer sows; the miller grinds; the blacksmith strikes; the shoemaker sews; the tinmer hammers; the dentist files; the dress-maker sews; the milliners arrange ribbons; the dairy folks churn; the shop-keeper measures; and clapping for the last verse of the Lady Workers. Let the humming part of the chorus be pretty fast; and the imitative motions simple, quiet, and natural. [This song, slightly changed, is from "School Hobbies."

KNOWLEDGE AND CULTURE.\*

BY G. S. WEAVER.

**K**NOWLEDGE is chiefly valuable as a means of culture. So far as it administers to this it does good. When it fails to do this it often does injury. In the hands of wicked and designing men it is often an evil, or used for evil purposes. In our day, knowledge is easy of attainment. Every newspaper teems with information; books, rich in varied knowledge, are multiplied on the people's shelves. When knowledge is so easily attained, there is great danger of people's minds becoming like large lumber-rooms, where every thing is stored away in glorious confusion. Men will read as they eat, for the pleasure of gorging. There is a natural appetite for knowledge in the human mind. That appetite must be gratified in wisdom, and even in moderation, or it is in danger of leading to mental intemperance.

There are bookworms by the hundred in our world, who read much and think little. To me, the danger of our age is not so much in over-reading as in under-thinking; not so much in too much knowledge as in too little culture. Some people seem to think that culture may be obtained as easily and quickly as knowledge. But the truth is, it takes an oak about as long to grow now as it did a hundred years ago, and practical farmers have found that corn and cabbage will not grow much sooner. The same holds true of children and youth. It is hard making a man out of a boy under twenty-five years of the best culture, or a woman out of a girl in less than twenty-three years. And if the culture is bad it takes much longer. Experience has taught that the blacksmith's arm requires as much time to enlarge and strengthen now as years ago, and must strike as many blows. And it is doubtful whether a mind can acquire strength and culture with less thinking now than a century ago.

Thought is the grand instrument of culture. As well may one eat another's dinner as do another's thinking. No man can be wise or great without hard thinking; no man can be well cultivated without systematic thinking. It is thinking that makes the man. To think is to develop; to think systematically is to cultivate. A parrot does not think; a repeater of other men's thoughts does not think; a memory that is a grand store-room of all knowledge does not

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\* From "The Ways of Life, Showing the Right Way and Wrong Way."



think ; knowledge does not think. No man can think by proxy to do himself any good. Thinking is like loving or eating—every man must do it for himself to get the benefit of it.

Men may assist each other in culture, but each must cultivate himself after all. Aids are all about us, but the power and the work are within us. Knowledge is one of the aids, and a great one, and if rightly used is one of inestimable benefit, but it must be used with wisdom. The primary law of manhood and culture is that each man must make himself. Man was made to grow and not to stand still ; to progress, not to remain in "*statu quo* ;" to ascend to heaven, not to stay on the earth. And he was made to grow, too, by his own exertions. His powers of mind are his talents, and for their use he is responsible to the Giver.

"Thou oughtest, therefore, to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury," expresses the great obligations of humanity. His money is our minds. The exchangers are the operations of those minds which produce thoughts and emotions. The usury is the culture received by these operations. Turn it as we may, this is the grand, universal human obligation. It pertains to the whole mind. It is not only moral, but social and intellectual. \* \* \*

Every thing along life's journey is or may be the means of culture. "Books may be found in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." He who studies will grow ; and one may study everywhere. The farm, the shop, the counting-room, the kitchen, or the drawing-room may be a place of study. Wherever mind is engaged in the pursuit of good ; wherever its active energies are earnestly applied to produce a supply for human wants ; wherever it strives to draw instruction from the wells of knowledge ; wherever it is producing thought, exerting its power in their legitimate and lawful sphere of action, there it is being cultivated.

The mind grows as does the muscle, by its use. Knowledge cultivates only so far as it uses the mind in its attainment. Where knowledge is gained by experience, by close research or hard study, it is the great and most efficient means of culture. But where it comes easily, as it were, of its own accord, it cultivates but little. It is often the case that those who acquire knowledge easiest, get the least culture in the study of life, and make but small men ; while the plodding students, and those duller of comprehension, rise to great height and strength of mental power. The reason lies chiefly in the fact, that the former acquire knowledge so readily that it af-

fords them but little cultivation, while the latter grow strong by every new thought, so great is their struggle to get it. \* \* \*

Labor is the right arm of culture. Persevering effort makes mind. Genius often sits down in the cool shade to dally with itself, while labor plods steadily onward, acquiring strength with each blow till it too can stride onward, and with masterly speed and giant strength it leaves its weak companions far behind in the race of life. All youth should learn this truth, and learn to believe that they may be what they wish to be if they will wisely spend the labor and time necessary to the attainment of the end. Labor and time are the elements of culture. When life is filled with wise labor, both physical and mental, as well as moral, the soul departs enriched with a glorious culture, as a preparatory step to a still more glorious culture above.

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## A RIDE BEHIND A SNOW-PLOW.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

**A**MONG the things which I have always longed to see is the work of the snow-plow, driven along the covered track, and through heaped snows drifted into deep cuts. This I have at length seen. The train came to Watertown from Cape Vincent, N. Y., with two engines and a snow-plow. When we reached Pierpont Manor, the conductor kindly acceded to my wish to go forward and take a stand with the engineer. I was soon in position. For two days it had been storming. The air was murky and cross. The snow was descending, not peacefully and dreamily, but whirled and made wild by fierce winds. The forests were laden with snow, and their interior looked murky and dreadful. Through such scenes I began my ride upon the plow-shoving engine.

The engineers and firemen were coated with snow from head to foot, and looked like millers who had never brushed their coats for a generation. The floor on which we stood was ice and snow half melted. The wood was coated with snow. The locomotive was frosted all over with snow; wheels, connecting rods, axles, and every thing but the boiler and smoke-stack. The side and front windows were glazed with crusts of ice, and only through one little spot in the window over the boiler could I peer out to get a sight

of the plow. The track was indistinguishable. There was nothing to the eye to guide the engine in one way more than another. It seemed as if we were going across fields and plunging through forests at random. And this gave no mean excitement to the scene, when two ponderous engines were apparently driving us in such an outlandish excursion. But their feet were sure, and unerringly felt their way along the iron road, so that we were held in our courses.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of snow in its own organization, in the gracefulness with which it falls, in the curvature of its drift-lines, and in the curves which it makes when streaming off on either side from the plow. It was never long the same. If the snow was thin and light, the plow seemed to play tenderly with it, like an artist doing curious things for sport, throwing it in exquisite curves, that rose and fell, quivered and trembled, as they ran. Then suddenly striking a rift that had piled across the track, the snow sprung out, as if driven by an explosion, twenty and thirty feet, in jets and bolts; or like long-stemmed sheaves of snow-wheat spread out fan-like. Instantly, the drift past, the snow seemed by an instinct of its own to retract, and played again in exquisite curves, that rose and fell about our prow. "Now you'll get it," says the engineer, "in that deep cut." We only saw the first dash, as if the plow had struck the banks of snow before it could put on its graces, and shot it distracted and headlong up and down on either side, like spray or flying ashes.

It was but a second. For the fine snow rose up round the engine, and covered it like a mist, and sucking round, poured in upon us in sheets and clouds, mingled with the vapor of steam, and the smoke which, from impeded draft, poured out, filled the engine-room and darkened it, so that we could not see each other a foot distant except as very filmy specters glowering at each other. Our engineers had on buffalo coats, whose natural hirsuteness was made more shaggy by tags of snow melted into icicles. To see such substantial forms changing back and forth every few moments from a clearly earthly form into a spectral lightness, as if they went back and forth between body and spirit, was not a little exciting to the imagination.

When we struck deep bodies of snow, the engine plowed through them laboriously, quivering and groaning with the load, but shot forth again, nimble as a bird, the moment the snow grew light.

Nothing seemed wilder than to be in one of those whirling storms of smoke, vapor, and snow. We on one ponderous monster, and

another roaring close behind, fastened together, and looming up, when the snow-mists opened a little, black and terrible. It seemed as if you were in a battle. There was such energetic action, such irresistible power, such darkness and light alternating, and such fitful half-lights, which are more exciting to the imagination than light or darkness. Thus whirled on in the bosom of a storm, we sped across the open fields, full of wild, driving snow, ran up to the opening of the black pine and hemlock woods, and plunged into their somber mouth as if into a cave of darkness, and wrestled our way along through their dreary recesses, emerging to the cleared field again, with whistles screaming and answering each other back and forth from engine to engine. For, in the bewildering obscurity, we have run past the station, and must choke down the excited steeds and rein them back to the depôt.

We think Mazeppa's ride, lashed to a wild horse and rushing through the forests wolf-driven, must have been rather exciting. If a man in a buffalo hunt, by some strange mishap should find himself thrown from his horse and mounted on the shaggy back of an old, fierce buffalo bull, and go off with a rush, in cloud and dust, among ten thousand tramping fellows, pursued by yelling Indians—that, too, would be an exciting ride. But neither of these would know the highest exhilaration of the chase, until in a wild storm, upon a scowling day in January, he rides upon a double-engine team behind a snow-plow, to clear the track of banks and burdens of snow.—*The Independent.*



## A CHAPTER ON RAILROADS.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

I TAKE it for granted that most of the boys and girls who may read this are familiar with railroads. In some parts of our country it is almost synonymous with living out of the world to live ten miles from any railroad; but very likely your father will tell you, my young friend, though there may not yet be gray hairs on his head, that he can remember the time when he had never heard of a railroad.

The first railway of importance in England was opened September 15th, 1830, not quite a quarter of a century ago. This railway was between Liverpool and Manchester. I suppose you are aware

that almost every improvement may be traced back to small beginnings; railroads are not an exception to this rule. The growth of this idea, like the growth of almost all new ideas, was slow.

Would you like to trace it back to its source? Come with me, then, to the north of England, to the coal mines of Northumberland. Necessity is the mother of invention. It was the great expense of carrying so heavy an article as coal by ordinary methods, that first led to those rude contrivances which were the germ of our modern railroads.

Previous to the year 1600, coal was conveyed from the collieries in carts on common roads, or in baskets on the backs of horses. During the first part of the seventeenth century, railroads of timber, and of a rude construction, were adopted to facilitate the transportation of the coal. Oaken blocks were placed across the road at intervals of from two to three feet, and fastened firmly in the ground; long pieces of wood, about six or seven inches in breadth, were laid on these, being fastened to the blocks, and joined to each other by pins, thus forming two continuous parallel lines, on which the wheels of the wagon ran. These roads were not, of course, durable; the timbers were soon worn away, and repairs were constantly required. It was not until many years after that cast and wrought iron rails were substituted for wood. During the first part of the present century, railways multiplied rapidly in the neighborhood of the coal mines of England; but they were all private undertakings, and were only designed to facilitate the transportation of coal.

The Stockton and Darlington Railway was the first laid down by act of Parliament for the conveyance of general merchandise and passengers, as well as of coals. This road was twenty-five miles in length, and was opened in the autumn of 1825.

The project of a railway between Liverpool and Manchester was first entertained in 1822; but obstacles were not removed, so that the work could be commenced, until June, 1826. There were difficulties to be overcome in the construction of this road similar to those which have been met and overcome hundreds of times since, and which are not now spoken of as obstacles when a railroad is in contemplation; but they were then considered as very formidable ones. There were tunnels to be made, eminences to be excavated, and artificial mounds to be erected. But the crowning difficulty was a huge bog, which was to be drained, leveled in the center, and embanked at each end. Very many questioned whether this could be done, but it *was* done, though the quantity of moss required for the

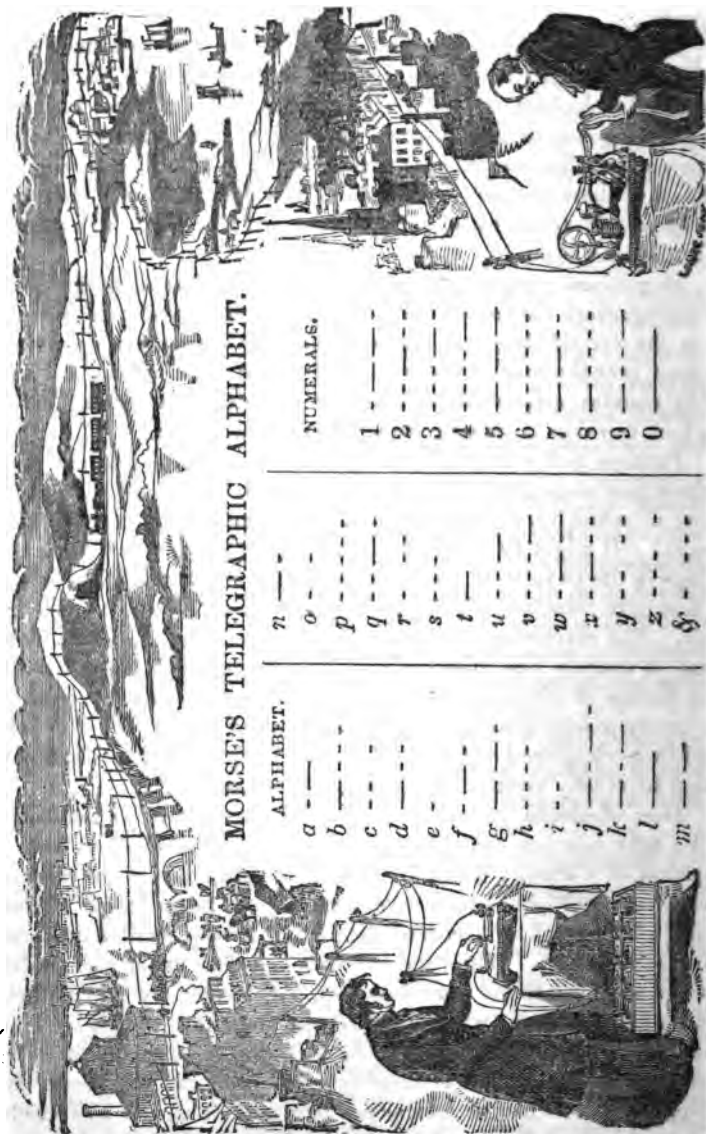
embankment amounted to five hundred and twenty thousand cubic yards.

When this railroad was first projected, the very important consideration, what kind of power should be employed for locomotion, was left undecided. It still remained to be settled whether it should be horse-power or fixed engines, drawing the load by means of ropes from one station to another, or some description of locomotive engine. Each of these methods was tried. The employment of horses was soon considered as out of the question, and a premium was offered for the best locomotive engine.

Magnificent preparations were made for the opening of the road. Distinguished characters were invited to attend and pass over it. On the second day, one hundred and thirty passengers were conveyed over the road, a distance of thirty-one miles, in one hour and fifty minutes, a speed which was then considered as amazing, but at which travelers nowadays would grumble not a little.

Perhaps you would like to hear what a writer of that day says about this mode of traveling, which was then the novelty of the age, and of which very few indeed had had personal experience. He says: "It might be supposed that so great a speed would almost deprive the traveler of breath, and that he could not fail to be unpleasantly conscious of the velocity with which he cut through the air. The reverse is, however, the case; the motion is so uniform, and so entirely free from the shaking occasioned by the inequality or friction of other roads, that the passenger can scarcely credit he is really passing over the ground at such a rapid pace, and it is only when meeting another train, and passing it with instantaneous flight, that he is fully aware of the velocity of his career."

How wonderful the improvements of the last quarter of a century! We have now our railroads and telegraphs; what shall we have a quarter of a century hence? A friend suggests that if our railroad accidents multiply as they have done, all will be in danger of running off the track, or becoming the victims of some terrible collision, before that time. While the elements of nature are so serviceable when subjected to the control of man, how terrible are they in their destructive energy, when they escape from this control! This should lead man to be both hopeful and humble—hopeful, when he remembers what fields of discovery and conquest yet remain for him; humble, when he remembers how frail he is, and how easily crushed beneath the very power which he has put in operation.



# MORSE'S TELEGRAPHIC ALPHABET.

## ALPHABET.

a — — — — —  
 b — — — — —  
 c — — — — —  
 d — — — — —  
 e — — — — —  
 f — — — — —  
 g — — — — —  
 h — — — — —  
 i — — — — —  
 j — — — — —  
 k — — — — —  
 l — — — — —  
 m — — — — —

n — — — — —  
 o — — — — —  
 p — — — — —  
 q — — — — —  
 r — — — — —  
 s — — — — —  
 t — — — — —  
 u — — — — —  
 v — — — — —  
 w — — — — —  
 x — — — — —  
 y — — — — —  
 z — — — — —  
 & — — — — —

## NUMERALS.

1 — — — — —  
 2 — — — — —  
 3 — — — — —  
 4 — — — — —  
 5 — — — — —  
 6 — — — — —  
 7 — — — — —  
 8 — — — — —  
 9 — — — — —  
 0 — — — — —

## ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

**O**FTEN as we behold the telegraphic wires stretched along the upright poles, in the city, in the country, by the railway, the roadside, or elsewhere, they seem a wonder still. We may understand the mechanical operations of communicating with our friends who are a thousand miles away, and receiving their replies within the same hour, as if they lived only in the next street of our city, but still it is mysterious. It is an event of so recent occurrence that we can not cease our wonder. By the mysterious agency of Electricity the cities from Nova Scotia to New Orleans, and from Boston to St. Louis, may have hourly communication.

We take up our morning paper, and before breakfast read what transpired yesterday in Maine, in Canada, in Ohio, in Illinois, in New Orleans, in Charleston, in Philadelphia, and even the speeches made in Washington. A steamer from Liverpool arrives at Halifax; the news which she brings from Europe is telegraphed to New York, and New Orleans, and all the other principal cities; and before the steamer has time to take in a fresh supply of coal and get on her way again for Boston or New York, the news is published in the principal cities of the country. The rogue escaping from justice as fast as the iron horse spurred by fire and lashed by steam can convey him, though long on his way before his course is known, finds that a fleetier steed has passed him, as an officer awaiting his arrival in a distant city takes him by the arm when he leaves the train. Yes, among all the fast things of our age, the telegraph is the swiftest, and baffles all competition. The invisible messenger travels along his wiry road at the rate of two hundred thousand miles in a second. Were a path built around the world he could perform the entire journey a hundred times, leaving a message at fifty cities on his route before one could repeat the names of those cities. It is only ten years since this mode of communication was first put into operation; and at the present time it is estimated that there are nearly fifty thousand miles of telegraph lines in the world, two thirds of which are in America.

On the opposite page is a comprehensive view of the electric telegraph. On the left a man is sending messages along the wires, passing through cities, across the country, by the side of railroads, over rivers, through valleys, and these are recorded in a distant office, as seen on the right. Yet all this route is traversed so quickly



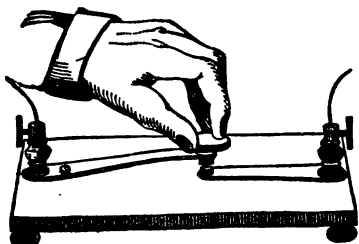
that the message is read in the distant city the same minute that it is sent.

It is a singular law of Electricity, that there must be an unobstructed path by which it may return before it will start on its journey; in other words, the "electric circuit" must be complete. Formerly it was thought indispensable to have two wires in all telegraphic lines, one for the transmission of the message, and the other for the return of the messenger or the electric current; but it has since been found that the earth itself will answer for one half of the circuit, and now only one wire is necessary to perform the work of the telegraph. Where two wires are used, they save time, as messages may be transmitted by one wire and replies returned by the other without interruptions.

That the earth may be used as one half of the circuit, wires attached to the battery in each office are soldered to sheets of copper, which are imbedded in moist places in the earth. Thus, to form the circuit between New York and Boston, a wire attached to the battery in the office in New York is fastened to a sheet of copper buried in the moist earth, and another in like manner in Boston. How the electric fluid can find its way through the earth from one of these sheets of copper to the other we know not; it is one of the mysteries of nature which philosophers can not answer. We are inclined to believe, however, that what is usually termed the return current is the original part of it; that the electric fluid, which pervades every portion of the earth, first starts from the earth, and by means of the telegraphic wire completes a circuit and again returns to it.

In the working of a telegraph, it is so arranged that this circuit can be sundered and united instantly at pleasure. The mode of

doing this may be explained by the accompanying figure. Two wires may be seen attached to the ends of this signal-key; one connecting with the sheet of copper in the moist earth, and the other with the wire stretching along the telegraph poles. Directly beneath the point on which the hand rests may be seen a slight space, which

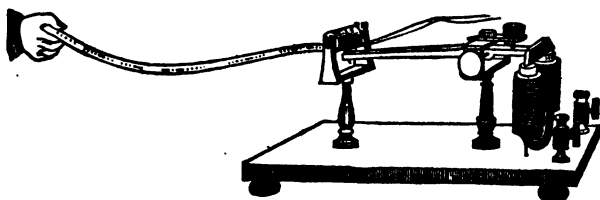


SIGNAL KEY.

breaks the circuit, but by a pressure of the hand on the key these points touch, and the circuit is completed instantly. This key is so arranged with a spring, that the moment the pressure is removed the

knob raises, and the circuit is sundered again. This, or some similar apparatus, is used by the person who telegraphs the message ; but in order that his message may be understood in the distant office, another instrument is necessary, and this is called the "registering apparatus."

At one end of this figure may be seen a representation of a magnet



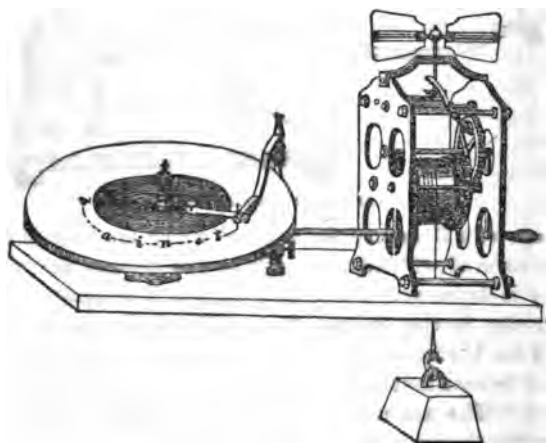
REGISTERING APPARATUS.

in the shape of a U, around the arms of which are coils of fine copper wire, covered with silk. It will be remembered that when the signal-key is depressed, the electric current is completed, and then the electricity, flowing through these coils of wire, forms a powerful magnet of the U-shaped iron. This then attracts the piece of iron which may be seen suspended across the upper ends, called the armature, down. The armature is fixed to the shorter arm of a lever, and when the shorter arm is attracted down, the longer arm, with a steel point affixed, is forced upward, and makes an indentation upon a strip of paper passing between it and the grooved roller. This strip of paper is moved by means of machinery similar to clock-work, and the length of the indentation made by the steel point of the lever depends upon the length of time that the signal-key is depressed. On the instant that the pressure is removed from the signal-key, the U-shaped iron ceases to be a magnet, and the armature being no longer attracted, the weight of the long arm causes that end to fall, and no indentation is then made on the paper. But every pressure of the signal-key completes the circuit, and causes the armature to raise the steel point and indent the paper ; this may be done several times in a second.

Now we are prepared to understand the use of the telegraphic alphabet, which is given on another page. Each short depression of the signal-key will record a - dot on the strip of paper in the office where the message is to be sent, and a longer depression of this key forms a — dash. By an ingenious combination of these dots and dashes they are made to represent the letters of the alphabet, and thus a person in one city can readily spell words and write sentences

in other places a thousand miles distant by means of the telegraph. This mysterious telegraph, then, is simply a pen held by a very long wire arm, and the electric current passing through this long arm causes the pen to move, as our thoughts passing through our arm causes the pen to move while we write this article.

The telegraph known by the name of Bain's telegraph is the

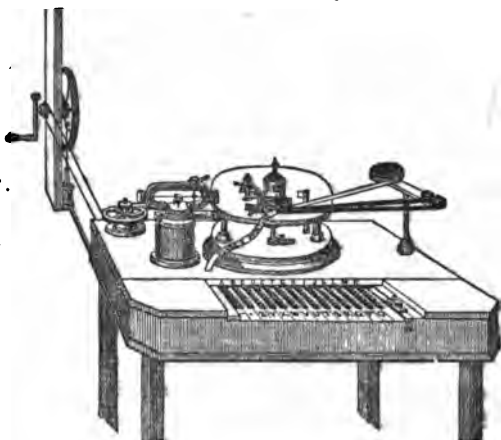


BAIN'S TELEGRAPH.

simplest now in use, and differs from the others principally in its mode of registering. It performs its work by the decomposition of a saline solution. The pen, or point, is stationary. A circular tablet is moved by clock-work under the point, while the point is guided by concentric grooves, and the writing is made in spiral lines, occupying but little space. The pen-holder is connected with the positive battery, and the tablet with the negative. The circuit at the office where the message is recorded is completed by means of paper moistened with a solution of the yellow prussiate of potash, acidulated with sulphuric acid. The pen is of iron, and the solution dissolves a portion of its iron, which stains the paper a Prussian blue. The alphabet is the same in principle as that used by Morse. The advantage of this telegraph consists in the rapidity with which messages may be communicated. Words may be thus recorded at the rate of a thousand letters in a minute. Morse's instruments will record about two hundred letters a minute.

House's telegraph differs from all others in printing its letters instead of recording them in signals. The operator sits at a key-board

similar to that of a piano, and by depressing a key the letter corresponding with the key is made to appear at a little window at the top of the instrument, while it is at the same time printed on a strip of paper below. The principle by which this ingenious operation is performed is simply this: A given number of electrical impulses are given for each letter. These im-



HOUSE'S PRINTING TELEGRAPH.\*

pulses give motion to a wheel, so that on the depression of a key the circuit will be broken at precisely the point which corresponds with the letter. By machinery combining the power of air and axial magnetism, this telegraph prints the letters of its messages at the rate of sixty letters in a minute. This is the most complicated and difficult to be comprehended in the details of its operations of all the telegraphs in use.

The cost of constructing telegraph lines is about \$150 per mile, including wire, posts, labor, etc. Several of the principal daily papers in New York, called the "Associated Press," unite in paying for news by the telegraph. During a single year they thus pay from seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars for telegraphic dispatches. This is exclusive of messages sent for other purposes and by business men. Such are some of the workings and wonders of the Electric Telegraph, the result of American genius. But a greater wonder will be the telegraph around the world, as proposed by Mr. Shaffner. The route suggested is by the way of Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, Faroe Islands, Norway, St. Petersburg, Irkoutsk, Kamtschatka, Aleutian Isles, Alaska, San Francisco, Salt Lake, St. Louis, etc., and connecting with other lines throughout the world.

\* The engravings which illustrate this article are from the revised edition of "*Parker's Philosophy*," published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. We commend that work to teachers and students for its ample illustrations, convenient and systematic arrangement, and practical manner of unfolding its subjects.

## LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY MARY MAY.

"A cheerful expecter of the best hath a fountain of joy within him."—TUPPER.

A CHANGING, tumultuous scene is human life, incident to various trials and disappointments, from which none, even the most favored, are exempt. But to anticipate these, to meet them in expectation, to brood over them in darkness and sorrow, is oftentimes worse than the misfortune itself. *Despondency*. Oh! how dark, and drear, and dismal! How like a blight it sweeps over the soul; how it shuts out sunshine, and joy, and gladness, leaving it but a blackened waste, a ruin, and a desolation! The evil genius of life; it conjures up ills which but for its ominous forebodings had never been; annihilates hope; crushes aspiration; thwarts plans; weakens energy, and unnerves for grappling effectively with the stern difficulties and sober realities of every-day life.

But "the cheerful expecter of the best," he who looks ever upon the bright and sunny side of existence, has indeed an indwelling source of joy—a well-spring of happiness, whose quiet depths chilling adversity may not congeal, nor summer's fervid ray exhaust. Its surface, tranquil as the dream of innocence, mirrors the blue sky and the gentle stars; and when the cloud comes, and the storm is abroad in its wrath and fury, calmly and peacefully then, as ever, it murmurs its song of love, and flows on.

"The merry heart doeth good, like a medicine," manifesting itself, not in demonstrations of noisy mirth, foolish levity, or frivolous trifling, but in a genial, all-pervading cheerfulness, in a spirit at all times calm, equable, and self-possessed, arising from a just appreciation of its exalted privileges and own high destiny.

It seems, indeed, like basest ingratitude, since God has surrounded us with such an infinitude of blessings, to indulge for a moment in gloomy despondency. Beauty and harmony we see prevailing throughout the wide universe, a perfect adaptation in all things to the various necessities of being. Nature's great heart throbs with gratitude and love. The sun that runs his bright course in gladness, the stars moving in solemn grandeur in their appointed way, and the earth, too, with its wilderness of bloom, its nestling valleys, and sunny hills, and rugged mountains, with its dimpling lakes, and foaming rivers, and singing brooks—all, all, in one united voice, proclaim their Maker's praise. And why should not we be glad? Why not unite in this glorious anthem, in a spirit of cheerful thanksgiving and overflowing love to the infinite Giver of all good!

ORIGIN OF VARIOUS TREES, PLANTS, AND SHRUBS.

**W**HHEAT was brought from the central table-land of Thibet, where its representative yet exists as a grass with small, mealy seeds.

• Rye exists wild in Siberia.

Oats grow wild in North Africa.

Barley exists wild in the mountains of Himalaya.

Maize, or Indian Corn, was found in America.

Rice came from South Africa, whence it was taken to India, and thence to Europe and America.

The Garden Bean is from the East Indies; the Horse Bean, from the Caspian Sea.

Rape-seed and Cabbage grow wild in Sicily and Naples.

The Poppy was brought from the East; the Sunflower from Peru.

Flax, or Linseed, is to Southern Europe a weed in the ordinary grain crops.

The Nettle is a native of Europe.

Madder came from the East. Safflower came from Egypt. Dill is an Eastern plant.

Hops, Mustard, and Caraway Seed come to perfection as wild plants in Germany.

Anise was brought from Egypt and the Grecian Archipelago.

Coriander grows wild near the Mediterranean.

Saffron came from the Levant. The Onion came out of Egypt.

Horseradish was brought from the South of Europe.

Tobacco is a native of Virginia; and Tobago, another species, has also been found wild in Asia.

Fuller's Teasel grows wild in Southern Europe. The Gourd is • probably an Eastern plant.

The Potato is a well-known native of Peru, Mexico, and North America.

Hemp is a native of Persia and the East Indies.

The Garden Cress is from Egypt and the East.

The Currant and Gooseberry came from Southern Europe; the Pear and Apple from Europe.

The Cherry, Plum, Olive, and Almond came from Asia Minor; the Mulberry tree from Persia; the Walnut and Peach from the same; the Quince from the Island of Crete; the Citron from Media. The Chestnut came from Media.

The Pine is a native of America ; the Horse-chestnut came from Thibet.

Turnips and Mangel-wurtzel came from the shores of the Mediterranean.

Kohlrabi and White Turnip are natives of Germany.

The Carrot is by some supposed to have been brought from Asia, but others maintain it to be a native of the same country as the Turnip.

The Parsnep is supposed to be a native of the same place. Spinach is attributed to Arabia.

The Radish is supposed to have come from China and the Indies ; the Cucumber from the East Indies ; and Celery from Germany.

#### PLEASURES OF THE TROPICS.

**W**HAT can be more ludicrous than the picture which Sydney Smith draws of the "pleasures" of tropical life ! "Insects," he says, "are the curse of tropical climates. The bete-rouge lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together ; but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose ; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies.

Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes get into the bed ; ants eat up books ; scorpions sting you on the foot. Every thing bites, stings, or bruises ; every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam or Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup ; a nondescript with nine wings is struggling in the small beer ; or a caterpillar, with several dozen eyes in his belly, is hastening over the bread and butter !

"All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics. All this reconciles us to our cold, dews, fogs, vapors, and drizzle ; to our apothecaries rushing about with gargles and tinctures ; to our old constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces."

# Youth's Department.

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## A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

HOW far is it to the sun, Charles?" "Ninety-five millions of miles," was the prompt reply. "Wonder if you couldn't tell us how many moons Jupiter has, or the number of planets in the solar system! Do tell us, young astronomer!" The boy addressed raised a face beaming with native genius from his work, and gave a correct and ready reply.

"Where did you get so much knowledge?" said the now irritated boy. "Doubtless you will be a Herschel yet!"

"Indeed, Herbert, thinking no harm, I took an astronomy of yours that I saw lying in the kitchen, and have been reading it."

"You idler and thief! I forbid your ever *touching* any of my books again; and, more than *that*, I shall inform my father of your proceedings," said he, as he left the shop.

Had you noted the countenance of the scorned boy, you might have seen the quick flush mounting his brow, a large tear stealing down his cheek. An orphan, and almost friendless in the world, Charles Noble had been apprenticed to Mr. Lee, a flourishing sash-manufacturer. He had found a tattered and worn-out astronomy lying about; had taken it to his little garret bedroom, and forgotten time and weariness in those sublime wonders which the little book opened to his view. Though a desolate orphan, the first years of his life had passed under the guidance of noble, whole-souled parents, who had labored to instill into his mind living, earnest truths. Nature had endowed him with a seeking and inquiring mind, full of high and generous impulses.

Mr. Harris, his master, had himself risen from indigence and obscurity to opulence. Deprived of early advantages himself, he determined that his son should enjoy every means of improvement within his reach. No blessing or privilege that money could purchase was denied him. Unfortunately for him, money could neither purchase capacity, nor a desire for improvement, and the pampered and petted child of luxury had no thought of acquiring knowledge by toil. His father designed him for the legal profession, as the surest road to fame. Herbert had often noticed the countenance of the bright,



intellectual boy, and felt a sense of inferiority come over him when his petty persecutions failed in awakening a kindred spirit in the lone boy.

Mind is the only imperial part of our nature ; and as it is a part of the indwelling life, so does it command our admiration in proportion as it approaches to the divine. Charles, by working later at night and before daybreak, procured money to buy a dictionary and grammar ; and while others slept or rested from wearying toil, he refreshed and fed his thirsting spirit with the manna of knowledge. Little by little, step by step, he plodded his slow, but sure way up the "hill of science."

Charles Noble directed his attention to the bar also, as being best suited to his inclinations. He served the term of his apprenticeship, and left with his mind richly stored with lessons of practical wisdom. Difficulties had invigorated and strengthened rather than enfeebled his intellect, and like a wrestler he girded himself for the conflict. He worked at his trade, and obtained money to go on with his studies by degrees, and was admitted to the bar about the same time with Herbert Harris. They subsequently were employed in the same case, on opposite sides. Quite a crowd had collected to hear the "maiden speech" of Lawyer Harris. He had long been under the tuition of some of the most eloquent pleaders at the bar. Flattered and applauded, he looked forward to certain triumph. Charles Noble entered the lists an indigent and friendless attorney.

Harris opened the case by making a very concise and studied plea, which was very well received, and, indeed, applauded. He was followed by Noble, who, sensitive and embarrassed, commenced stammering out some ill-arranged arguments. Harris seized upon the opportunity to intimidate his antagonist with biting sarcasm. The hot blood mounted Charles Noble's temples, his mighty intellect was roused, and with perfect coolness he sifted his opponent's arguments to the very bottom, pouring forth a torrent of eloquence irresistible and mighty in its course. The large audience listened to his words with breathless eagerness, and the hitherto neglected and almost unknown Charles Noble held his hearers spell-bound. He gained the suit, and from that day his march was *onward* and *upward*.

Go with me to the senate-chamber. Seest thou yonder man, with broad and massive brow, bearing the marks of patient, investigating thought ? Note his noble mien and the bright glances of his searching eye. Your dream of lofty spirit-beauty is realized ! He rises to speak : the house is still ; every eye is fixed upon him ; and you

listen. Those words come like a burst of music. Are *they mere words*? He is pleading for *Truth*, for the *rights of man*, and as he goes on, his heart warms with the theme, and the beauty of a mighty, benevolent intellect makes his countenance almost radiant; and you *feel* those words—ideas rather—burning into your very soul. *This was the poor apprentice boy.*

Where is Herbert Harris? What is his fate? He has sunk even below a mediocre lawyer; while the poor, friendless boy has risen to the highest posts of honor and usefulness. He had not only drank of the waters that gurgled from the base of Fame's crystal fountain, but he had entered the inner sanctuary of Learning's temple. With *Excelsior* for his watch-word he had mounted high, and was mounting still higher; for it is not in the soul of such an one to be content with present attainments. A "forever higher" is blazoned in living characters upon their banner, and to them a life without advancement is not a life.

This is no fancy sketch. Look at the great and gifted of all ages and climes, and you will see them rising from the field, the workshop, from humble, obscure homes. Genius seldom visits the abodes of the opulent and luxurious with her life-giving inspirations, but goes like a blessed spirit to the humble and lowly—to those who court toil and spurn ease as an inglorious thing.

Let every boy and girl remember that a glorious destiny awaits them; that there is *nothing so mighty, so boundless* as the mind within them; that it will depend upon themselves whether they will rise or sink; whether, spurning ease and pleasure, they will seek no "royal road to learning," but gird themselves for a mighty conflict for life and immortality; whether they will use and improve the talents which God has given them; or whether they will suffer them to sink and dwindle into insignificance, or make to themselves "eagles' wings," and on them mount forever. E. G.

MEAD CO., KY.

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"I AM SEEN."—"Why did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see."

"Yes, there was; I was there to see myself, and I don't mean to see myself do a mean thing!"

WHEN we record our angry feelings, let it be on the snow, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them forever.

## Microscopic Views.—No. 10.

## BUGS AND THINGS.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

OUR Solar Microscope, you will readily see, is rather adapted to popular exhibition than scientific accuracy. The outlines seem to melt into indistinctness when you come close to the image on the screen, and nothing but such objects as are transparent can be used with good effect."

"But, Uncle George, we saw the flea, and here you have bed-bugs, and flies' legs, and snails' palates; can the light shine through them?"

"Ugh! I hope not. I should hate to be in a light that came through a bed-bug."

"Don't be alarmed, Fanny; the pure sunlight is like fixed virtue, it takes no impurity from any thing that surrounds it. Our bed-bug is transparent, Willie, and very beautiful."

"Curious beauty! But how came he to look clear, and let the sun shine through him?"

"In this wise, Willie: we press him gently between two slips of glass containing water, till by washing and squeezing he is pretty thoroughly cleaned out. Then place on a clean slip of glass a large drop of the Balsam of Fir, and putting the bug on the balsam, shut him down with another thin slip, and over an alcohol lamp warm the pitch, moderately at first, and gradually more and more till it boils clear of bubbles. The air and moisture escape thus, and the object becomes very clear and rich-looking, and will keep forever without change if the glasses are carefully preserved."

"Is it so that these French transparent objects have been preserved? I've wondered why they did not mold and decay."

"It is so, Willie, as I happened to discover by the accidental breaking of one of my slides. But now we will close the shutter and make use of the sunshine before the clouds begin to appear."

"Is *that* a bed-bug! with those beautiful colors, crimson, and gold, and rich auburn? He must have been fed on the first families in Paris."

"Ho! it's as big as an acorn, and has hairs over all its body, and two tusks like an elephant. Why, it could eat up a Frenchman at one meal!"

"The strangest feature of all, to a naturalist, is the fact of two pairs of legs springing from the abdomen. All our insects of this kind have their legs in a cluster, springing from the *waist*, as we might call it, from the trunk of the creature, while the great body is lugged along behind them, like a big budget. I will now show you what we Yankees have a lively knowledge of as a bed-bug."

"Ho! he's a dreadful fellow! I'll never sleep where such monsters live, I tell you!"

"He has a *trunk* like an elephant, but no tusks; and what are those two piles of red-hot shot on the sides of his head?"

"His eyes, Johnny; they are formed as the eyes of nearly all insects are, of many eyes in one, fixed immovably in the head, but ranging nearly in every direction at once. The *trunk*, as you call it, is the sheath to his daggers, and serves also as a blood-sucker, to pump up his living from the wound he makes with the daggers."

"Ah! I see them, three long, slender spears of bright shell color, or shell-comb color, I should call them, and on all his feet are claws, sharp and savage, of the same color."

"And now, what animal is this?"

"That? that's a great turtle, I guess."

"Well done, Johnny; you might as well call it a sheep! It's white, and has a little head for its great body."

"And two very long *ears*; maybe it's part donkey!"

"You make a very curious creature of what, I am sorry to say, is too common in some places, though, I am glad to think, a stranger to you."

"Oh, I know, it's just come into my head; it's a louse!"

"Well done, Willie; I guess we'll *comb* your head if any thing of that sort has just come into it."

"Be still, Fanny, you *know* I didn't mean *so*."

"But it *does* look some like a turtle."

"It does, indeed, Johnny. Around the whole edge of the body are, seemingly, broad plates or scales like those on a turtle's back; but the *ears* are rather a stretch of fancy. Those projections from his turtle's head are the feelers, or antennæ, and are, no doubt, of great service to him in traveling the tangled swamp of uncombed heads, in pursuit of game."

"Oh, put him away, Uncle George; it makes my head itch to see him, for all his silvery clearness and innocent-looking white eyes; those sharp toe-nails seem to dig dreadfully."

"There's the head of a monster, or else it's all monster! A great,

dark ball, with bristles and daggers ; *six*—no, *five* daggers ; the other is the sheath, I guess, isn't it ?”

“Yes, Jennie ; and those five long leaves are commonly closed as one, and very slender at that, when it slips into your veins for a sip of blood.”

“What is it ? I can never tell from such a giant's head.”

“It is the head of a mosquito, with its daggers and sheath ; and here I will show his wing.”

“Oh, beautiful, very beautiful ! that monstrous head had begun to make me *hate* the creature completely. This downy wing comes to tell us, again, that God never made any thing in which we may not find something to admire, as you have often taught us.”

“Those long ribs or braces that branch out from the narrow end of the wing, and are divided as they reach the broader part, give firmness to the whole. They are hollow and very light, though strong, and the thin film of the wing is stretched like a fan over them.”

“And how beautifully the lines of the rib-work are fringed with a row of long, blade-like feathers, broad at the outer end, and rounding in, and growing narrow near the stem.”

“All the outline of the wing is bordered by them—only where they are shelled off. How clear, white, and delicate it is ! I should think the slightest touch would crush it.”

“And so it does almost. I had to attempt it more than twenty times before I could secure a wing entire without shedding its delicate feather-fringes, and have only partly succeeded now, as you see. When the creatures of a day are so elaborate and fine, how precious must be an immortal soul to Him who made it !”

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#### BOYS SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

**R**ECENTLY a public meeting was held in Northampton, Mass., in commemoration of the close of the second century since the settlement of that town. At this gathering a number of very interesting letters were read, from natives of Northampton now resident in other places. One of them, in speaking of his boyhood, says : “It may amuse the boys of the present generation to be informed that the boys of my day cut the wood that kept them warm at school in winter, and it lay in as many piles as there were boys around the school-house.

"My physician says he has no doubt that the remarkable health and longevity of my father's family is owing very much to the plain, simple manner in which we were trained up. We never, except on Thanksgiving Day, drank tea or coffee; but our breakfast and supper were uniformly made of bolted rye bread and milk, and hasty pudding and milk. The doctor thinks that going barefoot in summer has kept from us colds, coughs, and perhaps consumption. You will recollect that *nine* of our family met at Northampton on the first day of June, 1848, and that our ages averaged about *seventy* years."

"In my early years the boys generally wore, on week days, checked shirts and tow-cloth jackets, and trowsers otter-dyed. The hatter made us yearly a felt hat at a dollar a-piece. On Sundays hey wore white shirts, with ruffles at the wrists."

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### WHAT I LOVE.

BY ANNE P. ADAMS.

I DEARLY love the pleasant spring,

When softened breezes blow,  
And crocuses and violets  
Peep from beneath the snow;  
When Rob the Redbreast comes again  
From far-off southern groves,  
And happy thrushes build their nests,  
And tell their little loves.

I love the glorious summer time,  
Its sunshine and its showers,  
Its waving fields of golden grain,  
And sweetly perfumed flowers;  
When humming-birds their dainty bills  
In coral blossoms dip,  
And from the round, red clover-heads  
Their honeyed nectar sip.

I love the golden autumn time,  
When Jack Frost cracks the burrs  
Of great brown chestnuts, and the brook  
Tries on its icy spurs;  
When wagon-loads of fruit and grain  
From field and orchard come,  
And farmers, with their merry shouts,  
Welcome the harvest home.

And oh, I love the winter time,  
 When every tree is bare,  
 And feathery snow-flakes, soft and white,  
 Fall silent through the air;  
 When New Year's day and Christmas eve  
 For merry-making call—  
 Oh, yes, I love the winter time  
 The very best of all.

But stop—for I remember now,  
 A boy with shoeless feet  
 And ragged clothes—the other day  
 I met him in the street.  
 He sought for work, but sought in vain;  
 He shivered with the cold;  
 His half-clad limbs and thin, pale face  
 A mournful story told.

I have a home, but he has none,  
 And I have food and fire,  
 And nice warm clothes, and loving friends,  
 And all that I desire.  
 Well may I love the winter time;  
 It brings me only joy;  
 But oh, how dreadful it must be  
 To that poor, hungry boy!



### WHY THE CAT DOES NOT SWEAT.

**T**H**ERE** are many things that become so familiar to us from our intimate associations with them in every-day life, that we seldom or never pause to inquire into their philosophy or nature, and yet when we do seek such an interview, the interest awakened and knowledge obtained furnish a rich reward for all our labors. Such is the case with the present subject, Why the Cat does not Sweat. For ages this animal has been one of the household in nearly every family in the civilized world, yet few have ever observed the fact that the cat does not sweat, and fewer still having observed it, have paused to consider why it is so. To all such we commend the following:

"Pa, does the cat ever sweat?"

"No, my son."

"Why, pa?"

True enough, thought I, why? The carnivorous animals have

no perspiratory pores, as is said ; but this only helps over the first why, and we are stopped again by the next one. If it had been necessary for them to sweat, God would have given them an apparatus, as he has given to horses and cows, in their skins.

"I think," said I, "it is because they eat so much lean meat."

This reply satisfied the little fellow, and led me to some further reflections.

Strange as it may seem, all animals that perspire get into a sweat to keep cool. When an ounce of water is converted into vapor, whether it has been sprinkled on the floor on a summer's day, or put on the fire in a green fore-stick, or spread on the surface of the earth in a dew, or exists in the form of perspiration on our bodies, or exhales invisibly from our skin, or comes out of our lungs in breath, or from the tongue of the overheated, panting dog, that ounce of water appropriates to itself, and destroys for all other purposes, a certain amount of heat.

If animals sweat to get rid of excess of warmth, is there any connection between this process and the character of their food ?

If we designate the surplus of carbonaceous matter in food, as heat, and the surplus of nitrogenized matters, as motion, we shall have in

Beef,	one pound of motion to	3 pounds of heat.
Oats,	" "	16 "
Hay,	" "	18 "

Now observation has shown that animals can not use of the one of these elements without disposing in some way of a corresponding amount of the other. Stage-horses, hard driven, though the weather be warm, grow poor ; in common terms, they sweat off their fat. It is equally true, too, that animals in low flesh are weak.

As the food of the herbivorous animals contains five or six times the amount of heat-producing materials (starch, gum, and sugar) that exists in animal flesh, so this class are more sluggish in their habits than carnivorous animals. Lions and tigers, although they have been consigned to a warm latitude, and covered in furs by a kind Providence, must roam to keep warm. It is for these natural reasons that they can not brook the condition of captivity. Poetry has nothing to do with their restless habits when in cages ; they are chilly from the inaction of the domestic condition.

Dogs and cats are very sensitive to cold. How Carlo shivers when he comes out of his house on a cold morning and whines at the door ; and puss, notwithstanding her fur dress, never lies down



to take a nap in a cold place. Neither of them can keep still in the cold. If they were to be stabled like cattle, and could be kept as still, it would kill them in a few days.

Although the horse, when fed on hay, has but one pound of motion to dispose of for every eighteen pounds of heat, he must work that off in order to enjoy warmth. After drinking, on a winter morning, when he finds himself shivering, he prances and kicks, to dispose of the motion derived from his food, and thus to convert it into heat.

The horse sweats because there is so much starch, gum, and sugar in his food ; while the cat does not, because there is so little in hers. Exercise, as well as food, generates heat ; hence those animals that feed on heat-producing foods, such as contain large proportions of starch, sugar, etc., must sweat to carry off the surplus heat generated while exercising ; those that feed on flesh which contains but a small proportion of these heat-producing materials, have no need of perspiration to cool them, as they require both food and exercise to keep them sufficiently warm. The starch, gum, and sugar in the grass go to make fat with grass-eating animals ; the cat gets but little fat in her food, and so God gave her furs, and lets her wear them all summer to keep her warm.

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#### THE BOY OF THE TIMES.

**W**E like an active boy, one who has the impulse of the age in him. A lazy, plodding, small-paced chap might have got along in the world fifty years ago, but it don't do for these times.

We live in an age of quick ideas ; men think quick, and slow coaches are not tolerated.

Strive, boys, to catch the spirit of the times ; be up and dressed always, not gaping and rubbing your eyes as if you were half asleep, but wide awake for whatever may turn up, and you will be somebody before you die.

Think, plan, reflect as much as you please before you act ; but think quickly and closely, and when you have fixed your eye upon an object, spring to the mark at once.

But above all things, be honest. If you intend to be an artist, carve in the wood, chisel in the marble ; if a merchant, write in your ledger ; if a farmer, hold the plow and gather the harvest. Let honesty of purpose be your guiding star.

## Children's Department.

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### CHARLEY AND HIS NEW SLED.

CHARLEY'S new sled was just finished, and he was drawing his sisters, in turn, about the yard, in high glee, when his mother came back from a call upon poor sick Mrs. Clifford. Presently they came in to warm their cold fingers, and his mother asked, "Charley, do you know Robert, Mrs. Clifford's nephew, who is staying there this winter?"

"Is it the boy who goes to meeting and sits in their pew?"

"Yes, my son, and he has been very sick with the measles. Do you remember when you had the measles, Charley?"

"No, mother."

"There were four of you sick at the same time, and when you began to be a little better you were very restless; you wanted to be carried about and amused, and we talked, and sung, and read stories to you. Robert is away from his father and mother. He is sick up stairs, and his aunt is so sick below, that she requires constant care and nursing, and poor Robert is much alone. He is too weak to sit up, and thought he could read a little in bed, and that would make him a little less lonely; but I told him he ought not to read a word for several days, his eyes are so weak. Now, what do you think of leaving your new sled, this bright, beautiful day, and going up and sitting in the chamber with Robert, and reading to him?"

Charley's eyes filled. He was not acquainted with Robert, and then he was naturally a diffident boy, and his sled looked *so tempting*.

"I don't care about going," said he, at last.

"Well, do just as you choose about it; but I pitied Robert, there alone, and I asked him if he would like to have you come and read to him; and his eyes brightened, as he said he should, if you were willing to do so."

"I'll go," said Charley. "Sarah, you and Ellen may play with my sled till I come back." His mother helped him to select an interesting book, and when he returned, some two hours after, you would not have thought he enjoyed his sled any the less, or felt sorry he had been to see Robert. It was, to be sure, only a small act of kindness, but it is these little things which make up the daily life of joy or sorrow to many hearts. Can you not, boys and girls, in some such way, lessen the load of sorrow, or add to the joys of some sons and daughters of affliction?—*Child's Paper.*

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## THE UNTHANKFUL NEIGHBOR.

BY VESTA VIOLET.

LITTLE Anna and Ellen Morton were sisters, and as they had a benevolent and kind mother, they were often sent with baskets of provisions and clothing to a couple of poor families that resided in the neighborhood. They returned, one day, after having carried a supply to Mrs. R., murmuring bitterly because of her unthankfulness.

Said Anna, "Mother, now don't make us carry her any more things, for she did not even say, 'I thank you.' Let us give all we have to spare to Mrs. B. She always kisses us, and acts so glad, thanking us a thousand times."

"She is a good woman, I know," said Ellen. "I am sure she is worthy of every thing given to her."

"Don't she always go and look up some pretty pieces of calico, or give us some candy that she has saved on purpose for us?" said Anna; "while Mrs. R. just says nothing, but takes our basket, goes and empties it, and gives it back, as though we were obliged to give her every thing."

"I hope you do not give," said Mrs. Morton, "hoping to receive. That is not right."

"No," said Anna, "it was not that, but she made us know she was thankful. I want, when I give anybody any thing, to have them appear as if it *was something*."

"Perhaps my little girls are not always thankful them-

selves," replied their mother. "Let us see. We have given you food and clothing, and sent you to school that you might learn to read and write, and be happy and intelligent women when you grow up. Your heavenly Father has given you kind parents, and blessed you with health and every necessary comfort. Have you ever felt thankful for all these? Have you ever said, 'Dear mother, we thank you ten thousand times for all you do for us daily?' And yet I continue to do and work for you.

"See, too, how hard your father toils, day after day, to make you comfortable. And your heavenly Father sends his rain and glorious sunshine upon us all. Though a few are thankful, the great mass are like Mrs. R. when she receives your basket; they return not one look of gratitude to Him, and may even curse His holy name.

"But what does God do? Does he cease to give them the needed blessing? No. He wearies not through all their unthankful lives; he slackens not his hand in caring for them day and night.

"And should my little girls be so partial in their gifts? Mrs. R. may be thankful, but, at the same time, have not the faculty to express it. I wish you to be kind and good to all, whether they caress you in return or not."

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## A POOR BOY'S NOBLE RESOLUTION.

I KNOW I am poor, but I am not ragged, and I will try to be honest. I can go to school. Yes, I am poor! but I am not poor enough to steal, or to beg, or to lie.

I don't see, after all, but that I can sing as gayly as if I had a thousand dollars. Money does not lighten people's hearts. There is Mr. Jones; he is rich, but I never heard him sing a hymn in my life. His cheek is paler than mine, and his arm is thinner; and I am sure he can't sleep sounder than I do.

No, I am not so poor either. This fine spring morning I

feel quite rich. The fields and flowers are mine. The red clouds yonder, where the sun is going to rise, are mine. I never was sick in my life. I have bread and water. What could money buy for me more than this?

I thought I was poor, but I am rich.

The birds have no purse or pocket-book; neither have I. They have food and drink; so have I. They are cheerful; so am I. They are taken care of by their Creator; so am I.

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"I DID AS THE REST DID."

THIS yielding spirit of "doing as the rest did," has ruined thousands. How often, in school, do we hear the excuse, when reprimanded for some fault, or disobedience to the rules of schools, "I did only as the rest did!"

Ah, my young friend, this doing as the rest did may be all wrong. Because your playmate does wrong it is no excuse for you in doing wrong.

Sometimes children of wealthy parents are allowed to grow up in idleness, without learning how to do any kind of business, and other boys who associate with them, try to "do as the rest do." The result is a life of idleness.

We have known children go late to school, and in excuse for their tardiness say they were "as early as some of the other scholars." But does this make it right? Does not such a tardy boy, half an hour too late at school, lose just as much time as if he was the only tardy boy? Certainly; hence he does not learn any faster for others being late also. Doing "as the rest did" is a poor excuse for tardiness or any other fault.

One boy plays truant from school, another is induced to follow his example, and at length, when reproved, offers as his excuse, "I did as — did."

Let us give you a little advice on this subject. Always do *right*, no matter how others do. Do nothing because "the rest did it."

# Editor's Table.

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## TALK WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

THE old system of teaching school and "boarding round" has many lessons of importance to the observing mind. One of these is the effects of the different modes of family management on the character and habits of children. While at school, the teacher becomes acquainted with the character of his pupils, but not until he is an inmate of the same family with them does he understand what influence made those children what they are. Then he learns that the bright, intelligent ones, those which most readily comprehend their studies, are those whose parents talk with them familiarly, explaining whatever their young, inquisitive minds do not readily understand.

Parents, here is an important thought for yourselves. Not only furnish your children with books and send them regularly to school; not only be careful that they attend church and the Sabbath-school regularly; not only furnish them with clothes and the advantages of good society, but talk *with* them. There are many kind and provident parents who do every thing for their children but to talk *with* them. True, they sometimes talk *to* them when they would exact their obedience; or in regard to some trifling, every-day concerns; still they do not talk *with* them for the purpose of developing their minds by giving them useful information.

Talk with your children. If you have a thought worthy a king's hearing, tell it to your children. If you have noble ideas on any subject, speak to your son or daughter of them. Talk with them familiarly, at home, in the field, by the wayside. Talk with your children, and they will bless you for it, by-and-by.

PRINCE'S PROTEAN FOUNTAIN PEN.—Many have been the attempts to construct a pen that shall be light and convenient, and adapted to all kinds of writing, which would supply itself with ink without the trouble and loss of time from frequent dippings in the ink-stand. The most successful effort which has come under our notice, in this direction, and one which from all present appearances bids fair to meet the expectations of the most sanguine, is Prince's Protean Fountain Pen. Its use, with good ink, is a great saving of time and trouble over that of the common pen and ink-stand. We have used this pen for several weeks, during which period we have spent, at different times, from three to five hours in succession in constant writing.

The reservoir for the ink, which is the pen-holder, is made of protean or hard rubber, and is about the size of Faber's pencils, and it very much resembles the black ones in appearance. When filled, ready for use, it is but a trifle heavier than such a pencil. The pen, which is of gold, and made expressly for the fountain-holder, is so inserted that the ink flows just as fast as it is exhausted in writing, whether one writes slowly or rapidly.

These fountain pens are of two kinds, one for the desk, the other for carrying in the side-pocket. The desk-pen is filled by means of a piston, and the pocket-

pen by suction. Either mode of filling requires scarcely a minute. The fountain holds sufficient ink for writing, closely, about twenty-four pages, and would last a book-keeper a whole day. All the apparatus required in using it is a common pen-wiper. There is no danger of spilling ink, nor trouble from ink-stands, after the pen is charged. The pocket-pen has many advantages for persons who wish to have pen-and-ink always at hand, ready for use, and particularly for reporters, travelers, engineers, etc. Price \$3 for either kind. Should any of our readers desire to procure this pen, we will forward it by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the price. Those who may thus order the pen should state whether they write with a stiff or a flexible pen, and whether in a fine, light hand, or rather coarse and heavy. With such information we could readily select one that would suit. Address the publisher of *THE STUDENT*.

**EDUCATIONAL ITEMS.—New York.**—Evening Schools. During the first term of twelve weeks of the past winter there were 12,012 pupils who attended the evening schools in this city. Of this number 1,221 were over twenty-one years of age.—E. Pershine Smith, Esq., of Rochester, has been appointed Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction of this State, in place of Mr. J. J. Chambers.

J. W. Bulkley, of Williamsburg, New York, long and well known in the educational field, has been appointed City Superintendent of Schools for Brooklyn.

**Connecticut.**—Professor John D. Philbrick, Principal of the State Normal School, New Britain, Conn., has entered upon the duties of Superintendent of Common Schools for that State, in place of Henry Barnard, resigned.

**Pennsylvania.**—Henry C. Hickok, Esq., has been appointed Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools for that State. There they have a system of county superintendents, and from their labors, together with educational meetings and Teachers' Institutes, much is doing to promote the cause of education.

**Michigan.**—The recent Legislature of that State appropriated \$1,800 for the benefit of Teachers' Institutes. This money is to be distributed by the Superintendent of Public Instruction among such counties as will hold an Institute, numbering at least fifty teachers in attendance.—An act was passed by the same Legislature to provide for the purchase of a copy of Webster's Unabridged Quarto Dictionary for each public school in the State. The expense is to be defrayed by the library money, unless a township chooses to tax itself for this purpose.

**Teachers State Agents.**—Several State Teachers' Associations have adopted a plan, which we believe was first successfully carried out in Ohio, of employing one of their most efficient members to travel through the State, hold educational meetings, attend Teachers' Institutes, lecture, visit schools, etc., and thus endeavor to awaken a greater interest in the cause of education. These agents are usually supported by voluntary assessments and contributions by the teachers. Mr. James Johannot, of Syracuse, New York, is the State agent for the teachers of this State.—Mr. George Sherwood, of New Britain, Conn., is the State agent for the teachers of Connecticut. Dr. C. C. Hoagland, of Somerset, is the State agent for the teachers of New Jersey.—Mr. A. D. Lord, of Columbus, Ohio, is the State agent for the teachers of Ohio. We have not learned that such agents are appointed in any other State as yet.

"THE TEACHER'S EXCHANGE."—This is the name of a new society organized at a meeting of teachers in Salem, Ohio. Its object is to encourage the collection of materials for Cabinets of Natural and Artificial Substances, and to facilitate the exchange of such materials among schools and its members. Professor J. Brainard, of Cleveland, Ohio, was elected President, and A. Holbrook, of Salem, Actuary, and A. H. Battin, of Salem, O., Secretary.

The system of exchanges of scientific and artistic articles among schools, if successfully carried out, may be productive of much good. If the exchanges be in specimens of drawing and penmanship, they stimulate those who receive them to excel the specimens received; if exchanges in minerals are made, habits of observation are cultivated, and a taste for the study of mineralogy and geology may be awakened; if specimens of handicraft are exchanged, the skill of a future mechanic may be developed.

## Our Museum.

**M**ARCH is the third month of the year, but in the calendar of Romulus it was the first. It seems that it still has strong claims for the first place in the order of the months, as it is really the beginning of the year of vegetation; and also the time when the sun enters Aries, the first sign in the Zodiac. The Jews date the beginning of the sacred year in the month of March. It is believed that this month was called March by Romulus, in honor of his supposed father, Mars.

**IDES OF MARCH.**—The fifteenth day of March. *Ides* is one of the Roman divisions of the months. This day fell upon the 15th day of March, May, July, and October, and on the 13th of the other months. It was on the *Ides of March* that Julius Cæsar was assassinated in the senate-house by Casca and other conspirators, 44 years B. C.

**EASTER SUNDAY.**—The first Sunday after the first full moon that occurs after the 21st of March. The festival of Easter was instituted about A. D. 68.

**LENT.**—A period of fasting observed by the Episcopal and Roman Catholic Churches during the forty days immediately preceding Easter Sunday. The first day of Lent is Ash-Wednesday, so called from a custom introduced by St. Gregory the Great of the sprinkling of ashes on this day. This custom, however, was abolished by the Episcopal Church at the time of the Reformation.

**PALM SUNDAY.**—The sixth Sunday in Lent, or the next before Easter Sunday. This day is observed in commemoration of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when palm branches were strewn in the way. Hence it is customary with the Roman Catholics who observe it, to carry branches of palms in their hands, and also to wear them about their person.

**CHANGE OF NAME.**—The custom of popes changing their names on being chosen to the pontificate, is said to have originated with Pope Sergius, in A. D. 687, whose name, till then, was "Swine-Snout."

**SPELLING BY SOUNDS.**—The principles of phonetic spelling, it would seem from the following, are not of modern introduction. Dr. Franklin relates an instance of a gentleman receiving a letter in which were these words: "Not finding Brom at home, I delivered your *messeg* to his *yf*." The gentleman



called his wife to help him read it; and between them they picked out all but the *yf*, which they could not understand. At length the wife proposed calling her chambermaid, "because," says she, "Betty has the best knack of reading bad spelling of any body I know." Betty came, and was surprised that neither of them could tell what *yf* was. "Why," says she, "*yf* spells wife—what else can it spell?"

**CUTTING RETORT.**—After Mr. Pitt had made his first speech in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Walpole, in a sarcastic note, remarked: "I apprehend the young gentleman has not sown all his wild oats."

To this Mr. Pitt replied, in a rejoinder: "Age has its privileges, and youth may have its faults, but the gentleman affords ample illustration that I still retain food enough for geese to peck at."

**CURIOUS PLACARD.**—At one time during the troubles in Rome, a few years since, the following ingenious placard was posted about the streets of that city. Several days elapsed before the chief of the Roman police detected its hidden meaning:

Death to	Pius Ninth—
Mazzini	forever
The Republic is	the best government—
the vilest government	is that of the Pope!
Down with the	Priestly power,
Sovereignty of the People	forever.

**NEW CLASSIFICATION IN NATURAL HISTORY.**—A citizen of Arkansas, while on board of a steamer on the Mississippi, was asked by a gentleman, whether the raising of stock in Arkansas was attended with much difficulty or expense. "O yes, stranger," was the reply, "they suffer much from insects." "From insects? why, what kind of insects?" inquired the gentleman. "Why, bears, catamounts, wolves, and such like insects."

**ORIGIN OF THE SIGN OF EQUALITY.**—This sign (=) was introduced into Algebra by Robert Recorde, the first English author on this subject, some time about 1557. In his treatise on Algebra, called "Whetstone of Witte," he says: "To avoide the tedious repetition of these words, *is equalle to*, I will sette as I doe often in worke use, a paire of parallel lines of one lengthe, thus: =, because mee 2 thynge can be more equalle."

**BANKRUPT.**—Few words have so remarkable a history as the familiar word *bankrupt*. The money-changers of Italy had, it is said, benches or stalls in the bourse or exchange, in former times, and at these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world, and became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name of broken bench, or *banco rotto*, was given to him. When the word was adopted into English, it was nearer the Italian than it now is, being "bankeront," instead of *bankrupt*.

**EMERY.**—A mineral of extreme hardness, found at Cape *Emeri*, in the island of Naxos, near Greece, and at a few spots in Turkey. It is used for cleaning rusty needles, for cutting and polishing glass, gems, and other hard substances. The annual production is at present about two thousand tons from Naxos, and sixteen hundred tons from Turkey. Though this mineral has been sought for in all parts of the world, it has only been found in the two places here mentioned.

**RICH ENOUGH.**—It is said that the income of Wm. B. Astor, of New York, is \$1,200,000 per annum, which would be about \$3,287 a day, \$187 an hour, and \$2 25 a minute.

**GENIUS**, unexerted, is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks.

**ENIGMAS.**—What English word of one syllable, by cutting off its first letter, becomes a Latin word of two syllables, both having the same signification?

There is a thing that nothing is,  
And yet it has a name;  
'Tis sometimes tall, and sometimes short,  
It joins in walks, it joins in sports,  
And plays at every game.

**SPELLING.**—The following simple rules will be found useful in determining how to spell words that terminate in *ise*, and *ize*:

Rule 1. When a complete word would remain after leaving off the termination, *ize* should be used, as real-*ize*, modern-*ize*, civil-*ize*, etc.

Rule 2. When a word would be incomplete without the termination, *ise* should be used, as demise, comprise, advise, enterprise, etc.

There are a few, and it is a very few, exceptions to these rules. The principal ones are *criticise* and *recognize*.

**SPECIMENS OF MODERN SYNTAX.**—A New Orleans editor, recording the career of a mad dog, says: "We are grieved to say that the rabid animal, before it could be killed, severely bit Dr. Hart and several other dogs."

A New York paper, announcing the wrecking of a vessel near the Narrows, says: "The only passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owned three-fourths of the cargo and the captain's wife."

## Literary Notices.

BOOKS noticed in THE STUDENT will be sent, on receipt of the prices given, to any post-office in the United States, free of postage, by N. A. CALKINS, 343 Broadway, New York.

**WOLFE'S ROOST and Other Papers**, now first collected. By Washington Irving. Published by G. P. Putnam & Co., N. York. 12mo; 388 pp., with vignette illustrations by Darley.

This new volume from Washington Irving is welcomed with much pleasure by those who have long been familiar with the works of America's best prose writer; and who has not read his productions, almost from his childhood? It really is a rich treat to take up a volume from the pen of Geoffrey Crayon in the midst of such a flood of light and trashy literature as has been poured forth during a few years past. Similar to the "Sketch Book," this volume contains a variety of subjects, all of which have that charm thrown over them, that only Irving can give so effectually. Price by mail, \$1 20.

**A SYSTEM OF INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY.** By Rev. Asa Mahan. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 12mo; 476 pp. Price \$1 25.

This system of Intellectual Philosophy is the result of many years' teaching and observation by the President of Cleveland University, and may be called a class-book on this subject. The author is evidently less conservative than Wayland, and has exposed the errors of many of the ancient teachers in this science. He has shown himself familiar not only with the system of Locke and his successors, but with the various systems of German Philosophy. This work is thorough and comprehensive, its plan of classification admirably arranged, and we believe its study would do much toward eradicating the teachings of false philosophy.

**THE WAYS OF LIFE, Showing the Right Way and Wrong Way; Contrasting the High Way and the Low Way; the True Way and the False Way; the Upward Way and the Downward Way; the Way of Honor and the Way of Dishonor.** By Rev. G. S. Weaver. Published by Fowler & Wells. 19mo; 157 pp. Price, in paper cover 40 cents; muslin 50 cents.

This volume has high aims, and is written in an earnest and attractive style. It is free from dull advice and commonplace teachings. The language is plain, forcible, and comes home to every reader with its practical truths constantly illustrated by the facts of experience. It is a volume the reading of which must result in much permanent good to the young, in instilling into their minds noble principles and elevated aspirations of life. An extract may be found in our present number.

**THE CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE, Parts VI. and VII.,** containing the "Poisons we Select; the Odors we Enjoy; the Smells we Dislike; What we Breathe and Breathe for; What, How, and Why we Digest; the Body we Cherish; and the Circulation of Matter," are now ready. These complete the volume. Price, by mail, postage paid, 80 cents each part. These numbers contain a vast amount of valuable information, and a practical application of Chemistry to every day-life. They should be read by the million. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

**MARY AND ELLEN; Or, the Best Thanksgiving.** Published by James Munroe & Co., Boston. 15mo; 152 pages. Price 40 cents.

An interesting story for children, teaching that presents, good things to eat, and fine clothes to wear are not what makes people most happy. Kindness to others, with a desire to make them happy, and a cheerful, contented disposition are more useful. The story will please the young readers, and we trust impart useful lessons.

**HARPER'S GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD.** This Statistical Gazetteer describes particularly and fully the United States, Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia; and it also embraces the latest statistical information from other portions of the world. It was issued in parts at 50 cents each, but is now complete in one Royal Octavo Volume of nearly 2,000 pages. Price in cloth, \$5; sheep, extra, \$5 75. As a book of geographical and statistical reference it is highly valuable; and in its comprehensiveness and amount of statistical information, it surpasses any thing before published in this country, and would form a valuable acquisition to every family's, teacher's, or student's library. Harper & Brothers, New York.

**HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.**—Nos. II. and III. are received. No. II. is *WHITE and the Mortgage*, showing how much may be accomplished by a boy. No. III. *The Strait Gate*; or, the Rule of Exclusion from Heaven. Monthly, 25 cents each, or \$3 a year.

**HUMAN ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND HYGIENE.** By T. S. Lambert, M. D. Published by Brockett, Hutchinson & Co., Hartford, Ct. 12mo; 459 pages. Illustrated with nearly 800 engravings. Price \$1 25.

Dr. Lambert has long been known as a successful teacher and lecturer on this important subject in various parts of the country, and from the examination which we have given this work, we pronounce it one admirably adapted for a class-book in schools, and valuable also for the private student. Teachers who desire to introduce a work on physiology into their schools, would do well to examine this before making a choice.

**ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY AND MEASUREMENT.** By James B. Dodd, A. M. 19mo; 267 pages. Published by Farmer, Brace & Co., New York. Price \$1 25.

The materials of this work have not been drawn only from those well-known treatises of *Euclid* and *Legendre*, but from other additional sources of equally established authority; and the whole has been so molded by the author as to render the work decidedly applicable to practical purposes. Its leading features are *simplicity, exactness, and comprehensiveness*. The subject of proportion is amply treated in Book IV., and several pages in addition are devoted to the proper expression of *Ratio*, at the end of the work.

**THE AMERICAN DEBATER**, by J. N. McElligott, is a new work designed for the use and instruction of young men, and all who engage in debating clubs and literary societies. It contains a constitution for debating societies, directions for organizing and conducting them; also a large list of suitable questions for debate, with references to works where full information may be obtained relative to their subjects. It will be ready on the 15th of March. This is just the book for every young man in our country, where no one should neglect to improve his talents for public speaking and debate. Price \$1. On the receipt of which we will send it by mail free of postage.

**MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR, AND PLAN OF SEBASTOPOL.** By G. S. Wells. This map represents the Crimea, Black Sea, Danubian Provinces, Russia, Turkey, Plan of Cronstadt, St. Petersburg, and a Plan of Siege of Sebastopol. Size 25 by 36 inches. It may be sent by mail, price 25 cents, postage paid.

## ANXIETIES OF THE SAILOR'S LIFE.

BY REV. MR. ABBOTT, OF NANTUCKET.

A FEW days ago a man was speaking to me of the emotions with which he was overwhelmed when he bade adieu to his family on his last voyage. The ship in which he was to sail was at Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard. The packet was at the wharf which was to convey him from Nantucket to the ship. He went down in the morning and saw all his private sea-stores packed away in the sloop, and then returned to his home, to take leave of his wife and children. His wife was sitting at the fireside, struggling in vain to restrain her tears. She had an infant, a few months old, in her arms, and with her foot was rocking the cradle, in which lay another little daughter about three years of age, with her cheeks flushed with a burning fever. No pen can describe the anguish of such a parting. It is almost like the bitterness of death. The departing father imprinted a kiss upon the cheek of his child. Four years will pass away ere he will again take that child in his arms. Leaving his wife sobbing in anguish, he closes the door of his house behind him. Four years must elapse ere he cross that threshold again.

A lady said to me, a few evenings ago, "I have been married eleven years, and counting all the days my husband has been at home since our marriage, it amounts to but three hundred and sixty days. He is now absent, having been gone fifteen months; and two months and two years must undoubtedly elapse before I can see his face again; and when he does return, it will be merely a visit to his family for a few months, when he will again bid them adieu for another four years' absence."

I asked the lady, the other day, how many letters she wrote to her husband during his last voyage. "One hundred," was the answer. "And how many did he receive?" "Six." The inevitable rule is to write by every ship that leaves this port, or New Bedford, or any other port that may be heard of, for the Pacific Ocean. And yet the chances are very small that any two ships will meet on this boundless expanse. It sometimes happens that a ship returns, when those on board have not heard one word from their families during the whole period of their absence. Imagine, then, the feelings of a husband and father who returns to the harbor of Nantucket after the separation of forty-eight months, during which time he has heard no tidings whatever from his home. He sees the boat pushing off from

the wharves which is to bring him the tidings of weal or woe. Pale and trembling, he paces the deck with emotions which he in vain endeavors to conceal. A friend in the boat greets him with a smile, and says, "Captain, your family are all well." Or, perhaps, he says, "Captain, I have heavy news for you—your wife died two years and a half ago."

A young man left this island last summer, leaving in his quiet home a young and beautiful wife and infant child. The wife and child are both now in the grave. But the husband knows not, and probably will not know of it for some months to come. He, perhaps, falls asleep every night, thinking of the loved ones left at his fireside, little imagining that they are both cold in death.

On a bright summer afternoon the telegraph announces that a Cape Horn ship has appeared in the horizon, and immediately the stars and stripes of our national banner are unfurled from our flag-staff, sending a wave of emotion through the town. Many families are hoping that it is the ship in which their friends are to return, and all are hoping for tidings from the absent. Soon the name of the ship is announced; and then there is an eager contention with the boys to be the first bearer of the joyful tidings to the wife of the captain; for which service a silver dollar is the established and invariable fee.

Who can describe the feelings which must then agitate the bosom of the wife? Perhaps she has heard no tidings of the ship for more than a year. Trembling with excitement, she dresses herself to meet her husband. "Is he alive?" she says to herself, "or am I a widow, and the poor children orphans?" She walks about the room, unable to compose herself sufficiently to sit down; eagerly is she looking out of the window and down the street. She sees a man with hurried step turn the corner, and a little boy hold of his hand. Yes, it is he. And her little son has gone down to the boat and found his father. Or, perhaps, instead of this, she sees two of her neighbors returning slowly and sadly, and directing their steps to her door. The blood flows back upon her heart. They rap at the door. It is the knell of her husband's death. And she falls senseless to the floor, as they tell her that her husband has long since been entombed in the fathomless ocean.

This is not fiction. These are not extreme cases which the imagination creates. They are facts of continual occurrence; facts which awaken emotions to which no pen can do justice. A few weeks ago a ship returned to this island bringing the news

of another ship that was nearly filled with oil, that all were well, and that she might be expected in a neighboring port in such a month. The wife of the captain resided in Nantucket, and early in the month, with a heart throbbing with affection and hope, she went to greet her husband on his return. At length the ship appeared, dropped her anchor in the harbor, and the friends of the lady went to the ship to escort the husband to the wife from whom he had been so long separated. Soon they sadly returned with the tidings that her husband had been seized with the coast fever upon the island of Madagascar, and when about a week out, on his return home, he died and was committed to his ocean burial. A few days after, I called upon the weeping widow and little daughter in their home of bereavement and anguish.—*Selected.*

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### SABBATH EVENINGS AT HOME.

SABBATH evenings may be to a family the most miserable or the most delightful hours of the week. There is every opportunity for them to be made delightful, for other cares are laid aside, and nothing need interfere with pleasant instruction and profitable family intercourse. Let us picture two Sabbath fireside scenes, and thus more clearly express our thought.

It is a winter's evening, and Mr. B.'s family are all at home, gathered around the fireside. It is a large and elegant room, well furnished, softly carpeted, and brilliantly lighted, a room which one might pronounce a very Eden of domestic happiness. But we shall see.

Mr. B. sits, or rather lounges, on two chairs by the center table, and, with a huge volume before him, seems oblivious of the existence of his family. His wife, in an easy chair opposite him, holds a gilt-bound Bible in her jeweled hands, which she *thinks* she is reading, but Willie whispers to Nellie that she has not turned over a leaf for the last half hour. She considers it her duty to *see* the Bible, at least, on Sunday, and if she holds it open, and dreams of what color her next silk dress shall be, and whether she shall purchase a blue or white hat for Nellie, her conscience is satisfied—she has set the *outward* example.

The three children are seated around the fire, with nothing in their hands, and, which is worse, nothing in their heads. Presently

a little murmur arises among them, which soon swells into an audible quarrel, brought to a crisis by Willie, who, in his angry impetuosity, gives his brother John a very decided pat on the right cheek; but as John has no disposition to turn to him the left also, a spirited scene would doubtless ensue, did not a sudden stamp of the paternal foot bring the quarrel to an end.

"Boys, remember it is Sunday night!" says the mother, and in the momentary bustle lays aside the Bible, and takes up a paper-covered novel in its stead.

The brothers, silenced, sit scowling at each other, and Nellie looks unutterable scorn at them both. The clock strikes eight, at which every one yawns and wonders why Sunday evening is always the longest in the week.

Presently the little girl begins to cast longing looks toward the piano. She wonders if she could play the air of that beautiful hymn which was sung during the morning service. Her desire to try it gets the better of her prudence, and, going to the instrument, she runs over the keys as softly as possible, smiling with satisfaction at her success.

"Stop that everlasting drumming!" growls Mr. B. "How do you expect I can read? You make so much noise I can scarcely hear myself think."

"Strange we can't have quiet Sabbath evenings!" murmurs Mrs. B. "I try hard enough to keep the children still. Nellie, go and sit down, and see how still you can be for half an hour."

Nellie goes to her seat, wishing her father with all his books a good way off, but solacing herself with the idea that he is at home *only* on Sunday evenings. For a while all is still, but Willie in the mean time is taking swift strides toward the land of dreams. He nods and dozes in his chair, waking at intervals, but at last he is lost in unconsciousness. He nods lower and lower, until at last the whole family is roused by his heavy tumble upon the floor. Crying and kicking he is carried off to bed, and Mr. B. vows he will spend Sunday evenings in his office for the future.

Another parlor of equal dimensions and elegance meets our view. The lamps are lighted, and the family is gathered around the table; the children with cheerful, eager faces waiting for the commencement of the evening reading. After all are seated, the father selects from the well filled book-case a volume suitable for the evening. It is a book of travels in the Holy Land. He reads aloud, alternately with his wife, each giving such explanations as occur to them, and

answering cheerfully the many questions of the children. Maps are laid upon the table, and the children look out the localities mentioned, each eager to be the first to find them.

An hour is thus passed ; and as no one has been without a share in the evening lesson, no one is fretful and tired. The minds of the parents are refreshed with giving, those of the children with receiving, instruction. The heart of the husband and father is drawn closer to his family in this one evening of the week, when freed from cares he can be present with them to share in the fireside happiness.

The book laid aside, the chapters read become the theme of conversation. That far-off Palestine is talked of, and the changes which have swept over it, since Christ trod its sacred gardens, are related. The children listen, and their hearts are insensibly penetrated with a deeper reverence for holy things. Other evenings are spent with books and games, and all innocent enjoyments ; but this is holy time. Nor is it less delightful because it is holy.

"Now mother will sing to us some of her beautiful hymns," says the father ; and his wife, smiling, seats herself at the piano-forte, whose rich, sweet tones accompany her sweeter voice. The white dove of peace descends in their midst, radiant with the light of that heaven of which she sings. And now, while all the voices join in singing a last evening hymn, their faces fade from our picture.

The hour will come when those children will be far from the home-fireside, when father and mother will be under the sod. Then, if never before, will the memory of the Sabbath evenings at home be a richer inheritance to them than gold or lands.

F. P. L.

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### CANE HILL, ARKANSAS.

BY ALLEN M. SCOTT, A. M.

**T**HERE are many places in the West, the great and growing West, that offer to the philosophic mind themes for reflection and investigation. The prairies are of this character. They are immense natural meadows, extending in length from five to five hundred miles, and in width from two to forty. Some of them are vastly fertile ; the soil is black and rich, and the surface gently undulating, and covered with rank, tall grass. Why they are destitute of trees, is a question concerning which there are several theories.

The fact that fire sweeps across these oceans of grass every



autumn, destroying both vegetable and animal life, as if Nature were practicing with the besom of destruction, preparatory to the final conflagration, shows plainly the cause of this destitution, or, rather, why it is continued. But this does not affect the original question, why the forest oak, the pine, the cedar, and other trees, first refused to take root in a soil so well calculated to promote their growth and to bring them to maturity. To solve this problem, however, is not our present purpose, and hence, for the present at least, we leave it to abler pens and wiser heads.

The prairies in North Arkansas are on a small scale, being generally not more than five or six miles long, and two or three wide. They are, for the most part, surrounded on all sides by hills, and are very rich, producing Indian corn, wheat, and other small grain, equal in quality and quantity to any in the world.

In the midst of one of these prairies, in Washington County, there is a hill called "*Cane Hill*," possessing several features not a little remarkable. It is about four miles and a half long, and, upon an average, two wide. It rises up in the form of a mound, in the midst of the level prairie, and reaches a height of about one hundred feet; in some places the ascent is nearly perpendicular, but in others it is more gradual. The soil on the top of "*Cane Hill*" is a rich, black loam, equal to that of the American bottom in Illinois, and the growth is much the same as found in the creek and river bottoms in the vicinity. It was originally covered with cane of enormous growth, whence it obtained its name.

The surface on the top of the hill is slightly rolling, and, at a point not far from the geographical center, there is a place a little more elevated than any other. Here, within the space of a few acres, something more than twenty springs of pure water, clear and cold, arise, and flow off in numerous rivulets, several of which unite before they reach the prairie, and afford water-power to an indefinite extent, well adapted to machinery.

At this common center are the remains of an ancient fortification, or, perhaps, city. A portion of the stone wall is still standing. It was built of rough, but substantial masonry, and has been standing for ages, as the overgrown oaks that have taken root upon it sufficiently attest. Here, too, are stone basins, curiously carved; and farmers in the neighborhood sometimes plow up stone axes, and other implements of husbandry made of the same imperishable material, indicating that the ancient inhabitants of this hill were not altogether unacquainted with sculpture and some of the arts.

The Indians know nothing of the history of this place. They say that these relics were there as far back as their traditions extend. That they were populous and powerful, and much more enlightened than any of the modern tribes of wild Indians, there is abundant evidence. But who they were, when they flourished, and by what means they became extinct, are questions involved in great obscurity.

I have spent hours sitting on that old, ruined wall, reflecting on the scenes that may have transpired there long before the adventurous spirit of Columbus led him across the Atlantic to the shores of the New World. These groves once rang with the plays of happy childhood; these springs once refreshed the thirsty lips of warriors returned from battle; and here youthful maidens mingled in the mazy war-dance and sang in merry mood; and here, too, perhaps, the last great battle that exterminated the race was fought, and these very springs, now so clear and limpid, were once purple and gory with human blood. But the scene is changed! The tumult of battle is hushed! The pale face has come, and agriculture smiles over a thousand furrowed fields.—*Arthur's Gazette*.

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VENTILATION.

ON returning from a recent lecturing tour, Henry Ward Beecher wrote an article on town-halls, lecture-rooms, etc., from which we make the following extract, and beg leave to commend it to those who have the charge of our school-rooms, for we know from experience that there is much room for a reform in the ventilation of this important class of edifices:

"It is astonishing that God should have set such an example before us, and provided such wondrous abundance of air, and men take no hint from it of the prime necessity of this substance for health, brightness, and enjoyment. Almost without a single exception, new halls and old ones are *unventilated*. The committee will point you to an auger-hole in some corner of the ceiling, and tell you that arrangements have been made for ventilation! You might as well insert a goose-quill in a dam to supply all Lowell with water for its mills! These contemptible little holes, hardly big enough for a fat rat to run in without disarranging his sleek fur, are hardly enough for one breather, and they are set to do the work of a thousand people! Besides, no provision is made for the introduction of fresh

air from below, to supply the place of that which is supposed to pass off.

"The air trunks of furnaces ought to be double the usual size, and the hot-air trunks that lead from the furnace-chamber to the room should be four times as large as is usual, so that large volumes of mild air can come in, instead of fierce currents of intensely hot air out of which the moisture has been dried, and the oxygen burnt by contact with a red-hot furnace. A room that will seat a thousand persons should not have less than *four* venti-ducts, each one of them larger than a man's whole body. They can be placed at the four corners of the building; or they may be arranged along the sides of the wall, the number being increased as the diameter of each is diminished. But the square inches of the mouths of the venti-ducts should be at least *one third greater* than of the mouths of the *heat-trunks* which come from the furnace.

"As soon as a speaker begins, he usually finds his cheek flushed, his head full and throbbing; bad air is at work with him. The blood that is going to his brain has not been purified in his lungs by contact with good air. It has a diminished stimulating power. It is the first stage of suffocation. For all that is done when a man is hung, is to prevent the passage of air down his windpipe. And if you corrupt the air till it ceases to perform a vital function, it is the same thing in effect; so that a public speaker in a tainted atmosphere is going through a prolonged process of atmospheric hanging. The people, too, instantly show signs of distress. Women begin to fan themselves; children grow sleepy; and well-fed men grow red and somnolent.

"How people can consent to breathe each other's breath over and over again, we never could imagine. They would never return to a hotel where they were put into a bed between sheets that had been used by travelers before them; no, they must have *fresh sheets*. They would go without food rather than eat off an unwashed plate used by several parties before them. Clean, fresh plates are indispensable. But while so delicate of their outside skin and their mouth, they will take air into their lungs that has been breathed over twenty times, by all sorts of persons, and that fairly reeks with feculence; and nothing disgusts them but a proposal to open a window and let in clean and fresh air; that brings up coat-collars, and brings down scowls, and amiable lips pout, and kind tongues declare that they will not go to such a place again, if they do not have these matters regulated better for the health!"

## THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY HORACE S. RUMSEY

WHERE towered elms with verdure crowned,  
 Appeared an edifice of light,  
 Within whose walls unique was found  
 A youthful band, with faces bright,  
 Whose plastic minds were daily taught  
 To mine for hidden gems of thought.

As backward through the lapse of time  
 Fond memory pursues her way,  
 Methinks I hear the school-bell's chime,  
 Pealing its welcome roundelay,  
 As when we hied to Learning's Hall,  
 Gladly forsaking top or hall.

For in that school-room, clean and neat,  
 We met our teacher's winning smile;  
 His animated accents sweet  
 Did many a lengthy hour beguile;  
 As he poured forth his pleasing lore,  
 We drank, but thirsted still the more.

As through the brain flashed some new thought,  
 When laws unknown were brought to light;  
 Or when a problem hard was wrought,  
 The eye would sparkle with delight.  
 Oh! happy days, oh! joyous youth,  
 When delved we in the mines of truth.

What longings for the good and true  
 Our much-loved teacher did inspire!  
 How beautiful appeared to view  
 Fair Virtue in her pure attire,  
 As he unfolded all her ways,  
 Her peaceful nights, her joyous days!

How beautiful God's works appeared,  
 As rambled we through fields and bowers!  
 And how those walks became endeared,  
 Where oft we strolled to gather flowers,  
 To analyze, their language learn,  
 Their various habits to discern!

The starry heavens became our book,  
 The rock-ribbed hills, the flow'r-gemmed sod;  
 Our youthful minds were taught to look  
 "Through Nature up to Nature's God,"

Till in his works below, above,  
We read our FATHER's boundless love.

Rich blessings our loved teacher crown!  
He lives in many a grateful heart,  
In country, classic hall, and town,  
And where appear the works of art.  
How sweet it is to call to mind  
His winning smile, his accents kind!

Our Common Schools; long may they bless  
Our land with noble men and true!  
While they survive shall we possess  
A bulwark strong and ever new.  
Thus long shall our loved country be  
Thy home, oh, sacred Liberty!



## WAY TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.

SOME time ago a working-man published his own biography, a most interesting little volume. Among many other good lessons, it contained the following capital advice for those who desire to "get on in the world:"

"It may to some appear like vanity in me to write what I now do, but I should not give my life truly if I omitted it. When filling a cart with earth on the farm, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped up before the other side, at which was another workman. I pushed over what I had heaped up to help him; so doubtless he did to me, when I was last and he first. When I have filled my column or columns of a newspaper with matter for which I was to be paid, I have never stopped, if I thought the subject required more explanation, because there was no contract for more payment, or no possibility of obtaining more.

"When I have lived in a barrack-room, I have stopped my work and taken a baby from a soldier's wife, when she had to work, and held it for her, or gone for water for her, or cleaned another man's accoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so. When I have been engaged in political literature and traveling for a newspaper, I have gone many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact, or to pursue a subject to its minutest details, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the case; and this, when I had done the work, was most pleasant and profitable.

When I have wanted work, I have accepted it at any wages I could get—at a plow, in farm draining, stone-quarrying, breaking stones, at wood cutting, in a saw-pit, as a civilian, or soldier. In London I have cleaned out a stable and groomed a cabman's horse for sixpence. I have since tried literature, and have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have both sought and offered ten guineas for. But if I had not been content to begin at the beginning, and accepted shillings, I should not have arisen to guineas. I have lost nothing by working; whatever I have been doing, with spade or pen, I have been my own helper.

"Are you prepared to imitate? Humility is always the attendant of sense; folly alone is proud. A wise divine, when preaching to the youth of his congregation was wont to say, 'Beware of being golden apprentices, silver journeymen, and copper masters.' The only cure for pride is sense; and the only path to promotion is condescension. What multitudes have been ruined in their prospects by the pride of their hearts! Away, then, young men, and away forever, with self-foppery, and empty pride, idle habits, and expensive associates—'stoop and conquer.' Sink in spirit and rise in opulence. Be faithful over a few things, and you may be made ruler over many."

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"DOUBT NOT."

BY ANNA DARLING.

THOUGH sorrow's clouds seem o'er us,  
Hanging like palls forever,  
Hope's star, still bright before us,  
Cheers with glad promise ever;  
And firmly tread we life's rough way,  
Patiently bear its sorrow,  
For though our Father frown to-day,  
He'll cheer with smiles to-morrow.

Our God, in his good pleasure,  
Oft sendeth want and care;  
With these in equal measure  
Are given strength to bear.  
And death, with all its terrors,  
Is a veil that Christ hath riven;  
On the other side, quite near us,  
Are the glorious joys of heaven.

## THE WALRUS.

THE walrus inhabits the northern seas. Its most remarkable point is the great length of two of its upper teeth, which extend downward for nearly two feet, and resemble the tusks of the elephant. They furnish very fine ivory, and are extensively used by dentists in making artificial teeth, as teeth made from them remain white much longer than those made from the tusks of elephants. These tusks are used by the walrus for climbing the rocks or heaps of ice, and also for digging up the sea-weeds, on which the animal mostly subsists, though it also eats shrimps and young seals.

The walrus is often hunted for the sake of its oil, its flesh, its skin, and its teeth. It is generally found in troops. If one is wounded, its companions rush to its rescue, and attack the enemy with their sharp tusks, which they have been known to drive through the bottom of a boat.



HUNTING THE WALRUS.

This engraving represents Esquimaux skinning a walrus, while another is holding the line which is attached to the harpoon, after the animal has been struck. The skin is so strong and slip-

pery, that it is very difficult to drive the harpoon through it ; and even a sharp weapon frequently glides off without injuring the animal.

The great enemy of the walrus is the polar bear. He does not venture on the open battle ; for when a combat takes place, the walrus defends himself most vigorously with his curved tusks, and often inflicts fearful gashes on the bear, forcing him to abandon the contest.



THE WALRUS.

The head of this animal is very small in proportion to its body, and often deceives people as to its size. The expression of its countenance is very ferocious, principally on account of the enormous size of its upper lip, and the thick bristles with which it is covered. It is about fifteen feet long, and yields from twenty to thirty gallons of oil.



## HEALTH.

BY C. W. JEROME.

**T**EMPERANCE, cleanliness, and exercise are the three great requisites for the preservation of bodily health, and the corresponding vigor of the mental faculties.

Temperance has been defined the moderate use of things *useful*, and total abstinence from things *hurtful*. The connection of this principle with health has been made a subject of frequent discussion, and is rendered apparent by every day's observation and every man's experience. Every schoolboy knows, or should know, that there is an intimate relation between an overloaded stomach and an aching head. Every student should know the connection between the over-hearty meal and those plethoric pains of the stomach or head which so frequently form the basis of an excuse for an ill-learned lesson or absence from recitation. The celebrated Dr. Franklin said, "Mankind eat about twice as much as nature requires."

As a general rule, *quality* is less to be regarded than *quantity*. Unless overtaken, the digestive organs, in health, are generally equal to the task of disposing properly of the half-masticated masses and multifarious mixtures of the culinary laboratory, reeking with heat and laden with foreign and domestic condiments. Exercise and food should be regular, to promote the greatest degree of health.

Exposure is a faithful source of disease. The system can not accommodate itself to the sudden and various changes of temperature unless aided by some foreign assistance. The old Spanish proverb ran thus :

"If cold reach you through a hole,  
Go make your will and mind your soul."

The following epitaph inscribed upon the tomb of the young lady,

"DIED OF THIN SHOES,"

might be modified in many cases, and made to read, Died for want of *overshoes, thick-soled boots, overcoats, and umbrellas* ; all *lumber* in fair weather, but how convenient and *necessary* in cold and wet ! In a climate subject to such vicissitudes, to so many and such sudden changes, how very necessary to go prepared for them ! Not more needful is it for a man in an enemy's country to have his arms and ammunition always at hand, than is it for man, surrounded with the foes of his health and life, to present the shield with which he has been so abundantly furnished by nature, at every point of insidious or open attack.

[SHELBY SEMINARY.]

# Youth's Department.

## Microscopic Views.—No. 11.

### MITES AND MOLD.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

ONE of the natural results of training the eye with the microscope is to render it more acute or able to see minute things of itself. Eyes that have searched in vain for an object, the twentieth part of an inch in diameter, will with ease discover one not more than a five hundredth of an inch, after the use of the glass has taught them to distinguish minute forms. Look at this little sprinkling of flour, taken from an emptied barrel in the warm closet; you have seen the like many times before; but see if there is no new feature in the case now.

"Why, it crawls! Uncle George. Does the use of the microscope make it crawl?"

"Not precisely, Johnny; but even your keen eyes have grown keener by being accustomed to find much in little."

"Is flour alive, Uncle George?"

"No, but there is life in it when it gets too old; so you see what exhausts the animate, quickens the inanimate."

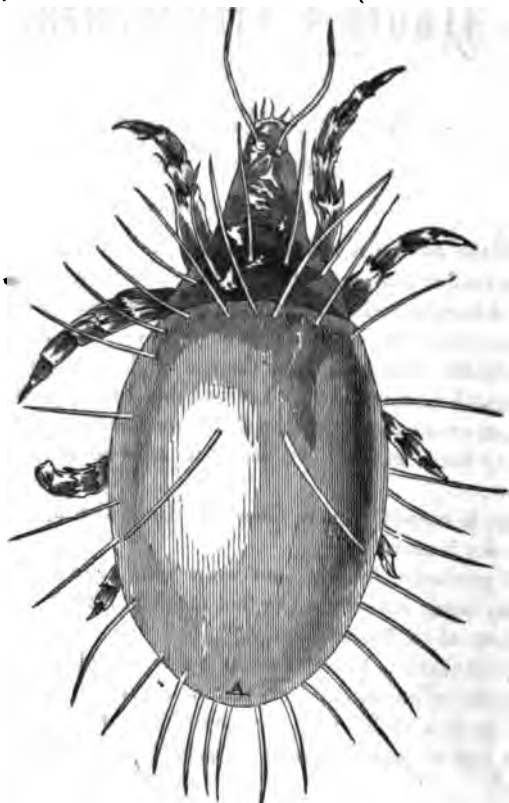
"Let us look at this with the microscope, if you please, and see if it has legs to make it crawl; maybe that's the way flour has got so high."

"It crawls because it is *mity*, Willie; but you'll need to look further to see what makes the price so mighty."

"Ha! here is the secret of the motion—hogs and pigs, and tumbling monsters, with eight legs, and great, stout bristles; look, look, Willie!"

"Aye, Fanny, how they roll and scramble over one another, and kick and scratch. No wonder the flour holds out no better, with such fat droves of things feeding on it. The head seems like that of the tortoise, to draw in and stretch out, and is armed with feelers, or antennæ. The legs are thorny, and jointed like a meadow-rush, and they are so tangled with one another, and with the great lumps of flour, that the creature can hardly navigate."

"Oh, here's one, Willie, that has got clear, and is running for his life. See, see!"



"You have a few old figs left in the box, Jennie; use your eyes on them."

"Oh, dear! they are alive, too; I'll not eat figs again."

"They are indeed peopled, like the flour, among the fine dust on their surface; but when they are fresh you will not find it so; and even now the breath will disperse the most of the inhabitants. They are of the same kind you saw in the flour; and on this rind of old cheese you will find a few thousands more of the same sort."

"All alive! And what a forest they inhabit! Does cheese bear trees like these?"

"Ay, my young rhymster, and these trees are simply green mold, a very prolific vegetable."

"I didn't mean to make a rhyme that time—nor *this* either. Maybe I'll become a poet some day."

"No sign of that, Willie. The would-be gentleman in the French play talked *prose* forty years before he found it out, and died a blockhead at last; and your unconscious verse is, in itself, only a *little* better, if not a little worse, than *prose*, so you will do best to build your hopes on something more positive."

"Then mold is a vegetable? I think I had forgotten that."

"Yes, Fanny;—watch this separate stem closely, and tell us the structure of it."

"It is much like the flower we call snowball, the round clusters which in early spring cover that tall shrub in the garden."

"Those silvery globules are, however, not blooms, but seeds, which, falling in the moist *soil* of the decaying substance that they grow on, spring up rapidly, and reproduce a new forest. The rapidity with which this vegetation spreads in warm, damp localities is wonderful. The books on my shelf are not exempt from it, and the tell-tale mold betrays which are my favorites. These mites, scarcely distinguishable in masses to the naked eye, move like the mammoths of their wilderness, crashing through the brittle forest in a path of ruin, perhaps a terror to races yet more minute that crouch in the jungles of a cavernous and jagged cheese-rind.

We have now run over the field of invisible life and beauty, just glancing here and there at what is most peculiar and characteristic, so as to include as much variety as we might in our short studies. The field is endless, and careful, laborious study will always find its reward here as everywhere. The flowers, the insect-world, the rocks, the water, and the earth, all teem with beautiful shapes of races, living or extinct—monuments of an illimitable past, or beings of an invisible present organism, and beauties of fashion and hue that no dreamer could have anticipated and no poet can too much admire.

We find that God's greatness is no less developed in infinitesimal forms than in infinite worlds, in the very least of beings than in the most huge creations. And one whose ideas of life are limited to the visible forms of it, will grow humble as he grows wise, finding how little, at last, is all we have known, how little we can know. He will also grow happier at every new idea and fact, feeling that an endless life can find an endless field for knowledge and improvement.

We will now pack up our instrument, and turn our thoughts to other lessons.

## CHARLEY, THE SELFISH BOY.

BY MINNIE MYRTLE.

**I** THINK Charley Acton was a very selfish boy. Now you think I call him selfish because he would not share his candy with the other boys, or because he would not let his little sister play with his toys, or when he had any thing good he kept it all to himself.

No, this is not the reason. I do not know whether he was particularly selfish about these things; only when a little boy is selfish about one thing, he is very likely to be about another. There are many ways of exhibiting good traits, and many ways of exhibiting bad ones; but if the evil is in the heart, it will be sure to come out some way.

Charley professed to love his mother very much, and I have no doubt he did; but he loved himself a great deal better, and this is the reason of my thinking so. His mother was a feeble woman, and obliged to work very hard; but, however weary she might be, Charley kept continually teasing her for something. If she wanted him to be very still, that she might take a nap, he would be sure to make a great noise.

If I said, "Charley, mamma is sick, now be a good boy, so that she may sleep and get rest," he would run and call "Mamma!" as loud as he could, or perhaps he would commence crying, for he knew if he cried and pretended to be hurt, she would get up very quick to see what was the matter, because she loved him so much that she never thought of her own comfort if he needed her attention.

He was quite a little boy, yet he was old enough to think and make plans; he knew when he was weary that he wanted to sleep, and he did not like to be disturbed.

It is selfish to think more of our own comfort or happiness than of the comfort and happiness of others. I like to see little boys and girls play, and like to hear them laugh, and laugh very loud, too. I do not think they ought to be kept still or at work much of the time, till they are large and strong; but a little boy or girl who plays nearly all the day can afford to be quiet a little while, even if it is very tiresome, if his mamma wishes to sleep; if she has the headache, he can walk softly and move his toys very lightly for a whole hour, that she may be refreshed and gain strength to take care of him till he is able to take care of himself.

And Charley had another way of troubling his mother. However weary or busy she might be, he would keep asking her questions about his picture-books, or something that he had heard grown people talking about. Very likely he had asked the same questions a hundred times before, and she had patiently answered him; still he would repeat them, just to hear himself talk. There is no way for little children to learn but by asking questions about things of which they are ignorant; and I have seen little boys whose parents were so ignorant that they could not teach them, or so selfish themselves that they did not like to take the trouble; but I used to think sometimes that Charley's mother was too patient and self-denying, and her little boy would be allowed to grow up utterly careless of the comfort of those around him, and very disagreeable, because he was so dear to his mother, and she was so kind that she could not reprove him, or deny him any thing he asked.

I do not at all agree with that old proverb that says, "Children should be seen, and not heard." I would not give a fig to live in a world where there are no little children, or where they are little statues or mummies. I would not have them always silent in company, or wherever there are older people, for I do not see how they are to learn to behave properly and use correct language, unless they move about and try to imitate those who have agreeable manners; and unless they use their tongues, I do not know how they can learn to talk upon important matters.

I do not wish any papas or mammas to bid them shut their mouths when I come in the parlor or at the table. Yet I have seen little children whose mouths I wished were shut, because they talked merely to attract attention, or because they really thought their remarks were more full of wisdom than any made by older people. Every time they spoke, they seemed to say by their looks, "Don't you think I am very wise, or very pretty, or very remarkable, in some way?" Oh! yes, and I did think they were remarkably unfortunate in not being able "to see themselves as others see them."

When the little folks are admitted to the drawing-room, I like to see them talk very softly to each other, if they can not understand what older people are saying; or if they can, and happen to know what others do not, I like to hear them modestly speak, for in this way only can they learn to express their thoughts.

I never ask them to keep still that I may read or write, unless they get angry and quarrel, for their *pleasant* voices do not disturb

my ideas at all ; but if I were sick, I should like to see them go far away where I could not hear them, or walk and speak so softly that it would not trouble a mouse.

I once knew a man who said his mother always indulged him when he was a little boy, in asking him which piece of chicken, or beef, or turkey he would have at table, and whichever piece he chose was given to him. Now that he was a man, he said he could hardly forgive his mother for being thus indulgent ; for even now he found it very difficult to deny himself, wherever he might be, the best which the table afforded ; and often found himself feeling unhappy, or a little angry, if the part he preferred was given to another. In other things, too, she permitted him to do as he pleased, without thinking of her real comfort, and so he grew up a selfish man ; and though he knew it was wrong, and tried very hard to overcome these habits, they clung to him all his life, and caused him much mortification.

I may not live till Charley is a grown-up man ; but if I should, I very much fear I should see him very far from a noble, generous one. If I were a very old lady, I should not like to ride in the cars or stage with him, unless I had some one else to take care of me ; for I should not expect he would give me a comfortable seat, or pay me any little attention, such as old ladies often need, such as I like very much to see young men and women, and little boys and girls, cheerfully and quickly bestow upon the aged.

I do not know whether he will read this story about himself, or not ; but I hope if there are any other little selfish boys or girls among my readers, they will go quickly to work to see if they can not become disinterested ; if mamma is weary or sick, I hope they will remember to play where it will not disturb her, or talk very softly ; and then, if I should ever be as old as grandma, I should not be afraid to come to see you.—*The Independent.*

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#### BE COURTEOUS.

**Y**OUR little brother has fallen down ; stop a moment, help him up, brush off his clothes, and speak a kind word to him. It will not keep you long from your play, and you will be the happier and better for it, besides making your brother happy. Your sister is calling you to come and help her get down the swing from the high branch, where it has got tangled. Go and help her. Both your hearts will

grow warmer and kinder toward each other for every little act of kindness bestowed and received; and, above all, speak kindly, politely to each other.

Why should children of the same family indulge in rudeness to each other? Is it of less importance to have the good opinion of those with whom our lives are spent, than of strangers? Shall we be least polite to those we love most?

I have no doubt you love your brothers and sisters better than all the rest of the world besides. Why not take the same trouble to make that love felt, to make it bring forth fruit? When I hear boys and girls harsh and rude to each other, I pity them. They lose the best and purest pleasures of life; and it is painful to see the eldest in a family, instead of being a guide, and instructor, and protector to the younger brothers and sisters, only use his superior age and strength to oppress them.

There was once a lovely little boy, between two and three years old, the pet and plaything of the whole house. No one loved him more than his brother, who was six or eight years the elder. He took great delight in playing with and amusing the little one, and they were for a long time the best of friends.

At length, unfortunately, the elder brother discovered that the younger was very amusing when he was teased; so he teased him whenever he had an opportunity, just for the pleasure of laughing at him. Soon the little brother got to dislike the elder one so much that he could not bear to have him come near him. Their mother, who had watched the course of events, now talked seriously to her eldest child, and advised him to try the effect of gentleness and kindness in recovering the affection of his brother. He had the good sense to take this kind advice; and in a short time the most cordial good feeling was again established between them.

Too many children think it is not worth while to be polite to their brothers and sisters. Especially the larger boys think it a mark of manliness to be rude and overbearing to the younger ones. All this is wrong. Almost all the wrangling and ill-feeling in families arises from neglect of the simplest rules of politeness. It is so easy to say, "I thank you," "If you please," "Will you be so kind?" that it is surprising children will not take the trouble to be polite.

A thousand little heart-burnings and petty disputes, which, although they do not seriously disturb the family, are yet the source of much vexation, might be entirely avoided with a very little trouble. If children would only think seriously, and resolve earnestly to begin



the new year aright, to cultivate for all around them gentle, kindly affections, let their intercourse be marked, not by rudeness and arrogance, but by loving care for others, in honor preferring one another.—*Selected.*

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## LET YOUR YEA BE YEA.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN CHARLOTTE AND HITT.

CHARLOTTE. Do tell me, Hitty, when you expect to finish that endless history. You have been a whole year upon it.

Hitty. I shall be many more years upon it, if, as you say, it is endless.

C. If it is not endless, it must be infinitely dull. I would not read it for the world..

H. I would read it for half the world, and then learn it by heart.

C. I prefer to read novels; there is something magnificent in a good novel.

H. In what does the magnificence consist? I find more of them ridiculous than magnificent.

C. I devoured a horrid good one yesterday, and I will lend it to you if you will promise to read it soon.

H. I can not spare the time just now, and besides, I am not fond of horrid things.

C. Why, you simple one, I do not mean that there is any thing actually horrid in it, but only that it is exquisitely delightful. Do you understand me, now?

H. I fear not; such books sometimes amuse me, but they never afford me such exquisite delight as you say they do you.

C. O dear! I think there is something divine in a first-rate novel, and I adore to read one, it makes your dry histories appear so supremely irksome.

H. I should prefer, then, not to read such books; for when fiction renders truth distasteful, it is better to let it alone.

C. My little philosopher, you will never live to grow up; you are too mighty fine to survive your teens. For my part, I worship enthusiasm, and prefer soaring with the skylark to creeping with the mud-turtle, though, I suppose, you think the tortoise transcendently superior to the lark.

H. I never thought of comparing those animals, but I think each is interesting in its place.

C. O yes, the tortoise is a splendid animal, and so grave that he would make a brilliant historian.

H. I never examined him in history, but I think if he reads any thing, it must be *novel*. But, Lotty, you must agree with me that his gait is exquisitely graceful, and his air infinitely majestic.

C. What?

H. Do you not think his coat of mail magnificent, and his vivacity horrid interesting? Don't you adore his divine caudal extremity?

C. What do you mean, Hitty? Are you crazy?

H. Is there not something exquisitely delightful in his physiognomy? and is not his very *flatness* supremely amusing?

C. Mehitable, what do you mean? There, I will call you by your transcendently abominable name, you are so perverse.

H. How am I perverse? Do you not think with me that there is something magnificently grand in whiskers? something inimitably musical in an oath? (*Charlotte tries to put her hand over Hitty's mouth, while Hitty says*), Is there not something indescribably grand, something perfectly splendiferously superb, in a pipe? something —

C. Hold your tongue, Hitty, or I'll never forgive you.

H. Excuse me, my dear Charlotte, I only wished to make you sensible of a habit, not peculiar to you, to be sure, but one into which you have inconsiderately fallen—that of using extravagant language to express very common ideas. If my rhapsodies have induced you to notice the fault, I shall be very glad, or, as you would say, infinitely delighted.

C. Miss Mehitable Dunstan, you are a plague, but I know you love me, and I shall be eternally —

H. No, Miss Charlotte Perkins Mandeville, not quite eternally —

C. Well, then, I shall be very much obliged to you, if you will watch me closely until I have corrected a habit which, I have often heard, is rendering our countrywomen quite ridiculous. Henceforth I will try to avoid superlatives, and believe with the poet, that

A simple thought is best expressed  
In modest phrase; for jackdaws dressed  
In peacock's plumes appear to us  
Less splendid than ridiculous."

—Fowler's Hundred Dialogues.

## "ILLUSTRATED."

BY DEL. MERING.

THE word "Illustrated" stands on the title-page of almost every new book. Novels, biographies, histories, poems, annuals, magazines, books for amusement and instruction—nearly all have "frontispieces," "illustrated title-pages," "portraits," and "engravings." It is not our intention to criticise the use of the word, but to show that other things than books have "illustrations."

Every one's character is "illustrated." When I see a boy who does not love to go to school, who does not try to get his lesson, who is soon discouraged by a hard task in grammar, arithmetic, or philosophy, I have at once an "illustration" of his character. I know that he will never become a learned man, never intelligent. My readers can see this for themselves.

When a little girl is naughty, disobeys her mother, is stubborn, or unkind to her brothers and sisters, I can see that she will not win the love of any one, and all will try to keep out of her company.

When a boy kills insects, flies, or other animals, by wantonly torturing them, it is an "illustration" that he is hard-hearted and cruel, and may grow up to be a very bad man. When schoolboys are playing together in a very rude manner, using bad language, swearing, or quarreling, it is also an "illustration" of their character, and I know they are not likely to be honored and respected members of society.

When boys and girls are continually getting into difficulties, I am inclined to think that they will always be in trouble and never have success. When they neglect the commands of their teacher, play truant, tell lies, or steal, it is certain they can not be virtuous and happy. From this our readers may learn that every one's character is "illustrated," and these "illustrations" furnish the means of knowing of what disposition a boy or girl is.

On the other hand, when a boy is diligent at his books, trying to master completely his entire lesson, kind to his schoolmates, obedient to his teachers and parents, using no profane language, and always endeavoring to make those happy around him, it is an indication, a sure "illustration," that he will be a wise and virtuous man, honored and respected by all who may know him.

When I see a little girl going to school with a merry countenance, greeting her playmates with a smile, taking her place in her class

with her lesson well learned, or when she is polite and respectful to her teachers, and strives to please them by close attention to her lessons and good behavior, I regard it at once as an "illustration" of her good character; and I am sure she will be loved and praised by every one who may associate with her.

Let my readers try to have all good "illustrations" of character and disposition, by their good behavior both in and out of school, as well as by their diligence in study. Thus they will become useful and virtuous members of society.

## THE CLERGYMAN AND THE DEIST.

## A SUCCESSFUL RETORT.

ON one occasion, a clergyman, meeting a doctor of his acquaintance, who was a professed deist, was accosted by the doctor in the following manner:

"Do you follow preaching to save souls?" "Yes."

"Did you ever see a soul?" "No."

"Did you ever hear a soul?" "No."

"Did you ever taste a soul?" "No."

"Did you ever smell a soul?" "No."

"Did you ever feel a soul?" "Yes."

"Well," said the doctor, "there are four of the five senses against one, upon the question whether there is a soul."

The clergyman then asked his adversary if he was a doctor of medicine? "Yes."

"Did you ever see a pain?" "No."

"Did you ever hear a pain?" "No."

"Did you ever taste a pain?" "No."

"Did you ever smell a pain?" "No."

"Did you ever feel a pain?" "Yes."

"Well, then," said the clergyman, "there are four senses against one, upon the question whether there be a pain, and yet, sir, you know there is a pain, and I know that there is a soul."

NOBLE REPLY.—"Boy, what will you take to tell a lie for me?" asked a mate of the cabin-boy. "Not all the gold of California, sir," was the prompt answer of the lad.

# Children's Department.

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WHICH, A LAMB, A KITTEN, OR A CHILD?

I WISH I was a lamb; lambs don't have to go to school. I wish I was a kitten; kittens don't study geography. 'Tis too pleasant weather to study. I'd rather frisk about all day in the sunshine, and do just as I please," said Helen, throwing down her book, with a pouting lip.

"Oh, well," said her mother; "you may be a kitten if you please, give up your books, and school, and frisk all day; but if you like kitten's play, you must take kitten's fare."

Helen could hardly believe her mother in earnest, but when she saw that she was, she clapped her hands, and thought it would be the happiest day of her life. So, instead of diligently learning her lessons, and joining the school girls as they passed by, she ran into the garden to do as she pleased. What she did I do not know, but she came in with her apron torn, and her hands very muddy, and went toward her mother just as usual. "Oh, the dirty kitten!" said her mother; "go away, go out doors, where you belong."

Helen did not know whether to laugh or cry, but she concluded to laugh, though it was not very funny, after all. Some time in the forenoon her mother put on her bonnet and shawl to go and see aunt Charlotte, and Helen said, "Oh, may I go too?"

"I never carry kittens to make calls," said Helen's mother. Her brother and cousin came home from school as happy and hungry as could be; and as they were about to sit down to dinner, Helen found no chair for her, and she was again almost ready to cry.

"Nancy feeds the kittens in the kitchen," said her mother, and no more notice was taken of her. At night, when the children came around their mother to hold a little evening talk, Helen found she could bear it no longer.

"Oh, mother," she sobbed, "I had a great deal rather be your child than a kitten. I had a great deal rather study

geography, and go to school and obey you, than do as I please. I don't want to be a kitten and have nothing to do. I had rather have a soul, and be your child."

And from that day Helen was cured of her habit of wishing she was a brute, in order to escape from her duties.

### Little Songs for Little Folks.—No. 2.



#### CRICKET-SONG.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

ALL the summer, as evening hushes,  
 Sounds of song in silence deep,  
 And only the frogs among the rushes  
 Faintly "Peep, peep, peep;"  
 Then the cricket is heard in the grasses,  
 Keenly clear as the ringing of glass is,  
 Singing, "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"  
 Chirping, "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"

Stars above just mellow the ether,  
 Fire-flies wink, and dew-drops weep,  
 And the scolding katy-dids together  
 Their shrewd quarrel keep;  
 But ever the same is cricket heard in  
 This his song's unvarying burden,  
 Singing, "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"  
 Only, "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"

Then does the naked winter hinder  
 Song of bird and tree-toad's peep;  
 Tiny frost-elves over the window  
 Slowly creep, creep, creep!  
 Wiser than many is cunning cricket, he  
 Hides in the hearth-stone old and rickety,  
 Singing, "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"  
 Blithely, "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"

When the flame of the oak is roaring  
 Up the chimney's sooty steep,  
 And merry Christmas cheer is pouring  
 While the players leap,  
 Steadily on, as never sated,  
 Chirps the cricket, none elated,  
 Singing, "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"  
 Slowly, "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"

When the flames of the spent oak flicker,  
 And the shades like dark wings sweep,  
 Clearer ringing, but never quicker,  
 He sings by the moldering heap.  
 Summer or winter, in grief or jollity,  
 Just the same is his music's quality,  
 Ever "Cheep, cheep, cheep,  
 Cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep."



#### HOW TO BE HAPPY.

ONE pleasant afternoon in early spring, a little bright-eyed girl came bounding toward me with all the frankness of childhood, exclaiming, "Oh, I am so happy!"

For some time I had been a frequent visitor at her house, and had always considered her as a light-hearted happy child. But her face was so radiant with joy at this time, I concluded the acquisition of some new toy must have been the cause. So, playfully stroking the golden tresses that floated like so many sunbeams about her dimpled shoulders, I inquired: "My child, what is it that makes you so happy?"

Her laughing eyes danced with joy as she answered, "I have tried to be good to-day, and practice self-denial; and mamma says doing that will always make me happy!"

"But," said I, almost doubting that one so young could

understand the meaning of the word, "what is self-denial? Do you know its meaning?"

"Oh, yes; mamma tells me it is giving up something which we want to do, or have, because it is for the best, and will please others."

"And have you been doing some act of kindness or self-denial that makes you so happy now?" I inquired.

"Yes, I think I have," she said; "but you must not think I am a vain little girl for telling you; for I have heard mamma say good people never go about telling every pleasant act they do."

"Oh, no," I said; "I have asked you to tell me, and I hope my little friend is too sensible to feel vain at all, because she has performed only her duty, perhaps."

"Well, the other day, when mamma took little Willie out to ride with her, to see our little cousins, she promised me when she went again she would take me. And this afternoon was so bright and pleasant, she said she would give me my promised ride; but as a friend of hers was going too, little brother must stay at home. I was all ready to go, but I met Willie, crying bitterly because he was to be left. I ran to mamma, and begged her to let him go in my stead. She said he might, if I wished it, and kissed me so sweetly, and looked at me so kindly, I knew she was pleased with me."

"And do you think you have enjoyed yourself as well as though you had taken the ride with your friends?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; I have had a nice play in the garden, and helped the gardener to plant some of the pretty flower seeds, and I have been so happy all the while, thinking how delighted Willie will be, telling what he has seen, and how much better he will love me because I let him go."

Just then the sound of wheels announced the approach of the carriage, and the happy child bounded away to meet those whom she loved.

I could not help thinking to myself, if this little one, just upon the threshold of life, could gain so much real enjoyment from the performance of one good act, how great a store of happiness we might gather for ourselves by practicing self-denial, and doing good to others!—*Olive Branch.*



# Editor's Table.

## CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

THE close of the yearly volume of THE STUDENT has arrived, and with it the expiration of the time for which several hundred of its subscriptions have been paid; but we trust that these will be promptly renewed, and many new ones added, so that we shall not only have the pleasure of greeting our old friends during the coming year, but also of welcoming many new ones to our list.

All of you, our readers, who have an interest in the improvement of the rising generation, who would have your own children, and the youth about you grow up with a love for learning, and become intelligent, useful citizens, and valuable members of society, have an interest in the circulation of THE STUDENT. Compared with its usefulness and influence in the family and in the school, its price is a pabtry sum. It has been long and widely known, and has received more unqualified commendations from prominent educationists, those whose opinions are worthy of high regard, and more hearty notices from the press, than any similar magazine ever published. Besides, it tells its own value to the thousands of families that are gladdened and instructed by its monthly visits throughout our land.

All that THE STUDENT heretofore has attained in value and interest, we shall endeavor to maintain during its future career, and trust, also, that many years of experience in catering mental food for its patrons may enable us to improve it; for we have never yet been able to realize our ideal in regard to it.

ONE DAY WITH YOUR SCHOOL-HOUSES.—The Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of New York, V. M. Rice, Esq., has made some useful suggestions in regard to preparations for summer schools, which we take pleasure in commending to our readers in other States, as well as New York. Let the inhabitants of the several school districts devote, *voluntarily*, at least one day, during the present spring, to renovating and repairing their respective school-houses, and ornamenting their school-grounds. If the houses are old, and need a few boards and shingles, let them be supplied; it will add to the external appearance, and make them more comfortable and safe within. If the doors are broken, and the seats and desks mutilated, they should be repaired and adapted to the physical comfort of the children who attend the school. Let the floors, seats, and desks be thoroughly cleaned with soap and water, and the dingy walls receive a fresh coat of whitewash.

The grounds about the school-house should also receive your attention. If any stagnant pools of water are near or on them, these should be drained and filled. If not already done, let the grounds be fenced, trees and shrubs planted, and plots made, where, under the culturing care of the pupils, shall flourish flowers, to gladden and cheer the inmates of those school-rooms with their loveliness and sweet fragrance, and awaken in their hearts a love for the beautiful in nature.

There are willing hands enough in every school district to make all these im-

provements, if some one or two will take the lead and go about it at once. Such attention to your school-houses will make your children love them better, and amply repay all labor expended by their increased comfort and attractiveness.

**CLOSE OF WINTER-SCHOOLS.**—The editor of the *Journal of Education* for Michigan has some beautiful thoughts on this subject, which we take pleasure in transferring to our columns:—"The sun has passed the equator again, and is traveling slowly northward, to make us his customary summer visit. The winter-schools are closed, and many a boy and girl have finished, with this term, their school-days. Annually thousands thus graduate from our common schools. No newspaper paragraph heralds their names and numbers. They simply gather up their few books and go forth, to tell the world in deeds what has been the character of their training. No parchment diploma, written in wounding Latin, and graced with the names of college presidents and professors, certifies to the world the extent of their studies, nor affixes the initials of a degree in learning to their names; but, unheralded and almost unheeded, they enter the crowded walks of life to battle for independence or fame.

"If poorly taught, their education is ended; they have closed their books forever. No new attainment in learning will ever be added to the meager and pitiful stock of their school acquirements. The tree of learning was planted by a rude, unskillful hand, and no flower or fruit will ever be found upon its dead branches. But if well taught, their education is but just begun. Trained to observe and think, the soul filled with the love of learning, and the ability patiently to pursue it, the world is a great school-room to them, and all nature a book. Nor has their study of books ended. Literature spreads its rich stores open before their eyes, and every year will add to their knowledge and wisdom.

"Could we be permitted to speak to these thousands of graduates of our common schools, we would say earnestly to them: 'The world of knowledge is open before you, and you may just as freely enter, and gather its immortal and glorious wealth, as you may enter and work in the business world. There is honor, and happiness, and power in the realms of thought and truth, and the true worker there can never fail of his reward. Begin at once; let no day pass without its lesson; not fast, but thorough, be your motto, and a few years will find you the honored and happy possessor of an influence which the world will feel and confess.'"

**MICROSCOPIC VIEWS.**—The present series of these very interesting and instructive articles close with the present number, but Uncle George will continue to favor his nephews and nieces, as well as the other readers of *THE STUDENT*, with many interesting things from his pen. Should any of our readers desire to pursue the subject of microscopic wonders still further, we commend to them "*Brocklesby's Views of the Microscopic World.*" We will send it by mail, free of postage, for \$1 12.

**DEATH OF EMPEROR NICHOLAS.**—Emperor Nicholas, the Czar of Russia for thirty years, died at St. Petersburg, on the 2d of March last, at the age of fifty-eight years. His eldest son is his successor, with the title of Alexander II. By some it was anticipated that the death of Nicholas would be favorable to a termination of the present war in Europe; but it appears that Alexander II. has determined to carry out the plans and wishes of his father in all respects, so that peace must be longer deferred. Accordingly preparations are making for prosecuting the campaign in the Crimea this spring.

**A**PRIL is the fourth month of the year. Its name is probably derived from the Latin *aperire*, to open, either from the opening of the buds, or of the bosom of the earth in producing vegetation.

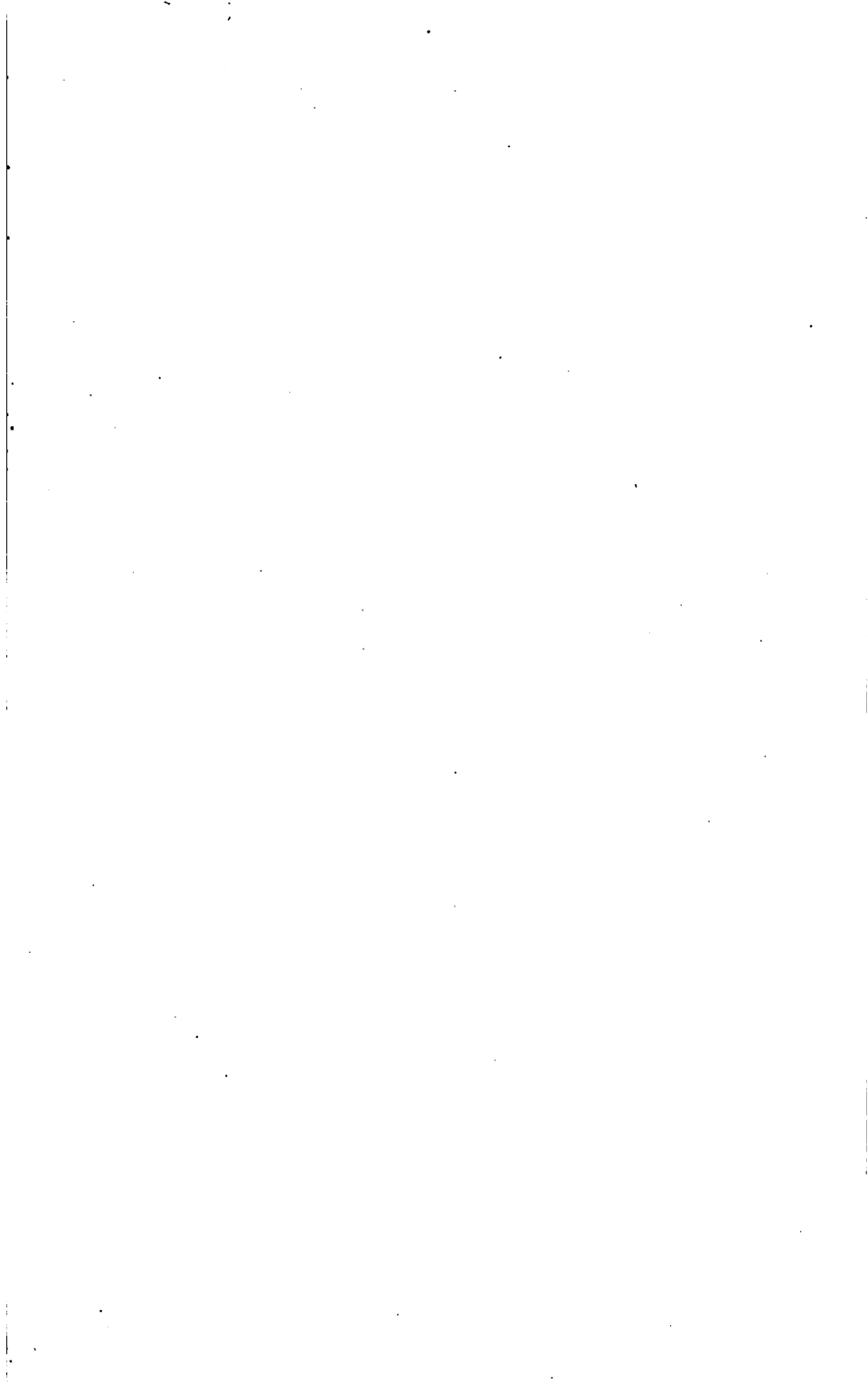
**APRIL FOOL.**—The origin of this phrase is quite doubtful. There is an old heathen legend relative to the origin of this day which says, an Eastern prince having been changed into a lake, a custom arose in that country of sending persons to this lake on the first day of April to see the prince, but they always returned from a fool's errand. Among the Hindoos the day is observed by practices similar to those in England and America.

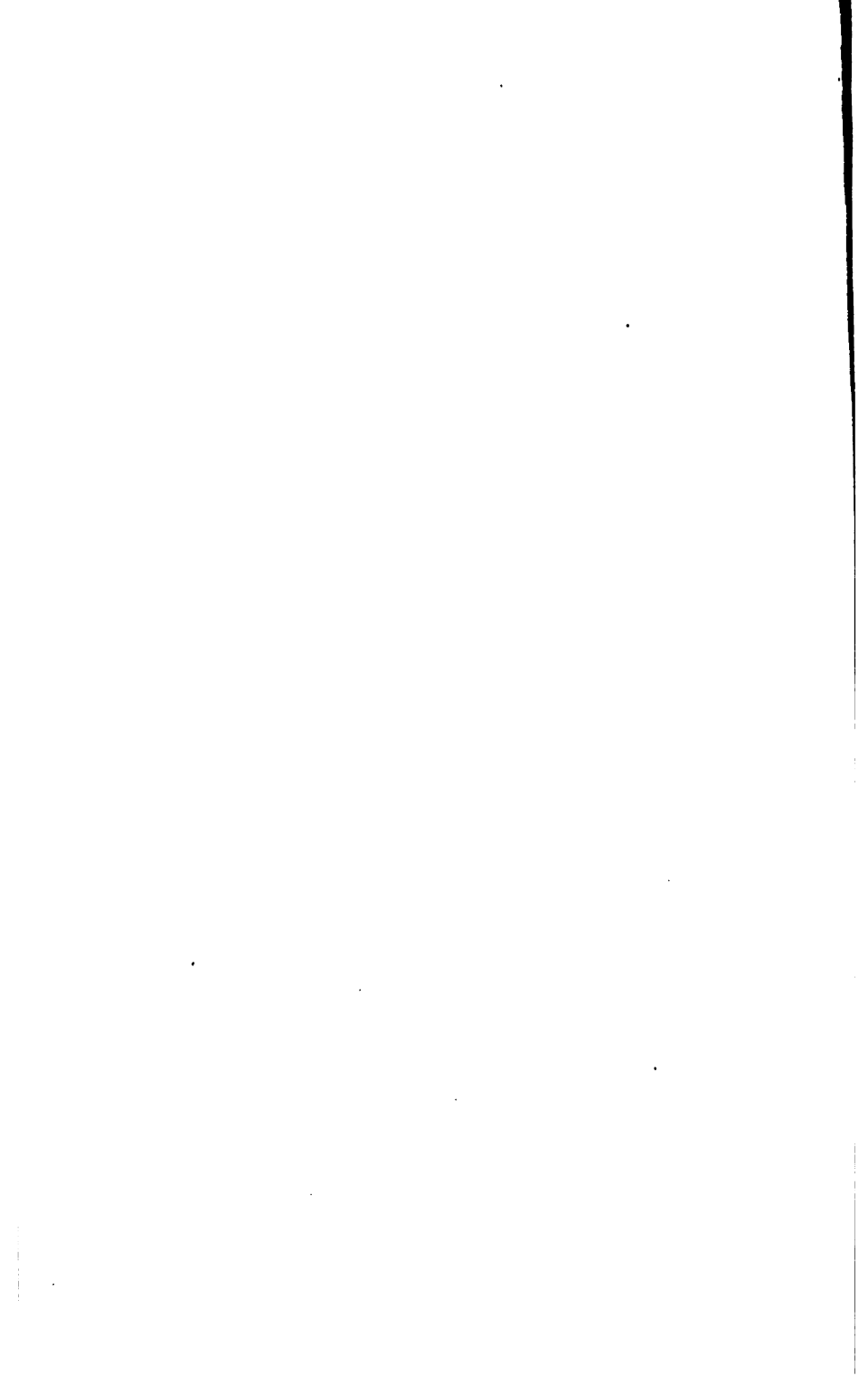
In early times kings and queens employed men to make sport for them and their guests. To fill this office it required much ready learning and a flow of sparkling wit. In those times, birthdays of great men, also days on which they performed some great exploits, were afterward observed in their commemoration. The king's fool, or jester, being a celebrated character, it is supposed by some that the first day of April may thus have been designated to be observed on his account, and that from it originated "April Fool's Day." Be the origin what it may, we are happy to believe that the custom of observing it, by imposing silly tricks, is fast disappearing in America.

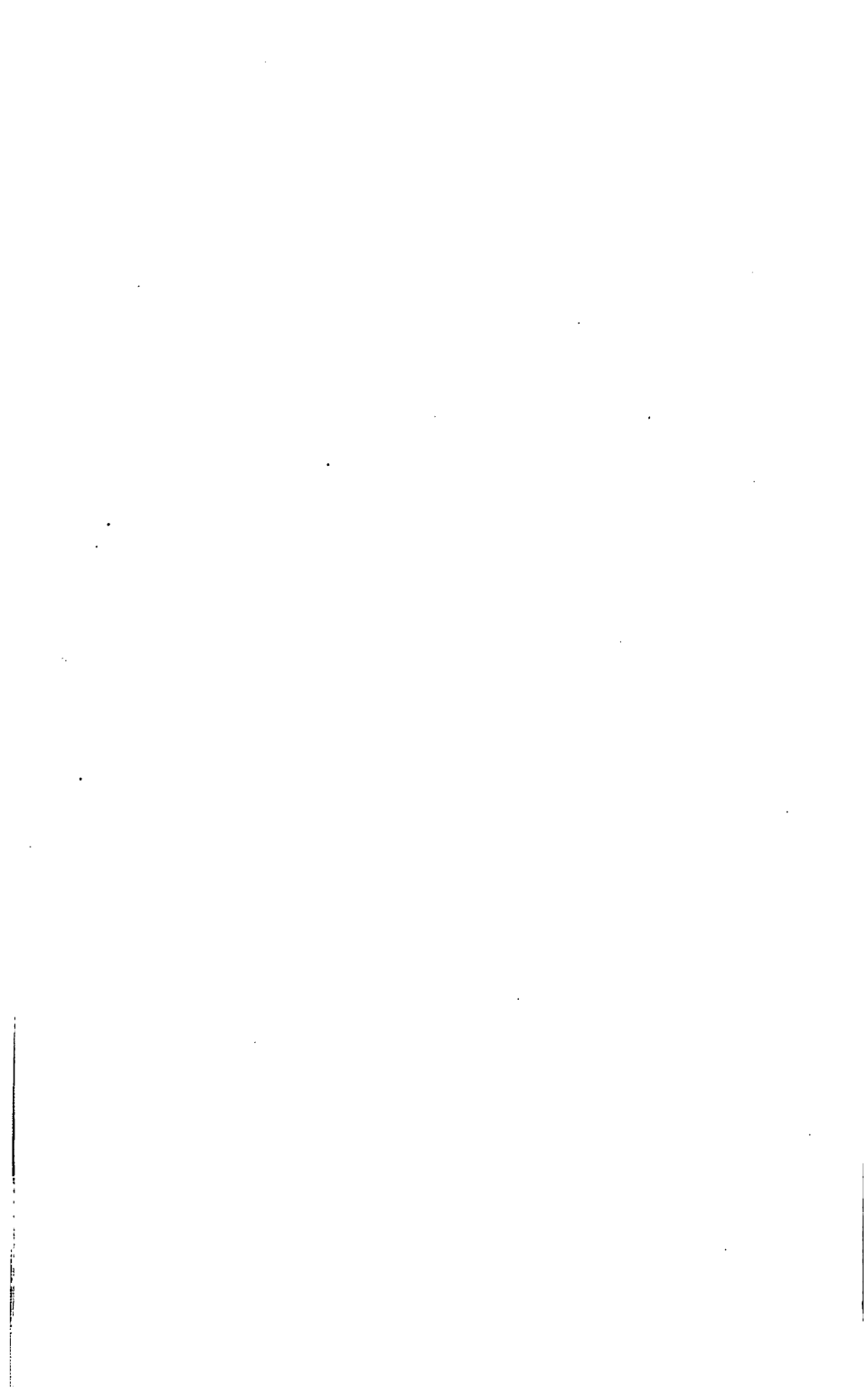
**ANOTHER CURIOUS TITLE.**—In a New England primer, published in Boston, 1691, is the following quaint heading to one of the chapters containing a short catechism for children: "Spiritual Milk for American Babes, Drawn out of the Breasts of both Testaments, for their Soul's Nourishment. By JOHN COTTON."

**ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, ETC.**—To some of the enigmas and questions which we have published in the "Museum" during the past year we have not received answers. It is our intention to answer all such ourselves at the close of each volume, but those in the August number escaped our attention, and we now insert their answers. "An old precept useful to all," composed of five words and thirty-six letters, is "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The answer to the Riddle, in the same number, is "Spark"—omit one letter and it becomes "Park"—omit another and it is "Ark."

**Questions in January Number.**—Owing to the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit, the sun, during each year, shines perpendicularly on all places between the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn. If there had been no such inclination of the earth's axis, the sun would shine perpendicularly only on the equator. The word Tropic signifies *turning*; and the tropics mark the points at the greatest distance from the equator, where the sun may be seen at any period directly overhead. Having reached one of these points, the sun *turns* again and re-crosses the equator. On the 21st of June the sun may be seen directly overhead at the Tropic of Cancer, or  $23\frac{1}{2}$  degrees north of the equator; on the 21st of September it is over the equator, and on the 21st of December it is directly over the Tropic of Capricorn,  $23\frac{1}{2}$  degrees south of the equator; on the 21st of March over the equator again, and so on. When the sun is over the Tropic of Cancer it shines  $23\frac{1}{2}$  degrees beyond the north pole, and all within  $23\frac{1}{2}$  degrees of the south pole is in darkness. The reverse is the case when the sun is at the Tropic of Capricorn. Hence the polar circles mark the extreme limits of the sun's light and shadow in the polar regions.







**This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building**

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